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ART. I.—*The Philosophy of History; in a Course of Lectures, delivered at Vienna, by Frederick Von Schlegel. Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author.* By JAMES BURT ON ROBERTSON, Esq. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THE memoir prefixed to these volumes, traces with no small mastery of language and display of learning, especially of knowledge of German literature and German philosophy, Frederick Von Schlegel's principal works, their origin and their influence. Mr. Robertson also gives an analysis of the political and metaphysical systems maintained by the subject of his memoir, which we have found of great service in enabling us to arrive at a satisfactory conception of the doctrines contained in the present publication—a performance in which, though there be not a few disputable opinions, proceeds, as we think, on certain great principles of a simple and most intelligible character, that go to the very foundation of the science or true philosophy of history. At the same time these principles evince an originality of conception, a power and pregnancy of illustration, of the rarest description. Perhaps sagacity is the most illustrious quality of mind that is displayed in this work, which keeps within the bounds of sobriety, and turns to the advantage of sacred truth, the most extensive learning and the profoundest ingenuity.

A very rapid glance at the life of the celebrated author of the present work, as here given, and a summary of the views it enforces, are all that we propose to ourselves; but even these may afford sufficient supply for the mind to speculate regarding certain psychological and natural peculiarities of the author, as well as the great lessons to be derived from a philosophic study of history.

Frederick Schlegel was born at Hanover in 1772, and although destined for commerce, received a highly classical education, and was allowed to devote himself to belles lettres; nor need we be astonished at his father's yielding to this choice on the part of the youth, when we learn that the family had been and still continued to be highly favoured by the Muses. He says himself, that from the age of seventeen and upwards, Plato's writings, the Greek tragedians, and Winklemann's enthusiastic works, formed the intellec-

tual world in which he lived, where he often strove in a youthful manner to represent to his soul the ideas and images of ancient gods and heroes. He commenced his literary career in 1794, with an essay on the different schools of Greek poetry, which the biographer characterises as the labour of an infant Hercules, and as showing an acquaintance not merely with the more celebrated of the ancient Greek authors, but also with the Alexandrian poets. Other profound works devoted to Greek and Roman literature and history rapidly followed. But the oriental learning of Sir William Jones and others, and the impulse given by the merchant princes of Britain, who extorted from the Brahmin the key which has opened so many wonders of the primitive world, awakened in Schlegel's mind a new desire. He betook himself to the study of the Sanscrit tongue, and for this purpose repaired in 1802 to Paris, where he consumed years in its toilsome acquisition, at the same time giving birth to other beautiful and important works.

But we ought especially to be pleased that this great scholar and original thinker thus betook himself to the study of oriental languages. It is quite clear from a list of his productions, and from the present one in an eminent degree, that this new branch of his inquiries opened up to him an immense and till then but partially explored field, which he and others after him have brought to the support of the Bible and Christianity, in a manner which no contempt or ignorance can bring into discredit where great learning and sound philosophy are understood. At the period when Schlegel resolved on gathering of the treasures of India, Sir William Jones was no more; his researches were likely to fall to pieces, and all the mighty results anticipated by Christian philosophers, and since realized from these and similar inquiries, as the biographer says, were about to be frustrated or at least indefinitely postponed—a wild, uncritical, and extravagant fancifulness on the one hand, or a dull and dogged rationalism on the other hand, which are equally adverse to the cause of historic truth, would have made sad havoc of the researches in question. But in the year 1808, Schlegel appeared as another champion in oriental literature, and published a celebrated work, entitled “The Language and Wisdom of the Indians,” which went to a critical examination of the etymology and grammatical construction of the Sanscrit, Persian, Greek, Roman, and German languages; and, in its second part, traced the filiation and connection of the different religious and philosophical systems of the ancient Eastern world. The subject of this second part is fully discussed in the work before us, and to us in a most satisfactory manner.

But it is necessary to take notice of an important passage in the life of Schlegel, that probably colours the current of a portion of his *Philosophy of History*, nearly as much as his oriental learning does; we allude to his departure from the Protestant to the Catholic church, which took place in 1805. Without in the slightest degree

impugning the purity of his motives in this step, which all the circumstances of his life, as unfolded in the memoir before us, forbid us to do, or without exulting at the triumph with which the party to which he became a convert might hail such an accession, it seems to us, from this work, that its metaphysical and political sentiments have been the offspring, in no small measure, of his second creed. At least his reasonings and illustrations regarding the rise and progress of Protestantism, appear to us to be such as will find acceptance or rejection according to the religious faith of individuals, and therefore that his work labours under a defect, in so far as the mighty revolution referred to is concerned, that must mar the general value of his system. Still, a liberal application of this system may with safety be made by the believers in either creed, though they may interpret certain events differently; for the author's object is to point out historically, in reference to the whole human race, and in the outward conduct and experience of life, the progress of the restoration in man, of the lost image of God, according to the gradation of grace in the various periods of the world, from the revelation of the beginning, down to the middle revelation of redemption and love, and from the latter to the last consummation. Christians of both churches see a fulfilment of the great designs of Providence in every new revolution, and if Schlegel discovered in the history of Protestantism another development of the Almighty's design, as laid down in this Philosophy of History, we know that the opposite party (and it must be allowed the progress of Protestant intellect long favoured the doctrine), flattered themselves upon the same data. Of late years, however, Catholic Europe has successfully vied with their religious opponents in science, literature, and the arts; and to few more deservedly can this favourable and splendid regeneration be attributed than to Fr derick Schlegel.

Many and great have been the literary monuments which he bequeathed the world of his learning, his genius, and his piety. We shall not follow the biographer in particularly enumerating or characterizing these. His "History of Ancient and Modern Literature" is too well known to require a word from us. The "Philosophy of Life," the "Philosophy of History," now before us, and the "Philosophy of Language," are some of his most celebrated performances. Schlegel died in 1829, a Catholic, and a friend to religious liberty—if we are to judge from the present work—and attached to a sober and popular freedom. His integrity, consistency, and talent gained him many and distinguished friends. He was by Austria, which he had eminently served by diplomacy as well as literature, raised to dignity, title, and independence, without forfeiting his honour or his consistency, and altogether he appears to have been a wise and good as well as a great man. Mr. Robertson, the translator of the present work, and whose biography of the author, from which we have now been culling, is highly eulogistic and not a little grandiloquent, thus sums up

the obligations which literature and science owe to Frederick Schlegel.

"To have, in common with his illustrious father, established a system of broad, comprehensive, synthetic criticism, by which the principles of ancient and modern art were unfolded to view—by which we were introduced into the intellectual laboratories of genius, made to assist at the birth of her mighty conceptions, and by whose plastic touch the great works of ancient and modern poetry were in a manner created anew:—to have unlocked the fountains of the old Germanic minstrelsy, and refreshed the poetry of his age with a new stream of fictions:—to have been among the first to do for philology what the Stagyrte had done for natural history; by classifying languages not according to their outward form, but their internal organization, not according to a specious, though often delusive, etymology, but according to grammatical structure: to have deciphered the mysterious wisdom of old days, and with admirable tact to have caught the spirit of the primitive world, as disclosed in its sagas and its symbols, its poetry and its philosophy: next to have evoked from the dust the better philosophy of ancient Greece, and presented her venerable form to the renewed love and respect of mankind, partly by an admirable translation of portions of Plato, partly by luminous critiques, and partly again by the example of his own philosophy, in form as well as spirit so eminently Platonic: then, in the field of modern history, to have traced the rise and progress of the European states, the genius of their civil and political institutions, the causes and effects of their moral and social revolutions, with an extent of learning, a spirit of impartiality, and a depth and comprehensiveness of understanding, unsurpassed by preceding writers, and in his own age rivalled only by his illustrious countryman—Goerres: lastly, to have put the crowning glory to a life so full of glorious achievement by his last philosophical works, where a strong and broad light is thrown upon the mysteries of psychology, where the most important questions of ontology are treated with equal boldness and sublimity of thought, and magnificence of fancy, while even on physics many bright hints are thrown out, which a deeper science will know one day how to turn to account: such are the services which this illustrious man has rendered to the cause of literature and philosophy. Living in an age which is only an epoch of momentous transition from the adolescence to the virility of the human mind, he was evidently, together with some other chosen spirits of his time, the precursor of an era of Christian philosophy, when, to use the language of a young, but very distinguished French writer*, 'the sterile dust of futile abstractions will be swept away, and the antique faith will appear crowned with all the rays of science.' 'Already,' continues the writer just quoted, 'even infidel science, astonished at her own discoveries, which disconcert alike ideology and materialism, begins to suspect

'There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in that philosophy.' "

vol. i, pp. lxxv—lxxvii.

The object of the present work, as stated by the author himself, we have already shortly given. After declaring in his preface, that the progress of the restoration in man of the lost image of God,

* The Abbé Gerbet.

can be clearly described and pointed out only by a vivid sketch of the different nations and particular periods of the world, which opinion is in various parts of the work maintained, he confesses himself much indebted to the discoveries lately before made in the primitive world, by several eminent travellers and scholars. As to the later periods of history, he says we are not so much concerned about new researches on certain special points, as about a right comparison of things already known, and a just conception of the whole. He then gives a sketch of the plan of the work, which must be so much more full and correct than any we could so summarily accomplish, that we shall transcribe it, and afterwards refer to some details in the system propounded.

“ The first two Lectures embrace, along with the Introduction, the question of man's relation towards the earth, the division of mankind into several nations, and the two-fold condition of humanity in the primitive world.

“ The subjects discussed in the seven succeeding Lectures are as follow:—the antiquity of China, and the general system of her empire—the mental culture, moral and political institutions, and philosophy of the Hindoos—the science and corruption of Egypt—the selection of the Hebrew people for the maintenance of Divine revelation in its purity—the destinies and special guidance of that nation—next an account of those nations of classical antiquity, to whom were assigned a mighty historical power, and a paramount influence over the world—such as the Persians, with their Nature-worship, their manners, and their conquests—the Greeks, with the spirit of their science, and dominion—and the Romans, together with the universal empire which they were the first to establish in Europe. The next five Lectures treat of Christianity, its consolidation and wider diffusion throughout the world—of the emigration of the German tribes, and its consequences—and of the Saracenic empire in the brilliant age of the first Caliphs. Then follows an account of the various epochs and the various stages of the progress which the modern European nations have made in science and civil polity, according to their use and application of the light of truth vouchsafed to them. So the subjects here treated are—the establishment of a Christian imperial dignity in the old German empire—the great schism of the West, and the struggles of the middle age and the period of the Crusades, down to the discovery of the New World, and the new awakening of science. The three following Lectures are devoted to the Religious Wars, the period of Illuminism, and the time of the French Revolution.

“ The eighteenth and concluding Lecture turns on the prevailing spirit of the age, and on the universal regeneration of society.”—vol. i, pp. lxxxii, lxxxiii.

In this attempt to lay the foundations of what the author calls a new general philosophy, his work entitled the “*Philosophy of Life*,”—which is intended to unfold the first awakening and excitement of human consciousness to the true perception and knowledge of truth—forms a part; as also does his “*Philosophy of Language*,” which treats of the science of thought in the department of faith and nature—a production which we can readily believe, from the

title of it, to be more metaphysical than any of the others. But we have more than enough in the portion of Schlegel's system now before us, to secure our attention and admiration; nor need we go farther than his introductory lecture to discover a commanding breadth of views, from which he takes a powerful onward flight.

He begins by laying down certain rules that should invariably guide him who would seize and comprehend the general outline of history. His first fundamental direction is to keep the attention fixed on the main subject, and not to let it be abstracted or dissipated by a number of minute details; and his second amounts to this, that we should not wish to explain every thing, for historical tradition must not be abandoned in the philosophy of history, to be supplied by any hypothesis. The author exemplifies his meaning with remarkable force. He supposes certain navigators to have touched at some island inhabited by wild savages, in the midst of the great ocean, between America and Eastern Asia, at a very great distance from either continent. In accounting for the manner in which this race came hither, a Pagan, and even a modern philosopher, would speak of them springing from the lap of the earth, and see no need for an intelligent Creator. But ancient history and tradition say otherwise.

"If, for example, the language and traditions of this rude, savage, or at least degraded, tribe, are minutely studied and investigated, then so striking a resemblance and affinity will be found with the languages and traditions of the races in either of the remotely situated continents, that the most sceptical mind will hardly entertain a doubt respecting the common origin of both; for this community in language and traditions is too strong, too strikingly evident, to be ascribed with any degree of probability to the sport of accident. This truth now once firmly established, (for a community of language, tradition and race among all the nations of the earth is a truth almost unanimously received and acknowledged by those historical inquirers most versed in nature, and most learned in philology of the present age), it becomes a mere matter of indifference, or one at least of minor importance, how and in what way this original savage, or at least barbarized tribe first arrived hither; and it were a mere waste of labour to select, among the hundred conceivable or inconceivable accidents and possibilities, which may have occasioned or led to this arrival, any particular one as the best explanation, and to found thereon some ingenious hypothesis, how the land on both sides may have been differently situated, before a closer connexion with this little island was broken off by the destructive floods; or in which of the last great catastrophes of the earth that disjunction may have taken place. We may leave such conjectures to themselves, and, satisfied with the main result, proceed further in the historical investigation and survey of the earth. For, in truth, the earth's surface more narrowly and carefully examined, furnishes in reference to man and his primitive history, far other and weightier problems than those involved in the example first selected."—vol. i, pp. 15—17.

Schlegel has made it an invariable maxim constantly to follow historical tradition, even when many things in its testimony appear almost unaccountable; for, he says, so soon as in the investigations

of ancient history we let slip that thread of Ariadne, we can find no outlet from the labyrinth of fanciful theories, and the chaos of clashing opinions. Taking this guide with him, he surveys, in a general way, the most remarkable and best attested facts and discoveries of geology, and with much ingenuity and force, brings all to the support of the primitive and sacred records. But getting free of such physical discussions, he comes to the main question—What relation hath man to this his habitation—earth; what place doth he occupy therein; and what is it which really constitutes him man? His general answer, we may be sure, is not to rank man with the ape, but to hold him to be the vice-gerent of God in nature, and the lord of terrestrial creation; his distinguishing feature not consisting in reason, or the faculty of speech, for, on the one hand—

“Reason is a mere abstract faculty, which to be judged, requires a psychological investigation or analysis; and that on the other hand, the faculty of speech is a mere potentiality, or a germ which must be unfolded before it can become a real entity. We should therefore give a much more correct and comprehensive definition, if, instead of this, we said: The peculiar pre-eminence of man consists in this—that to him alone among all other of earth's creatures, the word has been imparted and communicated. The word actually delivered and really communicated is not a mere dead faculty, but an historical reality and occurrence; and for that very reason, the definition we have given stands much more fitly at the head of history, than the other more abstract one.

“In the idea of the word, considered as the basis of man's dignity and peculiar destination, the internal light of consciousness and of our own understanding, is undoubtedly first included—this word is not a mere faculty of speech, but the fertile root whence the stately trunk of all language has sprung. But the word is not confined to this only—it next includes a living, working power—it is not merely an object and organ of knowledge—an instrument of teaching and learning; but the medium of affectionate union and conciliatory accommodation, judicial arbitrement and efficacious command, or even creative productiveness, as our own experience and life itself manifest each of those significations of the words; and thus it embraces the whole plenitude of the excellencies and qualities which characterise man.

“Nature too, has her mute language and her symbolical writing; but she requires a discerning intellect to gain the key to her secrets, to unravel her profound enigmas; and, piercing through her mysteries, interpret the hidden sense of her word, and thus reveal the fulness of her glory. But he, to whom alone among all earth's creatures, the word has been imparted has been for that reason constituted the lord and ruler of the earth. As soon, however, as he abandons that divine principle implanted in his breast; as soon as he loses that word of life which had been communicated and confided to him; he sinks down to a level with nature, and from her lord, becomes her vassal; and here commences the history of man.”—vol. i, pp. 38, 39.

It cannot be expected that we, having now only got to the beginning of the author's dissertation, should do more than point

out a few passages in its course. And in doing so, it is scarcely necessary, after the sketch which he himself has given of his work, as already quoted from the preface, to travel beyond one chapter, for specimens of his power, originality, and eloquence. We are inclined, indeed, still to linger on the threshold of the subject with him, for he there with such mastery clears the way for a firm and satisfactory foundation to his philosophic theory, as proves his genius and the extent of his researches most happily. Upon the text—"In the beginning man had the word, and that word was from God," he says that in history, as in all science, and in life itself, the principal point on which every thing turns, is whether all things should be deduced from God, or whether the precedency should be given to nature, whereby the Deity is in fact indirectly set aside, or remains unknown. But the question, he declares, cannot be answered by mere dialectic strife; for it is the will which here mostly decides, and, according to the nature and learning of his character, the individual is led to choose between the opposite paths. As to the science of history, however, he is bold to maintain, that the mere naturalist will never comprehend its breadth and reality, nor exhibit an intelligible representation of its phenomena.

The author lays it down as an incontrovertible proof, that when man had once fallen from virtue, no determinable limit could be assigned to his degradation; and that though in his origin he be no savage, he may even in the present state become one by a slow and gradual declension. The division of the human race into a plurality of nations, and the chaotic diversity of tongues, appears to him upon this principle, to have become general at an advanced stage of human history, for in the beginning, the most ancient history and tradition make mention but of one separation; and here Schlegel brings his oriental learning to his aid.

"In entering on this subject we must observe that, in the Mosaic account, primitive and, what we call, universal history, does not properly commence with the first man, his creation or ulterior destiny, but with Cain—the fratricide and curse of Cain. The preceding part of the sacred narrative regards, if we may so speak, only the private life of Adam, which however will always retain a deep significancy for all the descendants of the first progenitor.

"The origin of discord in man, and the transmission of that mischief to all ages and all generations, is indeed the first historical fact; but on account of its universality, it forms, at the same time, as I have before observed, a psychological phenomenon; and while, in this first section of sacred history, every thing points and refers to the mysteries of religion; the fratricide of Cain on the other hand, and the flight of that restless criminal to Eastern Asia, are the first events and circumstances which properly belong to the province of history. In this account we see first the foundation of the most ancient city, by which undoubtedly we must understand a great, or at least an old and celebrated city of Eastern Asia; and secondly, the origin of various hereditary classes, trades, and arts; especially

of those connected with the first knowledge and use of metals, and which doubtless hold the first place in the history of human arts and discoveries.

"The music, which is attributed to those primitive ages, consisted probably rather in a medicinal or even magical use of that art, than in the beautiful system of later melody. Among the various works and instruments of smithcraft, and productions of art which the knowledge of mines and metals led to, the momentous discovery of the sword is particularly mentioned: by the brief enigmatic words which relate this discovery, it is difficult to know whether we are to understand them as the expression of a spirit of warlike enthusiasm, or of a renewed curse and dire wailing over all the succeeding centuries of hereditary murder, and progressive evil, under the divine permission. In all probability, these words refer to the origin of human sacrifices, emanating as they did from an infernal design, which we must consider as one of the strongest characteristics of this race; and those bloody sacrifices of the primitive world seem to have stamped on the rites and customs, as well as on the traditions and sentiments, of many nations a peculiar character of gloom and sadness. From this race were descended not only the inhabitants of cities, but nomadic tribes, whereof many led, several thousand years ago, the same wandering life which they follow at the present day in the central parts of Eastern Asia; where vast remains of primitive mining operations are frequently found.

"It is worthy of remark that, among one of these nations, the Ishudes, who inhabit a metallic mountain, we find, if we may so speak, an inverted history of Cain; mention is made of the enmity between the first two brothers of mankind, but all the circumstances are set forth in a party-spirit favourable to Cain. It is said that the elder brother acquired wealth by gold and silver mines, but that the younger, becoming envious, drove him away, and forced him to take refuge in the East.

"So is the race of Cain and Cain's sons represented from its origin, as one attached to the arts, versed in the use of metals, disinclined to peace, and addicted to habits of warfare and violence, as again at a later period, it appears in Scripture as a haughty and wicked race of giants.

"On the other hand the peaceful race of Patriarchs, who lived in a docile reverence of God and with a holy simplicity of manners, were descended from Seth. This second progenitor of mankind occupies a very prominent place even in the traditions of other nations, which make particular mention of the columns of Seth, signifying no doubt, in the language of remote antiquity, very ancient monuments, and, as it were, the stony records of sacred tradition. In general, the first ten holy Progenitors or Patriarchs of the primitive world are mentioned under different names in the Sagas, not only of the Indians, but of several other Asiatic nations, though undoubtedly with important variations, and not without much poetical colouring. But as in these traditions we can clearly discern the same general traits of history, this diversity of representation serves only to corroborate the main truth, and to illustrate it more fully and forcibly. The views, therefore, of those modern theologians, who represent the concurrent testimony of Gentile nations to the truths of primitive history as derived solely from the Mosaic narrative, and as it were transcribed from a genuine copy of our Bible, are equally narrow-minded and erroneous."—vol. i, pp. 51—55.

In the general picture of the earliest development of the human mind, the author selects such nations only as are sufficiently well known, or respecting whom the sources of information are now at least of easier access. The Chinese, the Indians, and the Egyptians, besides the isolated people of the Hebrews, figure accordingly in the first period; for the nations that can properly be termed historical, are, as holds with individuals, but rare. Indeed, Schlegel maintains, that the whole globe has as yet furnished but fifteen historical and important civilized countries, which he enumerates and outlines according to a geographical survey, and which he endeavours steadily to keep in view; thus securing great clearness and precision in his narrative and argument, as he proceeds to explain "the principle laid down in this work respecting the internal word, as the essential characteristic of man."

But we pass over a number of chapters to come to the point from which the whole modern world of history was to spring—to that crisis between ancient and modern times, when "stood two powers opposed to each other; on one hand, we behold Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, the earthly gods, and absolute masters of the world, in all the pomp and splendour of ancient paganism—standing, as it were, on the very summit and verge of the old world, now tottering to its ruin; and, on the other hand, we trace the obscure rise of an almost imperceptible point of light," by which, of course, the author means the Saviour of mankind. We must cite a passage or two from what is said regarding this great central point of the world's annals. The dignity, wisdom, and sentiment, with which he enters upon this branch of his subject is worthy of his talent and piety.

"A regular history of the life of our Saviour, recounted like any other historical occurrence, would in my opinion be out of place in a Philosophy of History. The subject is either too vast for profane history, or in its first beginnings too obscure, whether we consider its internal importance, or in a mere historical point of view, its outward appearance. A thinking, and in his way well-thinking Roman, when he had obtained a more accurate knowledge of the life of our Saviour from the accounts of the Roman Procurator, or other Roman dignitaries in Palestine, might have expressed himself respecting the whole transaction in the following terms: 'This is a very extraordinary man, endued with wonderful and divine power, [for such vague and general admiration might well be indulged in by a Heathen, who yet adhered to the fundamental doctrines of his ancestral faith]—a man, who, he would continue to say, has produced a great moral revolution in mind, and was, according to the most credible testimony, of the purest character and most rigid morals, who taught much that was sublime on the immortality of the soul and the secrets of futurity; but who was accused by his enemies, and delivered over to death by his own people.' Such, perhaps, would have been the judgment of a Tacitus, had he drawn his information from better and less polluted sources. So long however as all these transactions were confined to the small province of Judea, the soundest and best constituted Roman mind could have scarcely felt a more than

passing regret at the perpetration of so signal an act of private injustice ; and would, in other respects, have not regarded it as an event which could, in a Roman point of view, be termed historical, or worthy to occupy a place in the more extended circle of his own world.

“ It was only when Christianity had become a power in the world—the principle of a new life, and of a new form of life totally differing from all preceding forms of existence, that it began to attract the attention of the Romans, as a remarkable historical occurrence. How perfectly unintelligible, strange and mysterious this mighty event at its origin, and for a long time afterwards, appeared to the Romans ; how erroneous and absurd were their opinions and conduct in regard to the Christian religion, we have already shown by some characteristic examples.”—vol. ii, pp. 1—3.

The mysteries of our Saviour's life, death, and doctrines, Mr. Schlegel discusses not, but he presupposes a knowledge of them ; he holds at the same time that the philosophy of history forms an essential part of the science of divine and human things, which in the mode of conceiving or treating of them, should be rarely or never separated ; and yet care must be taken in viewing human things in connection with the divine principle which animates them, not to confound the one department with the other : “ for as it is very prejudicial to religion to make it merely a matter of learned historical research, so it is inconsistent with the object of historical philosophy to transform it into a mere series of religious meditations.” But still, although the mystery of grace, in the divine redemption of mankind, transcends the sphere of profane history, still he says it must be assumed.

“ The Christian philosophy of history must indeed tacitly presuppose the truth of that mystery, and assume it as known, and indeed as self-evident to all well-thinking persons—it must even, under the inspiration of this faith, refer to it very many, the greater part, indeed almost all, of the facts and phenomena of history—but it should forbear to introduce it into its own province, and should leave it to the sanctuary of religion. In the same way, whenever philosophy attempts to incorporate and rank this mystery with her own speculative conceptions, the consequence must ever be hurtful to religion ; for, as philosophy thus attempts to explain, and, as it were, deduce this mystery from her own speculations, the mystery of Redemption ceases to be a divine fact, and it is only as such that it is and can be the true and eternal foundation of religion. I wish here expressly to do away with an opinion which is completely unhistorical, and even subversive of all history. I cannot more truly and succinctly designate this opinion, than by stating it as follows :—Christ, to say it in one word, was a Jewish Socrates ; and this purest, noblest, and sublimest of all ethical teachers (according to the rationalists' interpretation of his history) met with a fate no less deplorable for mankind than that which befel the Athenian philosopher, and the wisest of all the Grecian sages. In reply to this, one observation only need be made—*If Christ were not more than a Socrates, then a Socrates He was not.* But this opinion is not only unhistorical, or, to speak more properly, *anti-historical*, because it is in utter opposition to all covenants, testimonies, authentic records, and even Christ's express declarations ; but fully as much, and even still more on this account, that if we once, remove this divine keystone in the arch of

universal history, the whole fabric of the world's history falls to ruin—for its only foundation is this new manifestation of God's power in the crisis of time—this hope in God abiding unto the end. For, although I do not consider a formal demonstration of the truth of the Christian religion as falling within the province of profane history; yet the belief of its truth—a faith in its dogmas, is the only clue in such investigations. Without this faith, the whole history of the world would be nought else than an insoluble enigma—an inextricable labyrinth—a huge pile of the blocks and fragments of an unfinished edifice—and the great tragedy of humanity would remain devoid of all proper result.”—vol. ii, pp. 8—10.

After tracing the history of Christianity through many ages, with his usual masterly power of generalization and knowledge, the author arrives at the period when Protestantism took its rise, and discusses the character of the times of the Reformation, following the development and extension of its doctrines, in the manner which we should expect from a consistent and enlightened Catholic, possessed of his vast powers of mind and treasures of information. We shall merely select one passage from this part of the work, with little or no comment; for, without a sight or summary of the whole of his discussion as respects Protestantism, it is impossible to obtain a fair view of Schlegel's peculiar views as well as candour: at the same time, it will be found, that by those of a different creed, very opposite deductions would be drawn. One would be inclined to think, indeed, from the first part of the passage about to be cited, that the author himself laboured under an unusual incertitude on the subject.

“ We must endeavour to view this great Revolution with the impartial eye of the historian, and labour duly to comprehend and judge it in all its manifold bearings, and in all its remote consequences; and if we should feel inclined to lament and deplore the long continuance of this unhappy division in the great European family, we should remember that such a feeling of regret, however innocent and natural in our own bosoms, and in our own conviction, can furnish no adequate criterion for an historical decision. At any rate, we should in no case immoderately repine at such an event, and murmur against destiny, that is to say, the ruling Providence which permits the occurrence of such evils. The permission by God of a mere human, unsanctioned enterprise, nay, of a mighty, general, protracted, and incurable division among mankind—a system of opposition with all its unhappy consequences, its moral impediments, and its political disasters; such a permission forms, as I have already observed, the great enigma of history—the wonderful secret of the divine decrees in the conduct of mankind, as well as in the conduct of individuals. Perhaps this great enigma will then only be perfectly unravelled, and the mystery which hangs over this subject, then only be perfectly dispelled, when this mighty Revolution shall have been terminated, and brought to a close. Even now, the experience we have acquired, however imperfect and limited it may be, makes one thing evident; namely, that the influence of Protestantism has not been confined to those states and countries where it became predominant, and where it received a public and legal establishment. Far greater was the danger, far more fatal were the consequences, when an open rupture,

a formal separation from the church did not take place, or had, if a temporary, at least no permanent existence—but where Protestantism, that is to say, the spirit of Protestantism, a like or a kindred set of opinions, was infused into the moral system of countries externally Catholic, and secretly instilled into the veins of the body politic, gradually corroded its vitals; till at last, amid a false and apparent repose, the long suppressed element of revolutionary innovation infected with its deadly virus, opinion, science, and lastly, government and society. The conscience, in its inquiries after religious truth, to whatever decision it may come, only looks to the determination of a point of faith as the sole clue of its investigations. But in historical inquiries, this rigid intersecting line of faith forms no adequate rule of judgment. The experience of our own times, or that of the last generation has proved, that innovations in faith, politics and philosophy ingrafted on a Catholic nation, are far more fatal to its repose, and that of its neighbours, than a system of Protestantism which has settled into a state of permanent peace and stability. Hence, for instance, the policy and political interests of England, which is a state more than any other essentially Protestant, have often been in perfect accordance with the political system of an old leading Catholic power.”—vol. ii, pp. 230—232.

There is an observation on illuminism, a system that a few years ago produced such a ferment on the continent as to threaten the stability of thrones, and of the present state of things, which carries conviction by its simple utterance: Schlegel says, the very idea of an esoteric society for the propagation of any secret doctrines, is not compatible with the very principle of Christianity itself. The following passage will also accord with the sentiments of most Protestants.

“The Christian faith has the living God and his revelation for its object, and is itself that revelation; hence every doctrine taken from this source is something real and positive. The defence of truth against error will then only be attended with permanent success, when the divine doctrine, in whatever department it may be, is represented with intellectual energy as a living principle; and at the same time placed in its historical connection, with a due regard to every other historical reality. This calm, historical judgment of things—this acute insight into subjects, whether they be real facts or intellectual phenomena—is the invariable concomitant of truth, and the indispensable condition to the full knowledge of truth. This is the more so, indeed, as religion, which forms the basis of all truth, and of all knowledge, naturally traces with attentive eye the mysterious clue of Divine Providence and Divine permission through the long labyrinth of human errors and human follies, be they of a practical or a speculative nature. Error, on the other hand, is always unhistorical; the spirit of times almost always passionate; and both consequently untrue. The conflict against error cannot be brought to a prompter and more successful issue, than by separating in every system of moral and speculative error, and according to the standard of divine truth, the absolute, which is the basis of such systems, into its two component parts of truth and falsehood. For when we acknowledge and point out the truth to be found in those systems, there only remains error, whose inanity it requires little labour, little cost of talent, or time to expose and make evident to every eye. But in real life the struggle of parties often ceases

to be purely intellectual—their physical energy is displayed in violent commotions ; and in proportion as all parties become absolute, so their struggle becomes one of violent and mutual destruction—a circumstance which most fatally impedes the great work of religious regeneration—the mighty problem of our age, which so far from being brought to a satisfactory termination, is not yet even solved. In this respect it is no doubt a critical fact, that, in certain quarters of European life, nay even in some entire countries, parties and governments should be more and more carried away by the spirit of absolutism. For this is not a question of names, and it is very evident that not those parties, which are called, or call themselves absolute, are the most so in reality ; since now, as in all periods of violent party struggles, a whimsical mistake in names, a great disorder of ideas, and a Babel confusion of tongues, occur even in those languages otherwise distinguished for their clearness and precision.”—vol. ii, pp. 312—314.

Had Schlegel lived to the present day, we do not suppose that he would have changed his leading opinions on any subject, but we have no doubt that he would have found some more startling or at least decided movements in opinion and social order, than he ever anticipated in so short a space of time. As it is, his *Philosophy of History* is a noble monument of genius, learning, and piety, and whoever, like him, implicitly believes in the Holy Scriptures, will hope and confide as he did, in these concluding words :—

“ It is only with sentiments of grateful admiration, of amazement, and awe, we trace in the special dispensations of providence, for the advancement of Christianity and the progress of modern society, the wonderful concurrence of events towards the single object of divine love, or the unexpected exercise of divine justice long delayed : such as I have in the proper places endeavoured to point out. With this faith in Primitive Revelation, and in the glorious consummation of Christian love, I cannot better conclude this ‘*Philosophy of History*,’ than with the religious hope I have more than once expressed, and which is more particularly applicable to these times—the dawn of an approaching era :—that by the thorough religious regeneration of the state, and of science, the cause of God and Christianity may obtain a complete triumph on the earth.”—vol. ii, pp. 335, 336.

ART. II.—*The Air*. By ROBERT MUDIE, Author of “*The Heavens*,” “*The Earth*,” “*Natural History of Birds*,” &c. &c. &c. London : Ward and Co. 1835.

IN the present treatise we do not find that Mr. Mudie has been so successful in rendering the *Air* a subject for popular discussion and illustration, as he did in his former volumes on the *Heavens* and the *Earth*. This defect, no doubt, arises in a great measure from the nature of the subject itself, which in many of its branches requires such a scientific precision of language, and such an intimate acquaintance with philosophic experiments, as few readers can be supposed to acquire, from the simple study of this volume. It must also be owing to the very extensive and difficult nature of the sub-

ject, that the author seems constantly to be labouring and forcing his way, rather than finding it natural, easy, and smooth ; and that we have more of his characteristic diffuseness, rambling, and want of clear arrangement, than formerly. There is at the same time much ingenuity and great knowledge apparent throughout the present work, which are the more to be praised, inasmuch as he has proceeded upon a novel plan, and united in one treatise, intended for the benefit of the general reader, according to a manner never before attempted, a variety of the scientific branches into which the properties of the atmospheric fluid have been divided.

The author is well aware of the arduous nature of the task he has here allotted to himself, and fully perceives the difficulty of conveying to the unlearned anything like a general view, which is calculated to exhibit at once the real character of the different parts and phenomena of the air, and their relations to one another. Many of these parts and classes of phenomena have become subjects of study and science. As Mr. Mudie states, we find the mechanical properties of air treated of as one science, under the name of pneumatics ; we find the chemical properties forming an important branch of chemical science ; we find the relative actions of the air, in different countries and seasons, discussed as portions of physical geography ; we find its relations to moisture, heat, and motion, arranged under the science of meteorology ; and we find its use in the economy of plants, and of animals, occupying a pretty large proportion in physiological investigations. Perhaps, in these circumstances, some may think it might have been as wise had the author chosen another theme than the invisible yet all-pervading air for his elucidation. Still, when we consider that he is producing a series of volumes within the range of natural science—that he has already treated of the Heavens and of the Earth—and that speedily we are to meet with him on the Sea—it would have been a flagrant defect had such an interesting and comprehensive subject as that which has called forth the present volume, been slightly glanced at. Besides, when we feel that every person who possesses one of these treatises, will, or should, make the whole series matter of study, there must, in that case, be comparatively little difficulty in comprehending the instruction contained in any particular volume. Even in such an extensive inquiry as the present, and taken by itself, Mr. Mudie has introduced much that will appear curious and rich to the most ordinary reader ; nor do we look upon those parts as the least valuable where he starts off, as he often does, in some eloquent lesson on the manner in which nature should be studied, or on the advantages and delights thence to be derived. It is a writer's duty rather to make his readers better, than to make them learned or more knowing ; and this preferable power and talent belongs to our author in no slight degree. The few passages which we are about to cite, will furnish instances either of curious and valuable information, or

of an ardent devotion to a mode of study that takes direct and natural principles for its guide.

Mr. Mudie defines the word *air* to mean, the state of that substance which we call the atmospheric fluid, and the word *atmosphere*, as distinguished from air, to mean the accumulation of that fluid, its position, and distribution around the earth. There is much said by him of the parts, properties, relations, and phenomena of this fluid, that would be much more obscure if partially glanced at in our pages, than even in the treatise before us; and therefore we confine ourselves entirely to what is plain and immediately perceived to be interesting. The following general answer to the inquiry, what it is we should know, or can know, concerning atmospheric air, is as striking as it is true.

“The air every where surrounds the earth to a height far exceeding that of the highest mountains, even if we were to suppose its weight the same at all elevations, which is not the case. But not only does it surround the entire globe, for it surrounds every detached piece of matter whenever that piece of matter is in any way moved, or made to change its place; and in the case of all bodies or pieces of matter, which we describe as being moveable, the air constantly surrounds them on every side. This is the case with loose stones and sand, with all animals, excepting such as grow rooted, of which there are no land species, and, in short, with every thing which merely lies supported on the surface of the earth.

“Loose substances, whatever may be their nature, may thus be regarded as supported by the air as by a sort of carriage, by the help of which they can be moved from place to place with far less labour than would otherwise be required. We find this to be the fact from many experiments, as well as from daily experience in ordinary matters; and it is worthy of remark, that if the air is by any means excluded from between one piece of matter and another, it instantly changes from being a means of separation to being a means of union between them. This holds true equally between any body and the earth considered as a general mass, and between two pieces of matter, both of which are detached from the earth by an interposed stratum of air. The method by which the fact is arrived at is a matter for subsequent inquiry; but we may mention, that if a substance is detached from the earth by means of a stratum of air, however thin, then there is no more weight to be moved than the simple weight of the substance—that is, the gravitation of the substance toward the earth is the only resistance to be overcome in removing that substance from the earth. Thus, for instance, when a man walks along the pavement or a firm footpath, he has no weight to lift but that of his own body; and if he has been taught to walk neatly, the height to which he requires to lift this at each step is hardly perceptible, and thus he can continue a long time without being fatigued. But make him walk only half shoe deep in tough mire, and he will feel as if each foot were loaded with a weight. This, however, is only a partial exclusion of the air from between the feet and the ground. If the air were entirely removed from below, the atmosphere would press the soles

of his feet to the ground with a weight of about fifteen pounds on every square inch of the soles; and, if we suppose the surface of each sole to come in contact with the ground to an extent of eighteen square inches, then each foot would be held to the ground by a weight of two hundred and seventy pounds, or, the man standing on both feet, by a weight of five hundred and forty, so that any motion with men of the present muscular strength would be out of the question. Even to press the palm of the hand against any substance, to the exclusion of the air between them, would be to fasten the hand to the substance by a force of one hundred and eighty-five pounds, supposing the palm to contain nine square inches. This, again, would be beyond the power of any single hand to overcome, or, if the substance were not in contact with the earth in the same way, and not heavier than the hand could lift, it would stick permanently to the palm; and, but for the separating film of the atmosphere, every part of the body which came in contact with any substance would stick to that substance in consequence of the atmospheric pressure. Indeed, if it were not for the power which the atmosphere has of insinuating itself into every pore and opening, however minute, all substances would be so firmly pressed against each other, that no motion of any kind could be effected; and thus the whole action of the earth would be limited to the two motions of that planet—on its axis, and in its orbit.”—pp. 7—10.

The air also supports everything by its mutual pressure on all sides, without which nothing could resist falling to the earth, and to pieces. But besides this passive use, it has many others not less wonderful. It is not only the medium of all terrestrial motion and action, but of all our observations of what takes place. It is also an agent in the great system of nature's chemistry; for there is not one spot of the earth's surface—meaning by the word surface, the crust of the earth or the sea, to whatever depth there may be life, vegetable or animal—where it does not act. It is a provision by which is carried on all the varied operations of the world, in all its phenomena of change of growth and of life.

“Over the extent of one single horizon, as displayed to the eye any where upon this land, it is not too much to say, in growing and in living nature, in the transfer of heat and humidity, and in the artificial labours of man, there are millions of operations constantly going on, in all of which the atmosphere is an indispensable agent, and to all of which it adapts itself with the utmost precision. The very same air which works fatigueless in the minute lungs of the gnat or the mite, supplies the ox and the elephant with the stimulating breath of life: the same air which embraces the lofty tree, in all the ramifications of its branches, and all the expansion of its leaves, bringing health to every point, and removing impurity at every pore, is just as benignant and as beneficial to the smallest moss, a thousand of which can scarcely stain the most delicate finger as it is drawn along the bark. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine a more perfect emblem of infinite bounty—a portion of matter which more powerfully suggests and more strikingly shadows forth the Almighty Creator himself, than this same atmosphere; nor is there any doubt that this reverential feeling has been natural with man from the beginning; and that it mingled in the vaguely comprehended idea of rude men, when with almost one universal voice, in all the varieties of their tongues and

languages, they made the name of this most wonderful element a synonyme for that of spirit itself."—pp. 37, 38.

At the same time, the air is much more free and obedient to the action of any, and all agents, than any other constituent parts of our system. While powerfully affected, for instance, by the beams of the sun, it ascends, or otherwise moves away, thus eluding the full effect of the heating energy; or when cooled beyond the average degree, at any part of the earth, the whole sympathises, and comes to the assistance of the portion thus cooled. It, therefore, at the same time, contributes a resistance to the extremes both of heat and of cold. The air also uniformly adapts itself to the earth as a whole, as well as to all its productions, and minutest fragments, or creatures—its working, upon the great and the small scale, being equally perfect.

The atmospheric air or fluid is principally composed of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen—one hundred parts of the mixture containing about twenty-one parts of oxygen, and consequently seventy-nine of nitrogen. If, however, we take the quantities by weight, which is the true way of averaging them, the weight being the exact measure of the quantity of matter, while the bulk or volume is not, we have the proportion of oxygen a little greater than this. But we are not warranted to say that the particles of the portions into which this compound as one fluid is divided, are of any assignable magnitude, because no contrivance has been, or is ever likely to be, able to measure any one of these particles in a separate state.

"To us air seems perfectly limpid, and equally so in all the degrees of density, or quantity in equal bulks, in which we have the means of examining it. We can condense air by means of instruments, of which a common pair of bellows afford a familiar though very partial instance, which is much better exemplified in those powerful blasting cylinders that are used at our great manufactories of the metals, and of which we have direct evidence in air-guns and engines of that description, in which the air is condensed to such a degree, that the spring with which it reacts against the common pressure of the atmosphere, when set free so to act, propels a bullet or other missile with the same velocity and force as is imparted by the ignition of gunpowder. We have also the means of rarefying or expanding air to almost any number of times its natural volume that we may desire, by inclosing it in a small quantity in a close vessel, and applying the requisite degree of heat, and also by exhausting an air-tight vessel as far as we can, on the table of an air-pump, which is an instrument contrived for pumping air out of vessels, upon nearly the same principles as the common pump, used for domestic purposes, pumps water out of a pit. Between those extremes at which we arrive by experiment, though it is impossible to tell how far we may be from the ultimate extreme either way, we have an endless variety of degrees of density produced by the action of external causes. In each and all of these, however, we find the same uniformity of structure in the air, the same appearance of one simple substance, uniform in all its parts, in as far as our most accurate observation and experiment can extend; and, unless under different actions of external causes, or different distances from the earth's centre

of gravity sufficiently great to occasion differences of weight or gravitation toward the earth, in the same quantity of air in one place from what there is in another (and these do not come much within the limits of contemporaneous local observation,) we have the air distributed with so much uniformity through the space which it occupies, that we cannot say, from any result of observation, that there is any pore, interstice, or opening, any where within its volume, of large dimensions when it is expanded and thereby attenuated to the utmost degree which our experiments can reach, any more than when it is under the strongest pressure, and therefore condensed or thickened to the utmost that our ingenuity can effect.

“ Thus, though we are perfectly sure that the atmosphere—that is, the air which forms the chief part of the atmosphere—is made up of two separate ingredients, having very different actions upon other substances, and varying in specific gravity, when we obtain them alone and weigh them under equal degrees of heat and pressure, yet we find that with the very nicest extent of our observation, this mechanically compounded air yields equally throughout all its volume to the action of any cause which exercises equal energy upon it, whether that cause tends to condense it into smaller space or to extend it into greater.

“ But though this perfect uniformity of substance in all states be the only conclusion to which our observation leads us, yet we know that there must be, in reality, interstices or divisions without end in this atmospheric mass: and that, in consequence of the very fact of its existing in the state of a gas, there must not only be no cohesion, or active tendency to cohesion, between its ultimate and invisible particles, but that there must be the action of some repelling cause treasured up within its volume, which has a constant tendency to force those ultimate and invisible particles farther from each other, and would so force them, if not restrained by the operation of some opposing and counterbalancing cause. Farther, we can see that it is this cause which tends to operate separation of particle from particle, which has brought the substance of the air into the state of gas, and which keeps it in this state. Nor is it difficult, from the analogy of many other substances, or rather changes of the bulk or volume of substances, which are familiar to our every-day observation, to determine what this cause is.”—pp. 49—51.

Of the uses and influences of the atmospheric fluid, the most wonderful is exhibited in the respiration of living creatures—a function without which life cannot exist, and the intensity and necessity of which are always in proportion to the energy of life and of living action, whatever may be the habit or element of the animal. Oxygen is here the great supporter, by which animals possessed of a back-bone or spine, that inhabit the land, and also the warm-blooded inhabitants of the waters, whatever be their several forms, size, or kind of food, all breathe and live by an apparatus to which we give the name of “lungs.” These lungs consist of a vast number of little cells, the minute ones opening into little pipes in the body of the organ, and these again uniting into one principal trunk, which is called the wind-pipe. The partitions of the cell are ramified over with a network of very fine, and in the healthy state, almost invisible blood-vessels. Mr. Mudie’s description of the organs, func-

tions, and elements belonging to respiration, is so correct, so striking, and so eloquent, that we must give it at length. It goes also to prove the enthusiasm with which he looks upon every operation in the wide domain of nature, and how clearly he beholds in nature, nature's God.

"The arteries which send the blood to the lungs originate in the *pulmonic ventricle*, or cavity of the heart, which, as situated in the human subject, is the right one; and this blood is received into the ventricle from the right *auricle*, ear, or appendage of the heart. The veins which are united at those arteries at their capillary, hair-like, very small, and, indeed, invisible extremities, carry the blood back again to the left auricle; from this it goes to the left, or systematic ventricle; and, by the collapsing of that ventricle, it is propelled into the systematic arteries, and, by their action, over the whole body of the animal. Thus, in man, and in all the warm-blooded animals which we are accustomed (though perhaps not very properly) to call the more perfect, there is a double pulsation of the heart—one which sends the blood to the lungs, or aerating apparatus; and another which sends the blood which has been in the lungs, and has undergone the necessary action of the air there, all over the body of the animal, to stimulate and nourish the whole of its system.

"The terminations of the arteries, and commencements of the veins in the lungs, are so exceedingly minute, that microscopic observation cannot perfectly trace them; and the globules of the blood, when they come to this most singular part of the animal system, are so small, that 8,000,000,000 of them would only make about one solid inch. This is an extremely fine division, but it is by no means an ultimate division, such as that which we speak of when we refer to the atom, or even to the first formation of a cloud in the atmosphere; for these globules of blood not only contain all the elementary principles necessary for repairing the animal structure, but, in addition to this, they contain that refuse of life, to clean the system of which is the purpose of breathing. It is right, however, that we should see how excessively delicate this operation is, and it is an operation without which no animal can live, no, not so much as a single moment; for unless the blood passes through this exquisite apparatus, it would be the tide of death, instead of that of life. The blood which arrives through the *venæ cavæ*, or great returning veins of the system, has not only taken up the matter of every part which is no longer fit for the purpose of life—and which, if not so taken up, would instantly cause putridity in the system, as speedily fatal as the most deadly plague—but, a little before it reaches the heart, it receives into its mass the chyle or new matter which has been prepared by the various operations of digestion, for the nourishment of the animal. This blood is, therefore, in what we may consider a rude state; so much of it is, no doubt, healthy blood, but with this healthy blood there are mingled, first the refuse of life, which is no longer fit for its functions; and, secondly, the new supply derived from the food, which has not yet undergone preparation. These three come to the lungs in a dark tide, and it is not until the life-giving air has done its office upon them in this singular apparatus, that they put on that hue of lively red which blossoms on the cheek, and blooms on the lip, when the human body is in the freshness of vigour and the glow of health.

"Here then is marvel, more than tongue can tell; and at every pulse

of the heart, and every breath of the nostril, we, as it were, trench upon the bourne of absolute nothingness. There is not a pore in those delicate vessels which would admit the millionth part of the thinnest hair. They themselves have their coats fine beyond all expression, so that, perhaps ten thousand of them would not probably amount to nearly the thickness of the finest tissue paper, but they are as impervious, as free from any opening, as if they were gateless walls of brass. And in this marvellous structure is the life of man, and of every breathing creature, kept and maintained throughout every moment of its existence, and not only kept, but kept in such safety and such power as that it is capable of performing the most energetic operations; and, by means of this inexpressibly fine tissue the horse and the hound course, the eagle drives through the sky, the lion and the tiger bound upon their prey, and man performs all those operations, and exercises that connection between the sensation of the body and the intellectual perception of the mind which makes him lord of the creation. When we contemplate this portion of the animal system, and it is common to every animal, how can we—how dare we refrain from thinking of the Maker? Here, on the very verge of nothing, as it were, and delicate, and, as we may say, tender, beyond the very dreamings of our philosophy, life stands—secure, stands as secure as if it were encased in walls of adamant, and the all but infinitesimal globules which we have mentioned, are here as safe, in the keeping of the Almighty, as are those voluminous masses which revolve in the sky, and constitute the glory and the wonder of material magnitude.

“ But, delicate beyond all conception as this structure is, the blood is unfit for the purposes of life unless every particle of it passes through this most extraordinary filter—a filter so singular, that it is impossible for us to say whether the connection of artery and vein in the lungs be a continuation of the opening of the one little tube with that of the other, or whether there may not be some mysterious diaphragm, or partition, at the one side of which the blood is decomposed, so as to pass through in the state of gas, or gases, leaving its impurities behind, and being again reproduced as pure and wholesome blood at the other side of the partition. This we shall never be able to ascertain: for, though close observers have been enabled to watch the circulation passing from artery to vein, in some animals which have a sluggish circulation, such, for instance, as the common frog—~~at~~ the animals upon which those observations have been made are comparatively imperfect breathers, and their system can lie, and generally speaking, does lie, quiescent for several months of the year, without pulse and respiration. In animals of energetic life, this apparatus is much too delicate for our being able to approach it with the eye of science when it is in the working state; and, after death has passed upon it, one of the acts of this death may, for aught we know, be the dissolution of this mysterious connection between artery and vein, upon which life so immediately depends.”—pp. 273—277.

It has already been stated that, speaking generally, the atmospheric air, taken in measure, consists of one part oxygen, and four parts nitrogen; and so far as observation has gone, there is no variation in the proportion of these two ingredients, under any circumstances; from this fact the author, forcibly points out a wonderfully accom-

modating power or tendency of this invisible and delicate fluid. The quantity of oxygen abstracted from the atmosphere in the city of London and its vicinity, is instanced by him, and we know it must be immense. A million and a half of human beings constantly depriving the atmospheric air of its oxygen, and other animals probably consuming as much, besides the enormous combustion which is going on by the devouring power of lamps, forges, and furnaces, might well be supposed to rob the store over the metropolis in a very short time. But were the fact as supposed, the breathing of every living creature would be stifled, and there would be a universal panting and death, in the course of a few minutes.

The wonderfully subtle and accommodating tendency of the atmospheric fluid, is thus most effectively demonstrated ; but the author heightens the picture of such a marvellous provision, by comparing it with other productions and articles which London exhibits as contributing to its life and luxury. He alludes to its markets and houses being stored with every production of the sea and land, whether the places that yield such provisions be far away or near. China, Australia, America, and islands without number, are the granaries of London. Still, however wonderful may be the accumulation of such a multitude of provisions towards the health, or the fancy of man, there is no difficulty in accounting for the manner in which each article is produced, and conveyed to us. But the explanation cannot be so easily come at regarding the air we breathe.

“ When we look to the constant and copious supply of the atmospheric fluid—the first and the most constant necessary of life, the suspension of which for ten minutes, or the half of that time, would consign the whole living congregation to death—we find in it something more wonderful than in all which the industry and ingenuity of men can supply, great as are their exertions and their success.

“ And there is in this matter, in this constantly used necessary of life, something still more wonderful, and at the same time delightful in the contemplation. This is a matter in which the science of man would be at fault, and the hand of his workmanship altogether powerless. He can build palaces, he can furnish them with more than Oriental splendour, he can clothe himself in the most costly apparel, and he can indulge, or, which is the same, command the means of indulging in every luxury ; but, not all his science could invent, not all his art could execute, and not all his wealth, were it multiplied till the line of figures extended round the earth, could bring to him one single inhalation of the breath of life ; and, therefore, in the midst of all his possessions, all his power, and all his pride—even when that pride is honest, and leads him to honourable distinction, the distinction of demonstrating by his deeds that greatness is but another name for goodness—every throb of his pulse, every moment of his life, is dependent upon this property of the atmosphere, a property which he can no more control than he can command the sea in its tides, or the career of the earth in its orbit.

“ No case could, perhaps, be selected, which shows in a more striking manner, the beautiful adaptation of the atmospheric fluid to every purpose in nature, and the case with which it can be applied to all those pur-

poses, than this silent and immediate restoration of the proportion of its elements, so immediately consequent upon any part of one of them being withdrawn, that no observable time ever elapses between the destruction of the equilibrium and its restoration. It matters not to what action the air may be subjected, whether it remain breezeless or tranquil, whether it awaken the surface of the earth with refreshed zephyrs, whether it howl in storms, or whether it sweep in the desolation of hurricanes; for, in each and all of those states it is equally healthy, equally ready, and equally gentle and yielding to the lungs, or other breathing apparatus, of every creature; so that the gnat and mite breathe, with the utmost ease and the most perfect safety, of that violent current of the air which uproots the forests, and lays the habitations of man level with the dust." —pp. 96, 97.

The refuse of life, which is no longer fit for its functions, has been spoken of, and this the atmospheric air removes from the system of an animal in the operation of breathing; but unless the removal of this waste took place, the animal would die in a very short time. In thousands of operations in nature, there would be nothing but pestilence and death, if their products were allowed to remain at the place where they are formed. Over the field, over the forest, there would be no living thing. But the air divides and removes every poisonous substance which is in any way produced on the face of the earth, or in any physical process, scattering it far and wide. The author goes on to remark, that the attenuation of those substances by the atmosphere is so fine, that we are unable to bring them within the scope of observation; but in his peculiar way, he points out how to our mental perception the truth may appear, that upon the obedient wings of the viewless air, life and creative power are borne, following up the doctrine with one of those kinds of practical improvement which we have also said is characteristic of him, and which we must quote.

"We may mention, merely for the purpose of drawing the attention of the reader to this most important subject, which—as it is a subject of a purely mental character, standing in need of no apparatus, requiring no expense, and capable of being carried on contemporaneously with all the mechanical enjoyments of life—might and should afford to every one a means of escape from that vacancy of the mind which, if allowed to settle into a habit, turns round and paralyzes the hand. This is a point which we believe is not in general much attended to, and yet there are very few points which bear more directly or more largely upon the grand question of human enjoyment, and therefore it is desirable that no opportunity of impressing it upon the attention of mankind should be neglected. Indeed it will, upon examination, be found to be in those little incidental hints which do not carry with them the somewhat arrogant, and always apparently intrusive, character of direct schooling, that every one receives the most acceptable and therefore the most profitable instruction; and, consequently, he who ventures to address the public through the medium of a book, need not hesitate to notice any of those incidental hints, if they are at all apparently connected with his main subject. They are rests in that subject; and rests, judiciously placed, add to the melody and harmony of even the sweetest music. It is not necessary to say more

than two words on this point :—The mind is the master, the hand only the servant : thought is the business of man, as rational and immortal ; labour, of whatever kind, and how usefully soever it may be directed, is the business of man as the mortal—the organized being of clay ; therefore, if the master is neglected, is unskilful and incapable, how can the servant do well ?”—pp. 113, 114.

Besides the oxygen and nitrogen gases, that form the principal parts of the air, there is carbonic acid, of which however the quantity is so small, that the proportion which it bears to the whole volume cannot be ascertained without the greatest nicety ; and there also exists everywhere in the atmosphere the vapour of water, varying more at different times, and under different circumstances, than any of the other component parts. The influences and functions of these component parts are handled by Mr. Mudie under a great number of illustrations, a few of which we have only cited. But enough has been given to mark the volume as one containing the result of much observation and study, and to show that it is one not merely calculated by many of its reasonings, suggestions, and facts to instruct, but by its spirit and language to make the reader better and wiser. We might adduce many other passages as striking as any already quoted. The plastic nature of air, the manner in which it may be expanded and condensed, afford a splendid field for illustration. A few of his observations on evaporation must suffice.

“ Evaporation is one of the most important considerations in the whole natural history of the air, but it is, at the same time, one of the most difficult, because we are not well acquainted with that particular property by means of which the atmospheric fluid is enabled to take up the moisture from the surface of the water, and of all humid substances, and again to deposit this moisture in rain or snow, for the refreshment of those very plants, and the replenishing of those very waters, from which this moisture is, in the first instance, taken.

“ This power of taking up water in a state of so minute division as that it is perfectly invisible in the air, and does not communicate to us the least feeling of moistness, is not a peculiar property of the air, depending on the two gases of which the compound atmosphere is made up, or upon the proportions in which they are mixed together. It is a property of the aerial or gaseous state generally, apparently without any reference to the chemical or other properties of the substance which is in that state ; for it is found that if they have equal heat and pressure, all gases whatever take up water in the form of vapour ; and though it is impossible perfectly to establish the fact so as to connect it with what really takes place in nature, at the average elevation, and in the average state of the air, yet it has been ascertained by experiment, that the nearest approximation which we can make to a perfect vacuum or empty space, in exhausting a common receiver by the air pump, is still capable of taking up the vapour of water, and, in fact, takes it up much more rapidly than denser air. Whether this circumstance would take place under the common atmospheric pressure of about fifteen pounds on the square inch, is the point necessary to be settled, before we can say positively that the action of evaporating takes place in the water or substance evaporated, and has no farther connection with,

or dependence upon, any quality in the air, than as the tenuity of the ærial fluid affords it scope for dispersing itself. We have no means of applying pressure to the surface of water in any approximate vacuum that we can form, and therefore it is impossible for us to say, positively, whether evaporation would or would not go on under these circumstances. The probability is, however, that it would; for in proportion as air is rendered less dense, either naturally in the atmosphere, or artificially in our experiments, we always find evaporation more rapid.

“Still, however, it should seem that there is some connection between the atmosphere and water more than there is between it and some other, if not all other, evaporable matters—volatile oils, the fumes of metals, the aroma of plants, and all those substances which the atmosphere is capable of dissipating and dispersing. The quantity of those other substances which is evaporated must be very considerable, but they are spread far and wide, so that they never return to the earth in sensible quantities, or form anything like clouds in the sky. There seems, therefore, to be, between water and atmospheric air, a certain degree of that surface action of particle upon particle to which we alluded in a former section, and stated capillary attraction as being one particular case.”—pp. 181—183.

ART. III.—*The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Worcester: illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Details of that Edifice: including an Architectural Description of the Church, and Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops, and of other Eminent Persons connected with the Cathedral.* By JOHN BRITTON, F. S. A. M. R. S. L. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

THE episcopal see of Worcester was founded, it would appear, towards the close of the seventh century, though the precise date is not certainly known. In the list of its prelates, the author, whose extensive antiquarian and cathedral information entitles his authority to the highest regard, states that it presents one pope, four saints in the Catholic calendar, six lords chancellors of England, three lord treasurers, one king's chancellor, eleven archbishops of Canterbury and of York, one Roman cardinal, and many other men of learning and celebrity. The first foundation of the present edifice, however, as well as the ages of those different parts, which are evidently of distinct, and even distant epochs of time from each other, according to Mr. Britton, are matters of doubt. Neither does it now externally exhibit much of architectural interest or beauty. It is said, indeed, that, “no English cathedral presents so heterogeneous an appearance in its external aspect, such a patched and threadbare coat of many colours, with so little to admire, and so much to deplore.” And this condition is chiefly attributed to the tasteless manner in which the repairs have been carried on, almost ever since the time of Henry VIII.

This, like the preceding volumes of the “Cathedral Antiquities,” by the same author, contains a number of engravings, by which

the architect and the architectural antiquary will easily understand the forms, sizes, proportions, and other features of the cathedral church of Worcester. But to the general reader, some description of these parts is given, by which any one may for himself study our ancient models of Christian architecture. Not the least interesting of these engravings are those of the monument of king John, "the fool, rogue, and hypocrite," who had ordered that his corpse should be interred in Worcester cathedral; and that of Arthur Tudor, prince of Wales, son of Henry VII., who had a splendid chantry-chapel erected for him here. But we need not do more in reference to the present volume, in so far as the cathedral of Worcester is concerned, than declare it worthy of Mr. Britton's previously published portions of his series of "Cathedral Antiquities," which, in plan and execution, form nothing less than a great national work, the chief drawback to it being, that the series is not yet, neither is it to be completed by him; the history and antiquities of fourteen only out of the twenty-one English cathedrals, having been finished by the present volume, which he announces in a prefatory essay, is to be the last of his labours on the same subject. Some statements in this prefatory essay claim our notice, and have in a particular manner called for a more lengthened reference to such a well known work than would otherwise have been thought necessary.

Mr. Britton's preface assuredly may well furnish anecdotes to a new edition of Mr. D'Israel's "Calamities of Authors." Some may deem it lachrymose, and others call it vituperative. But does it tell the truth? We believe it does so candidly. Indeed, were we merely to judge from this preface, we should say that the author's character is one in which plain-dealing, without fear of the consequences, prevails, and to a degree not over-prudent, in regard to his own interest. Perhaps, too, were all of our most industrious and talented authors of the present day to speak out as freely and fully as Mr. Britton does in this essay, his case neither would appear in any way singular, nor by many degrees so hard as that of several others. But, should we not therefore pay the more regard, and extend the greater indulgence to our author, seeing that he has unshrinkingly called the attention of the public to a state of things that might not have been otherwise so plainly or so opportunely disclosed as it is in this piece of autobiography?

Mr. Britton has been engaged in a very great number of literary works, especially those of an architectural class, and which from their embellishments, or rather their illustrations, are necessarily extremely expensive. Among these, "The Cathedral Antiquities" has been the most important, as respects money, labour, and value, of any that he has undertaken. It was commenced in 1814, and it was then promised that four numbers should appear annually, at quarterly intervals. But twenty years have since elapsed, and only fifty-three have been published, the chief delay occurring within the

last three years. It is here stated that more than twenty thousand pounds has been expended upon its execution, and therefore it is clear that the work was not calculated for the great mass of popular readers; but on the other hand, all know that it was on a national scale, and worthy of the nation; therefore it might have been expected that public institutions, men of wealth, whether given to literature, or to the collection of a fine library—and above all, that the clergy, were sufficiently numerous in this country to encourage and reward the author of “*The Cathedral Antiquities of England*,” even although twenty thousand pounds had been expended on the work, or rather, because such a sum had been worthily so expended. But such an expectation has proved fallacious, for artists and amateurs have been the principal purchasers. We quote the following passages, and offer no comment upon them: the text is enough.

“*The Cathedrals of Lichfield, Oxford, Canterbury, Wells, Exeter, Peterborough, Gloucester, Bristol, and Hereford*, were successively and continuously published; and the author has little further to remark, at present, on these, and their concomitant events, but to lament that some of the governing members of Exeter, Hereford, and Wells Cathedrals, should have given him just cause to regret ever having visited their cities for the purpose of writing histories of their respective churches. Feeling that he was engaged in a public cause, and that many persons of influence and taste were desirous of possessing a continued series of “*The Cathedral Antiquities of England*,” he fully expected that the temporary guardians and trustees of those national edifices would give him every facility, and indeed every encouragement to prosecute the work:—that they would feel a pride and pleasure in seeing the noble fabrics, which had been incidentally vested in their guardianship, for a short period of time, faithfully and skilfully illustrated, and their beauties and historical annals fully developed. Such however was not the feelings or conduct of the dignitary and residentiaries of Exeter Cathedral, when he visited that city with artists in the year 1824; nor could he find any thing of the kind in the Dean and some of his brethren, of Hereford, when there with artists in 1829. With apparently tardy reluctance leave was granted at both of those places, for the author and his draftsmen to have ingress to the Cathedrals, to make notes, sketches, &c.: but they were otherwise treated as impertinent intruders and suspicious personages. Among other consequences arising from such treatment, the author was obliged to commission a friend to visit Exeter, with two other artists, in 1825, and thus incur additional and indeed heavy expense. The outlay on those two Cathedrals have exceeded the receipts by at least five hundred pounds!!

“In the month of March 1833, the following printed address, and a respectful letter, was sent to forty-four prelates and deans and chapters; to which the author received only six replies. Two bishops offered to take in the work, two others were willing to subscribe for the Cathedrals over which they presided; only one chapter (Norwich) requested to possess the whole series; and another offered every assistance to the author, towards promoting a complete history and illustration of its own Church. Such a chilling, dreary prospect was not calculated to tempt

the author further in his Cathedral expedition. His address follows :—
 ' The architectural antiquary, and the lover of embellished works of this class, must be aware that extraordinary and eventful changes have recently taken place, and are in preparation, as respects the various stages of polished society—the patronage of embellished literature, and particularly the *ecclesiastical establishments of the country*. These circumstances and considerations have induced the author to pause—and to look anxiously for such a change as may be calculated to impel him onward to the completion of his proposed task, or require him to relinquish the Cathedral Antiquities.'

“ ‘ That it would afford him gratification to finish the work—embracing histories and illustrations of the whole of the *English Cathedrals*, it is hardly necessary to assert: for the love of the subject has grown, and even strengthened with his declining years. He would gladly devote the remainder of life, with all his experience and zeal, to accomplish a copious, elegant, elaborate, and impartial review of the histories, with accurate and tasteful illustrations of the architectural merits and beauties, of *all these important national edifices*.—In the historical, professional, and comprehensive library, such a publication would not merely be a distinguished ornament, but be eminently useful and interesting in its varied and extensive relations. And when the edifices themselves shall become ruins—or, like some of the famed temples of Greece and Italy, be blended with the earth whence they arose—the then antiquarian and historian would be highly delighted, and deeply interested to ascertain their peculiarities in design, construction, appropriation, and manifold characteristics. Had printing and engraving been known three thousand years ago, the vast temples and palaces of India, Egypt, and Greece, would have been familiar to us of the present age, as would also the origin and application of the Celtic temples at Avebury and Stonehenge, in Wiltshire; and also the Roman villas, stations, and fortresses—the domestic and religious edifices of the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans, of our country.—But all these, and many other subjects of more recent date, are involved in mystery and darkness, and the antiquary vainly explores archives and imperfect inscriptions, to ascertain some solitary guiding facts.

“ ‘ With *Worcester*, the author will have completed his historical and architectural elucidations of *fourteen Cathedrals*: and the following seven, for some of which he has collected drawings and materials, remain to make up the series—viz. *Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Durham, Ely, Lincoln, and Rochester*. He appeals to his friends—to the patrons of such works—to the public—and *more particularly to the dignitaries and other officers* of the Cathedrals, to come forward with a moderate subscription, to enable him to accomplish a complete and ample Historical Review of the English Cathedrals. He cannot ask for any thing like pledges, or promises, on the part of the public, without a guarantee on his own: and therefore engages that the illustration of the seven Cathedrals, above named, shall be completed in three years, from Midsummer, 1833—be included in Twelve Numbers, at Twelve Shillings each—and embrace at least Eighty Engravings, with about Thirty Sheets of Letter-press.—On these terms, and with these views, the author solicits the names of ladies and gentlemen disposed to patronize the work; and if there be enough to secure him against loss, he will prosecute it with renewed zeal, and

with every exertion to render it satisfactory to his best friends, and creditable to himself.'

"Considering the education, associations, and number of wealthy clergymen in the kingdom, and particularly of those connected with, and deriving handsome incomes from the Cathedrals, it might be presumed that from three hundred to five hundred of them would be desirous to possess a literary and graphic work expressly devoted to elucidate the histories, and illustrate the architecture of those edifices. It is however believed that not more than one hundred of the clergy are purchasers of this publication."—pp. xi, xii, xvii, xviii.

Whoever is any way acquainted with the works which Mr. Britton has published, must be well aware that he is an enthusiast in the study to which he has so long and so ably devoted his time and means. He even in this preface, like a true lover of cathedral antiquities, points out what he considers the best sources of information regarding the religious edifices of note, which he has not been enabled to overtake in this work, and ardently hopes, that he may live to see these edifices correctly and tastefully illustrated, accompanied with well-digested histories. His hope, in this respect, it is cheering to reflect, seems well founded. How many artists has his employ and his example called forth in this peculiar department! It is an egregious mistake to look upon such pursuits as trifling, or such works as mere matters of elegant fashion. As subjects merely for pictorial art, the English cathedrals must be ranked as a splendidly rich school; and as a great text-book to the architect, they are immediately and in a practical sense, sources of highly valuable knowledge. But they have still a loftier importance and influence than as specimens, replete though they be, as Mr. Britton says, with all the subtleties, the beauties, and the attributes of art, and calculated to fascinate the fancy of the poet, the reminiscences of the antiquary, the science of the architect, and the erudition of the historian. For the Cathedral Churches of England, again to adopt the author's language, are its proudest, most interesting, and if duly treated by authors and artists, the most enduring of its artificial monuments. Whilst they serve to display the science, the taste, and the customs of our ancestors, from the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth centuries, they are objects to awaken such refined, profound, and sacred emotions, as never can dwell along with gross, malignant, nor irreverent feelings. They also help much to mould the English character in its most estimable phases; and should the day arrive when even the illiterate can behold the Minsters of York, Canterbury, and Salisbury, with tame and unmoved sentiments, then politicians will look in vain for the characteristic lineaments of our nation.

It is with this view that we have chiefly regarded Mr. Britton's preface to the present volume—as bearing closely upon the interests of literature, and through literature upon the welfare of society—yea, the honour of England. He addresses himself to two other points, and on which, as general questions, we entirely agree with

him—we allude to what he hints regarding the hardship upon authors, as established by act of parliament, by which so many great public libraries are entitled to a copy of every work published in the kingdom. Why should it be so, to the injury of publishers, and through them to literary men, more than in the case of any other producers of property? The oppression, though the same in principle, is not felt to the same extent by all authors. But those who publish highly embellished works, and can dispose of but a few copies of them, feel such a tax as little less than a statutory prohibition to the repression of their talents, or the robbing them of that which is emphatically their own. He who invents the new cut of a coat, or he who makes any discovery in art or knowledge of any kind, might just as righteously be thus victimized for the benefit of the public, by having so many specimens of the improvement which he has invented or discovered, sent to certain public bodies or institutions, whether these were schools of tailoring, or mechanical lecture rooms.

The other matter of fact and of regret to which we have referred, is well stated in these words :—

“ All the officers of state, and most public servants, after a certain length of service, retire upon pensions, either proportionate to the extent of time, or to the particular rank and station of the party. Not so the *author*—not so the man, whose whole life may have been devoted to literature. However eminent his talents—whatever may have been the amount and utilities of his writings—unless adulatory and sycophantic, in the cause of a political or religious party, he rarely meets with honours or fortune. At the bar—in the church—in the army, the navy, and government offices, reasonable industry, with moderate mental powers, are frequently advanced to high titles—to great wealth. Such has been, and such is the state of society in England: and if the author, the professional and long tried author, should shew that he is not justly treated, and has not a fair chance to partake of the honours and rewards, which are supposed to be national, it is not likely that authorship will be cultivated by the prudent, or be ardently pursued by those who can in any other way employ their talents. At the present moment, the number of authors in England is immense, and the extent and varieties of their abilities exceed that of any other age or country: yet their pecuniary remuneration is comparatively small. There is no class of writers better paid than those engaged in the popular periodicals; and it may be safely said that there is no profession in which more mental talent is required, and exerted, and where the labour is more incessant and harrassing. To furnish savoury food and poignant sauce for the ever-craving appetite of the daily political reader—the quid-nunc of the present age—is the imperious duty of the leading journalists of our times; and when we read some of the rapid essays, the midnight out-pourings of these writers, we are delighted and astonished at the knowledge and eloquence displayed. Yet we never hear of such men being advanced to titles, rewarded by fortunes, or complimented by public monuments. ‘ They manage these matters better in France.’ There, Barons Cuvier, Thenard, Lussac, and Poissou, have enjoyed annual grants from the government to the amount of £5,420.”—pp. xxix, xxx.

ART. IV.—*Random Recollections of the House of Commons.* By One of No Party. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1835.

WHOEVER has not been in the House of Commons, and who has never had the pleasure or the pain of judging for himself of the "first assembly of gentlemen in the world," can have formed nothing like an accurate idea of the *tout ensemble* which that house and legislative assembly presents. The composure of stoics, the dignity of Romans, the flow, fire, and majesty of orators, are attributes which one naturally attaches to the character of a legislator who has a voice in that assembly, which goes far to sway the destinies of all the nations on the face of the earth; and nothing contributes more to produce this presumption, than the newspapers, which by their reports of the parliamentary debates, give us such happy specimens of what the members have, or should have said, that the reader fancies all flowed from the speaker with the readiness, terseness, and power, with which he himself can now give it forth, from the well printed columns of the journal he patronizes. But the case is very different, and, in our judgment, more interesting. The House of Commons, talking generally, is an assembly of gentlemen of business, and more than average talent; but these being weak, faulty, and passionate as other men, it furnishes us also with an excellent and most natural representation of our race, when clothed with independence, and unlimited privileges, and when all feel themselves on an equal footing with one another, and looked to by the eyes of the country and the world. Men put into these circumstances, if they did not the most foolish as well as the most splendid things that were ever heard of, would be other and less than men. But the work before us, it may be said, presents a picture more unfavourable than could be taken of any equal number of well-educated persons, that we could suppose to meet for deliberation on grave questions. Supposing the statement to be true, we are to remember that many of the strange scenes that take place in the House of Commons, are like hereditary manners, which the usages and freaks of predecessors have bequeathed to a body, pertinaciously observant and imitative of what is old or established, especially if sanctioned by illustrious examples, and at memorable epochs. In short, considering the given circumstances, and the men, nothing could be better or more natural, than what this assembly is; nor need we go farther for a proof of its superiority, than to note the influence it possesses—the obedience which it commands.

Every person we have ever heard describe his feelings on first visiting the House of Commons during parliament, has expressed great disappointment, and found it totally different from what he anticipated, however often he may have been warned that such should be the case, and however careful the attempt may have been to set his anticipations right. But we are sure that hereafter, the

misapprehension will not be so great, for we have in these "Random Recollections," one of the most faithful and lively representations of the scenes referred to, that has ever been given of a complicated, extended, and variable subject. We, who can speak from personal observation and feelings, assure strangers and country readers, that nothing could be put into the shape of written description, more satisfactory than what is here told. The author, who must himself be an M. P. or a reporter of considerable standing, is perfectly master of his subject in all its details, down to the form of the house, its lobbies, conveniences, and servants—the formalities of the members, and the minutest features, as well as the description of the whole panorama of a full, a boisterous, or an enchained assembly. We are greatly in error, indeed, if this work prove not the most entertaining of any that has been or will be published for six months. We have laughed a score of times, till our eyes were blinded, as we turned over its well written pages; for, with all his fidelity and partiality, the author is a bit of a wag. His style is remarkably plain and correct, and therefore what he wishes to convey is most happily communicated, because he has clear conceptions as well as a shrewd eye for observation. He never fails in completing a picture; which must not only have stood fairly and fully out to his own apprehension, but which is perfectly apparent and individual to the reader. In a few days or weeks, the "Random Recollections" will be in every legislator's hand, and on every drawing-room table in the kingdom. No Novel, no Annual, no Sketch-book of the year, is likely to contain so many striking papers or pictures; and, for all that we now have said, we are confident the passages about to be cited will be ample evidence.

The first four chapters treat of "The House," the "Forms, Rules, Regulations, &c. of the House," "Miscellaneous Observations," and "Scenes in the House." There are many capital bits in the same chapters. After a description of the Old House of Commons, which, when there was a full attendance, suggested the idea of the Black Hole of Calcutta, we have an account of the order or rather disorder, which the members observe in relation to their seats.

"I have already mentioned, that the members of government, and their leading friends, occupy the first row of benches on the right hand side of the Speaker's chair, and that the most influential of the opposition occupy the first row on the left; the other supporters of each party range themselves on the benches behind their respective leaders; consequently when there is a change of government, the quondam ministry and their supporters move over in a body from the right to the left side of the house, to make way for the new administration and their friends. There are, however, a few members belonging to the extreme radical party who never change their seats, whatever ministry may be in power, because no men sufficiently liberal for them have ever yet been in office. Among these are Hume, Cobbett, Roebuck, and several others. Their seats are therefore always on the opposition benches; and when the whigs have

been in power, the circumstance has often led to strange associations. When Sir Charles Wetherell and the late Henry Hunt, men whose politics were wide as the poles asunder, were both in parliament, it was no uncommon thing to see them sitting in close juxtaposition with each other, often, too, engaged in most earnest conversation together, as if the utmost cordiality and the most perfect unanimity of political feeling existed between them. In the Reformed Parliament might be seen Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Cobdett sitting cheek-by-jowl, while close by them were to be found Sir Robert Inglis, the great advocate of the Church of England and ecclesiastical establishments in general, and Mr. Gillon, the sworn foe of both, apparently as friendly together as if of one heart and one soul in such matters.

"There are some members who not only never change from one side of the house to the other, whatever alteration may take place in the ministry, but who never change their identical seats; they invariably occupy the same twelve or fourteen inches of space. Mr. Hume is one of the most noted members in this respect; his seat in the old house was close to one of the posts which supported the side gallery on the left of the Speaker's chair; there he was constantly to be found. There is not nor has there been since he was first returned to parliament, a single member whose attendance on his legislative duties has been so regular and close as that of Mr. Hume; the moment the doors were opened there was he, and never until the adjournment was his seat to be seen vacant. There were many other members who made a point of 'looking in to see what's doing,' almost every evening; but they soon left the house again. Not so Mr. Hume. He was there at all times and during every debate, however dry and uninteresting. He was looked on by 'honourable gentlemen' as a sort of animated fixture. His contiguity to the post and the regularity of his attendance made a tory baronet, who was in the house during the close borough régime, waggishly remark, 'There is Joseph always at his post.' Whether Sir Charles Wetherell, or Sir William Cumming, a Scotch baronet, is entitled to the credit of the witty observation, I have not been able to ascertain, as both graced the last unreformed parliament by their presence, and both were equally lavish of their waggeries. It has often been a matter of surprise how Mr. Hume's constitution could stand such close attendance in the house, especially when the unhealthy atmosphere he had to breathe, and the quantity of speaking he went through were taken into account: and yet, excepting on one or two occasions, he was never heard to complain of illness. Can it be that there are any peculiarly salubrious qualities in pears? for, by his own admission, he always filled his pockets with this species of fruit when it was to be had, and ate the pears in the house, making them answer as a substitute for dinner."—pp. 4—7.

Of the Strangers' Gallery a good deal is here told, especially of the one in the old house. It could comfortably accommodate a hundred and twenty persons, but sometimes thirty more would be wedged in it, among whom not unfrequently peers might be seen, jammed like other men, and treated with as little ceremony. At such times, although these might have obtained seats elsewhere, they wished of course to witness the proceedings *in cognito*. No ladies are ever admitted. The only possible way by which the fair

could in the old house either see or hear what was going on, was by mounting above the ceiling of the house, and looking down through a large hole which was made immediately above the principal chandelier, for the purpose of ventilation, where fourteen only could at once have a peep, at the expense of inhaling the smoke of candles, and an atmosphere otherwise very foul. They had also to assume a very awkward position; however, sisters, daughters, wives and sweethearts of the orators sometimes submitted to all these inconveniences.

Attached to the house, there were and are various apartments for the accommodation of members, such as a library, refreshment and smoking rooms, &c.; the former frequented chiefly by those who are in the habit of speaking, the latter by those who seldom enlighten parliament or the country by their eloquence. There were so many passages and rooms in the old house, that strangers sometimes made very awkward mistakes to gain the gallery.

“It was no uncommon thing for them to go in through the lobby and advance to the door by which the members entered, with the most perfect nonchalance; not taking the trouble to inquire whether they were right, because it never for a moment occurred to them that they were wrong. Judge of a stranger’s surprise, when the first intimation made to him that he was treading on forbidden ground, was the being seized by the neck by one of the officers of the house, who on such occasions are as unceremonious, both in their words and actions, as if they were so many Great Moguls, and the hapless stranger the most degraded of slaves. It was a wonder if the confusion consequent on the first blunder was not the parent of a second; and if, when told that the gallery was up stairs, he did not, on the principle, in such a case, of taking the first open door, ‘drop in’ among the M.P.’s in the smoking-room. Recollecting the treatment he had received from the officers in the lobby, he would, on discovering his mistake, resign himself to the expected calamity of being bundled down stairs, head or heels foremost, as the case might be—running the imminent risk, of course, of having his neck broken in the descent. He would, however, soon find his fears happily dispelled, by being told, in the most civil and good-natured manner possible, by one of the officers—for those in that department were remarkable for their urbanity to strangers—that he had gone to the wrong place, and by being directed up seven or eight stairs to the passage leading to the gallery. If he was surprised at the roughness of his treatment in the lobby, he is now no less so at the attention shown him, and the readiness with which a merciful consideration is, in his case, extended to the very heinous sin of ignorance of the gallery’s *locale*.

“Some amusing mistakes from ignorance of the rules of the House occasionally occur. In the session of 1833, a Scotch Highlander, newly arrived from his native hills got, by some strange oversight of the officers, into the side gallery appropriated for members, on the right of the Speaker’s chair. He knew no more of the rules or localities of the house than he did of the politics of Timbuctoo. Never suspecting that he was transgressing any law, human or divine, in entering the side gallery, or when there, taking the best place he could find, he at once advanced to one of the front benches, and there seated himself with the utmost imagi-

nable coolness—just as if about to ‘rest himself’ on the brow of some of the heath-clad mountains of Caledonia. There were a few straggling members in the side gallery at the time, and perceiving at once from his Highland costume—he was dressed in tartan—that he did not belong to the fraternity of St. Stephen’s legislators, they richly enjoyed the amusing blunder which Donald had committed. He, meanwhile, after gazing with boundless astonishment on the huge proportions of the Speaker’s wig, and witnessing the bustle that was going on on the floor of the house, turned his eyes towards the strangers’ gallery, and seemed quite amazed that so many persons should quietly submit to be so closely squeezed together—to the imminent hazard of their ribs—that they looked one solid mountain of mortality, while there were so many cushioned and comfortable unoccupied seats in the place where he had located himself. At this moment one of the members on an adjoining seat, seeing poor Donald had transgressed from ignorance, whispered to him to make himself scarce in a moment, or that otherwise he would be taken into custody. A word to the wise is enough: the mountaineer took the hint of the friendly M.P., and darted out of the house as well as the gallery in a twinkling. I am credibly assured that he ran at his full speed, not casting one ‘longing lingering look behind,’ till he reached Somerset House in the Strand, a distance of full one mile and a half.”—pp. 11—17.

On one occasion, as the author describes it, a Highlander, who had been taken into the house by a member, and placed in a particular situation under the gallery appointed for persons so introduced, found that some of the orators were totally inaudible where he sat, and seeing room amongst the members, actually went thither, where he sat for more than two hours, and till the House adjourned, without being detected, excepting by Mr. Hume, who was only two yards distant, and who cast sundry suspicious looks towards the Celt, supposing him, no doubt, a spy from the tory camp.

As regards the forms and regulations of the House, nothing is detailed in this volume more interesting and curious, according to our ideas of the present day, than what occurs on the choice of a Speaker. The ceremonies observed on this occasion, and when the election is approved of by the king, were first used in the time of Charles the Second, and have ever since continued to be adopted. The Speaker’s situation was so lately the subject of unusual anxiety, that we must cite some particulars of the ceremonies in question. After he has been elected, and other observances gone through, a day is appointed for his appearance before the king in the House of Peers. He is summoned by the Usher of the Black Rod, who as he advances to the bar of the Commons, makes three low bows, doing the same as he retires when he walks backwards. On proceeding to the Upper House, the Speaker utters the following humble and self-denying speech.

“ ‘ Most gracious Sovereign,

“ ‘ The knights, citizens, and burgesses of your House of Commons, in obedience to your royal command, have proceeded to the choice of a Speaker. They have among them many worthy persons, eminently qualified for so great a trust; yet, with too favourable an eye, have cast it

upon me, who am really conscious to myself of many infirmities, rendering me much unfit for so great an employment. And although my endeavours of executing myself before them have not been successful, yet they have been so indulgent as to permit me to continue my endeavours therein before your Majesty's most piercing and discerning judgment.

" 'The veneration due to Majesty which lodgeth in every loyal breast, makes it not an easy matter to speak before your Majesty at any time, or in any capacity. But to speak before your Majesty in your exaltation, thus gloriously supported and attended, and that as Speaker of your House of Commons, requires greater abilities than I can pretend to own.

" 'I am not also without fear that the public affairs, wherein your Majesty and your kingdom in this juncture of time are so highly concerned, may receive detriment through my weakness.

" 'I, therefore, with a plain humble heart, prostrate at your royal feet, beseech that you will command them to review what they have done, and to proceed to another election.' "—pp. 24, 25.

The Lord Chancellor answers, by direction of his Majesty, to this discourse, that " his Majesty has commanded me to say to you, that he doth in no sort admit of the same," &c. &c., to which the Speaker replies—

" 'Great Sir,

" 'Since it is your gracious pleasure not to accept of my humble excuse, but by your royal approbation to fix me under this great though honourable weight, and to think me fit to be invested with a trust of so high a nature as this is: I take it, in the first place, to be incumbent upon me, that I render your Majesty all possible thanks; which I now humbly do, with a heart full of all duty, and offered with a deeper sense of gratitude than I can find words to express.

" 'Next, from your royal determination in this affair, whereby you have imprinted a new character upon me, I take courage against my own diffidence, and cheerfully bend myself, with such strength and abilities as God shall give, to the service so graciously assigned me; no way doubting that your Majesty will please to pardon my frailties, to accept of my faithful endeavours, and always to look favourably upon the work of your own hands.

" 'And now, Sir, my first entrance upon this service obliges me to make a few necessary, but humble petitions, on the behalf of your most loyal and dutiful House of Commons.

" '1. That, for our better attendance on the public service, we and our servants may be free in our persons and estates from arrests and other disturbances.

" '2. That, in our debates, liberty and freedom of speech be allowed to us.

" '3. That, as occasion shall require, your Majesty, upon our humble suit, and at such times as your Majesty shall judge seasonable, will vouchsafe us access to your royal person.

" '4. That all our proceedings may receive a favourable construction.

" 'That God, who hath brought you back to the throne of your fathers, and with you all our comforts, grant you a long and prosperous reign, and send you victory over all your enemies; and every good man's heart will say, Amen.'

“ To this second address to his Majesty, the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty’s further directions, makes the following answer:—‘ Mr. Speaker, The King’s Majesty hath heard and well weighed your short and eloquent oration, and, in the first place, much approves that you have introduced a shorter way of speaking on this occasion. His Majesty doth well accept of all those dutiful and affectionate expressions in which you have delivered your submission to his royal pleasure, and looks upon it as a good omen to his affairs, and as an evidence that the House of Commons have still the same at heart that have chosen such a mouth; the conjuncture of time and the King and kingdom’s affairs require such a House of Commons, such a Speaker; for, with reverence to the Holy Scripture, upon this occasion, the King may say, ‘ He that is not with me is against me,’ for he that doth not now put his hand and heart to support the King in the common cause of this kingdom, can hardly ever hope for such another opportunity, or find a time to make satisfaction for the omission of this.

“ ‘ Next, I am commanded by his Majesty to answer your four petitions; whereof the first being the freedom of you and your servants, your persons and estates, without arrests or other disturbance, the King has graciously pleased to grant it as full as to any of your predecessors; the second for liberty and freedom of speech; the third for access to his royal person; and the fourth that your proceedings may receive a favourable construction, are all freely granted by his Majesty.’ ”—pp. 26—29.

The forms of procedure in the course of business, as observed in the House of Commons, are sketched by our author in such a plain and popular style, that a child may form a tolerably correct knowledge of them, in so far as their exterior is concerned. But older persons than those we have now referred to, frequently are at a loss to understand how questions are brought to a termination, and how Government contrives to protect itself from being taken unawares by a vote, when the opposition find themselves, in respect of the members present, to be a majority. For it is clear, that during so many hours sitting, as almost every day in a session takes place, members must often be absent. Indeed, in the ordinary routine of business, a stranger would suppose that the floor of the house was like a royal exchange on a market-day, and that, from the numbers going out, coming in, talking, laughing, and promenading, not above half a dozen heard or cared about what was going on. How then, between coffee, dining, smoking, and reading rooms—many of them, that are most frequented by members, not in the vicinity of the Houses of Parliament—do questions come to be understood and decided, either according to what deliberation or partizanship would dictate?

“ When Government are apprehensive of being embarrassed by any question which is to be brought forward, and which does not press for an immediate settlement, they hint to their leading friends, who communicate it to the other members, their wish that their supporters should be absent, in order that the House may be counted out, and by that means get rid of the question for the session. Lest, however, their opponents should muster so strongly as to continue a House during the discussion, and come to a

decision adverse to the known views of Government, it is always arranged that a certain number of the supporters of ministers shall lounge about the house, carefully watching the progress of the question, and shaping their tactics accordingly. If they see that on a division Government would be in a minority, they immediately despatch messengers to all parts of the town for their friends, who hurry down to the house with an almost John Gilpin speed. In the mean time, some of those present prevent the House coming to a division before the arrival of the absentees, by speaking against time. A striking instance of this occurred in the beginning of last June, when Mr. Robinson, the member for Worcester, brought forward his motion respecting a property-tax. Ministers and their friends had confidently expected that on that occasion the House would be counted out; and Mr. Ruthven and Mr. Brotherton, both celebrated for moving that the House be counted out or adjourned, were present for the purpose. It so happened, however, that though at three or four different times in the early part of the evening, there were only four or five more than the requisite number, they could not get their object accomplished. The only member of Government who chanced to be present during Mr. Robinson's speech, which lasted nearly two hours, was Mr. Spring Rice. About nine o'clock, however, when there was no longer any hope of counting out the House, and when it was uncertain how soon the question might be pressed to a division, messengers were despatched to Brookes, to the Westminster Club, at 24, George Street, and the other places of resort of the liberal members; so that in the short space of half an hour the number of members in the house swelled from forty-eight or fifty, to about two hundred."—pp. 42—44.

The author is perfectly right when he states that nothing more forcibly strikes a stranger than the noise and levity which prevail in the assembly, except when some popular and talented member is addressing it. At these times the Speaker's voice is drowned amidst the talking and the laughing prevalent in all parts of the house. The author declares he has known speeches last for half an hour, without a single sentiment uttered being known to one out of ten in the house. But it is not always so. To be sure, when there is no interesting question, the seats are almost empty, such as when the voting away the public money is being done. "The greatest number," says the author, "I have known in the house when the public money was in the act of being voted away, scarcely ever exceeded eighty or ninety; while from fifty to sixty is the usual number." On such occasions there is nothing but languor amongst and over the honourable members, "who continue to sit in an upright position, while a considerable portion of them are either leaning their heads on the benches, or stretched out at full length, with their eyes, like those of Shakspeare's ship-boy, 'sealed up' by sleep, 'nature's soft nurse.'"

"But when, as already stated, a question of commanding interest is to be discussed, the house is full soon after the Speaker takes the chair, and continues so, except from eight to ten o'clock, till it either divides or adjourns. There are no sleepers or slumberers then. In the old house there was not sitting room, far less room to recline in a horizontal po-

sition; in the present house, including the galleries, there are seats enough, but not more. When the house is full it has a very cheerful appearance, and greatly adds to the intrinsic interest of the proceedings. On such occasions, you will sometimes see fifty or sixty members standing at the bar at the same time. I have often seen it so blocked up that it was with the greatest difficulty a member could make his way either in or out. When this is the case, or when there is a great noise from hon. members speaking and laughing together, the Speaker and other members in different parts of the house, call out 'Order at the bar!'—'Bar! bar! bar!'—pp. 60, 61.

We are unwilling, and so we believe the author to be, that any very unfavourable opinion of the House of Commons should arise out of the charge of listlessness made, regarding the voting away of the public money. He says, to be sure, a sense of impartiality compels him to state, that the most flaming patriots are generally those who most frequently neglect their duty on these occasions. But it should be remembered that the matter is generally well understood previously, and the use of cavilling with that which will pass is not always judicious. But we are neither apologists nor impugnors of the House of Commons, and at present are only desirous to give our readers a clear idea of its external working, and also to point out how distinctly the author has exhibited his subject. He goes on to say—

"I have spoken of the noise and confusion that often prevail in the house when a fourth or fifth-rate speaker is addressing it. When a popular member belonging to either party is on his legs, he, again, is sure, especially if speaking on a party question, to be applauded to the echo by those who hold the same principles as himself. For example, Sir Robert Peel may at all times rely on the vociferous applause of the Tories; Lord John Russell on that of the Whigs; and Mr. O'Connell on that of the radical or movement party. In applauding their respective favourites, hon. members give full play to their lungs. Their cheers are sometimes deafening in the house, and are often distinctly heard at a great distance from it. In the new houses, which are near each other, the cheers given in the Commons often disturb the more grave deliberations of the Lords. But it is on an important division that the stentorian capabilities of the Commons are heard to most advantage. I have often heard the triumphant party give such rounds of applause on the Speaker's announcing the numbers, as literally made the ears of honourable members ring again. When Sir Robert Peel was last session defeated on the church appropriation question, such was the exultation of the liberal party, that some of them, not content with hurraing at the top of their voice, actually took off their hats and whirled them in the air."—pp. 63, 64.

We now come to notice certain scenes in the house, that are not more rich than they are graphically and faithfully portrayed. The author points out kinds of scenes which occasionally may be witnessed; the one chiefly consisting in personal criminations, the other of a more general nature, involving a large proportion of the members present. And really this chapter of scenes is so excel-

lent in matter, and in the manner of its description, that we must appropriate to our pages the greater part of it. As a specimen of the first sort of scene, the author selects what occurred in July last, when the House was in a Committee of Ways and Means. The immediate circumstance which gave rise to the exhibition, it is believed, was a proposed grant to assist in defraying the expenses of the education of Roman Catholics in Maynooth College. Mr. Shaw, the member for the University of Dublin, and who is the great organ of the Orange party, contended, in opposing the grant, that the Established Church, and it alone, ought to be supported by the State.

Mr. O'Connell rose and said, 'The honourable member (Mr. Shaw) has expressed his opinions in a manner which can do no good service to his cause. There was a determination about him amounting almost to a spiritual ferocity. He seems to think that the Protestant religion consists of pounds, shillings, and pence.'

"Mr. Shaw (with great vehemence)—'I deny that I said that the Protestant religion consists of pounds, shillings, and pence. But the Church establishment of any country must be supported by money, and that Church which the State endowed with money became the Established Church. In such a situation stands the Church which the honourable and learned member for Dublin has sworn not to subvert, and which he now attempts to subvert.'

"Loud cries of 'Order! Order!' now proceeded from the ministerial side of the House. The Irish members shouted the words with one voice.

"Mr. O'Connell (with the greatest warmth and violence of gesture)—'I call the honourable Recorder to order. He has made use of a false assertion.'

"Here Mr. O'Connell's voice was drowned amidst the deafening cries of 'Order!' which proceeded from all parts of the opposition side of the House. A number of honourable members rose at once, and accompanied the words with a corresponding violence of gesture. It is impossible to describe the confusion of the scene.

"Mr. O'Connell resumed—'the honourable member has accused me of having sworn one thing and done another. It is quite out of order for a member to utter falsehoods.'

"Here the opposition, almost in a body, shouted 'Order! order!' at the full strength of their voice, mingled with cries of 'Chair, chair!' It was sometime before any measure of order was restored. When the uproar had somewhat abated—

"Mr. Finn said, 'I pronounce the expression which has been uttered by the learned member for the Dublin University to be an atrocious calumny.' The latter terms were pronounced with an emphasis, and were accompanied with a vehemence of gesture, that defy description."—pp. 69, 70.

The confusion that ensued baffles imagination, which was not likely to be allayed, when in a pause of the tumult, Mr. Shaw was heard to say, "The honourable member for Dublin knows that when he used the word falsehood—" The Chairman, Mr. Bernal, threatened to dissolve the Committee, which had the desired effect, in a great measure, of subduing the tumult. But—

"Mr. Shaw, still labouring under great excitement, and speaking with much warmth of manner, said:—The honourable member (Mr. O'Connell) has charged me with being actuated by a spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity is not of that description which takes for its symbol a death's-head and cross-bones. (Tremendous cheers from the opposition, with uproar from the Irish members on the ministerial side of the house).

"Mr. O'Connell (addressing himself to Mr. Shaw personally, and not to the Chairman)—Your's is a calf's-head and jaw-bones.' (Deafening cheers from the ministerial side of the house, mingled with cries of 'Order, Order!' 'Chair, Chair!' from the opposition).

"Mr. Bernal again interposed his authority as Chairman, when having once more restored order, the business of the Committee proceeded without any further material interruption."—p. 72.

But the *general scenes* are still better, as they assuredly ought to be—the scale being larger, the development more complete, the conclusion more interesting. Some of these are enacted when an unpopular or dull member threatens the House with a long speech upon an important question. It would appear that Mr. Hughes Hughes is one of those who generally meet with an unfavourable reception. On such occasions there is a babel of sounds, or what Brougham compared to that of a menagerie. There are drone-like hummings, almost conveying the sound of a distant hand-organ, or at other times that of bag pipes—there are coughings, sneezings, and ingeniously extended yawnings, as the Morning Post has described it. Some yelp like curs, or howl like kennelled hounds. Some imitate admirably the crowing of a cock, so well that they have been mistaken for veritable chanticleers; whilst others bleat as sheep do, or bray like asses. For example, when the question before the House was the admission of Dissenters to the Universities—

"Mr. G. W. Wood rose to reply. (The laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing, were such as we never before witnessed). The hon. gentleman said, it had been declared that the Bill, in its present stage, was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it to the House. (At this moment two hon. members 'o'er all the ills of life victorious,' suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full length on the seats, secure from the observation of the Speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character). This he denied, ('I say, can't you crow?' Laughter and uproar)—the provisions had not been altered ('Hear him, how he reads!')—the enactments were in every respect unaltered (Loud cheering, followed by bursts of laughter). The question was ('Read it—read it!' and great uproar)—the question was ('Just so, read it')—the question was (great cheering and laughter) whether the universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere monopolists. (Where's the man what crows?' Laughter and cries of 'Order!' from the Speaker). Public opinion—('Order!' and great uproar, during which the Speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for order). The scene here was indescribable."

"The preceding quotation will give some idea of the scenes occasionally to be witnessed in the House of Commons. The general scenes have

usually their origin in the impatience of honourable members to get away from the house for the night, but who dare not venture to leave before the division, lest the non-appearance of their names in the lists of the majority and minority the following morning, should lead to some unpleasant questions from their respective constituents, if not to a requisition to resign their seats.

"I shall allude to only one more scene of this kind. It occurred towards the close of last session. An honourable member, whose name I suppress, rose, amidst the most tremendous uproar, to address the House. He spoke, and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—'I rise, Sir, (Ironical cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds), I rise, Sir, for the purpose of stating that I have ('Oh! oh!' 'Bah!') and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter). Hon. gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my constituents—(Ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter). I say, Sir, I have constituents who on this occasion expect that I—(Cries of 'Should sit down,' and shouts of laughter). They expect, Sir, that on a question of such importance ('O-o-a-a-u-' and loud laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order!') from the Speaker). I tell honourable gentlemen who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by—(Groans, coughs, sneezings, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter). I appeal—(Cock-c-leeri-o-co!) The imitation, in this case, of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the house could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of 'Order! order!') I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de—('Bow-wow-wow,' and bursts of laughter). Sir, may I ask, have honourable gentlemen who can—('Mew-mew,' and renewed laughter). Sir, I claim the protection of the Chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called out 'Order! order!' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided). If honourable gentleman will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest). I only beg to say, Sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it.' The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause."—pp. 76—79.

In the various chapters that succeed those we have now been quoting from, and which have been devoted to more general matters, we go forward with the author to notice a few of the individual sketches of various members in the House, whom he classifies according to the parties to which they attach themselves. Not that he characterises every one of them, nor that he pretends to know all their several talents. He only, and indeed necessarily in such a work, specifies such members as are more frequently before the public as speakers in the House. The abstract ground of talent he cannot be supposed to view, for then some who never open their lips,

but who are nevertheless influential and useful members, would come in for a large, and perhaps a chief share of notice.

The specimens we are about to select will fully bear out our criticism of the work, when we say, that it is generally impartial and correct, and always descriptive. The author's intimate knowledge of what he writes about, and his habits of observation, enable him to fill up his sketches with such minute touches, backed by so many illustrative facts and anecdotes, as to place before the reader very many of the representatives of the people to the life. He begins with the late and present Speakers. Then come the tory party, who are not now, but were lately members. Among these is Sir Charles Wetherell, of whom it is said—

“He never opened his mouth, but the House was sure to be convulsed with laughter. When he rose all eyes were invariably turned towards him: honourable members expected a profusion of jokes, and they were never disappointed. Sir Charles' personal appearance strikingly contrasted with his matter. Lavater would have pronounced him one of the dullest and most morose of human beings: a person meeting him in the streets, would at once infer, if any faith is to be put in physiognomy, that he was some Friar just escaped from a twenty or thirty years' seclusion in a convent. He usually looks sulky: his appearance is to a stranger's mind the *beau ideal* of a cynical philosopher. When lashing the liberals, and denouncing what he terms revolutionary doctrines, his countenance darkens with an expression of supreme scorn. His face is deeply furrowed with wrinkles, though apparently not more than from fifty-five to sixty years of age. In person he is tall and athletic. His complexion is dark, and his features are large. Nothing can daunt him or put him out of countenance. He is impervious alike to the coarsest and most refined sarcasms which may be levelled at him—and few men within the walls of Parliament have been the butts of so much ridicule; certainly none on account of their personal appearance. He was a target for every liberal to shoot at. His clothes are always threadbare. I never yet saw a suit on for which a Jew old-clothes-man would give him ten shillings. How or where he gets his wardrobe nobody knows, but every one has remarked that a new suit, or even a new hat, coat, waistcoat, or trowsers singly, was never yet seen to grace his person. I cannot think he has a tailor, or if he have, it is impossible Snip can ever take his measure. His clothes always look as if made by accident; they never fit him. They literally hang loosely about him. As for braces, he has an unconquerable aversion to them. Whether, like the elder Hannibal towards the Romans, he has sworn eternal hostility to what he calls ‘suspenders,’ is not known; but no one can doubt he would as soon that his neck were encircled in a halter, as that his breeches should be adjusted by means of braces.”—pp. 91—93.

Of the same tribe is Mr. Croker, whom nature, according to the representations of his opponents, intended for a tory, education forwarding the original purpose. We look upon the author's character of him as quite just, in these words—“He was one of the most unfair reasoners in the House, he never hesitated to misrepresent the arguments of opponents, and though often interrupted

in his speeches by honourable members rising up and complaining, frequently with great warmth of temper, of being totally misrepresented, no sooner had they resumed their seats, than he proceeded, demolishing without mercy, as if no complaint of misrepresentation had been made, the positions which he had himself created and put into their mouths.¹ Of Sir Robert Peel the public know a great deal, but few comparatively can be acquainted with several of the following particulars, as to his appearance and manner.

“He is a remarkable good-looking man, rather above the usual size, and finely proportioned. He is of a clear complexion, full round face, and red-haired. His usual dress is a green surtout, a light waistcoat, and dark trowsers. He generally displays a watch-chain on his breast, with a bunch of gold seals of unusually large dimensions and great splendour. He can scarcely be called a dandy, and yet he sacrifices a good deal to the graces. I hardly know a public man who dresses in better taste. He is in the prime of life, being forty-seven years of age. His whole appearance indicates health. His constitution is excellent, and his temperate habits have seconded the kindly purposes of Nature.

“Sir Robert Peel is perhaps the best and most effective speaker in the House. He is always fluent, even in his most extemporaneous addresses. His language is uniformly correct, and generally eloquent. He is never at a loss for words. These he has almost invariably at his command in abundance, even when he is deficient in every thing having the semblance of argument. He is remarkably dexterous in debate. I have often admired the wonderful expertness with which he has extricated himself from the awkward positions into which his opponents have thrust him.

“One feature in the oratory of Sir Robert, which every one who ever heard him must have observed, is the practice he has, when speaking on any great question, of striking the box which lies on the table, at regular intervals, with his right hand. On an average, he gives it two strokes in a minute; and as these are given with great force, and the box is remarkable for its acoustic properties, the sound is distinctly heard in every part of the house, and considerably aids the effect which his speech would otherwise produce. Sir Robert has another feature in a great measure peculiar to himself when addressing the House on topics of engrossing interest; for when speaking on matters of comparatively trifling moment he makes no effort to produce an effect. I allude to his practice of turning his face round to his own party and his back on the Speaker, when he is urging any argument which appears to him particularly forcible, and which he thinks likely to be received by them with peculiar applause. And in most cases he is wonderfully happy in his guesses. In such instances he looks his party significantly in the face, and pauses for the expected cheer, which is scarcely ever refused him, and which, in the great majority of cases, is given with a strength of lungs and an evident cordiality which could not fail to satisfy the most ambitious of oratorical distinction. No man is more gratified with applause than Sir Robert; no one feels more mortified when it is withheld, or not given with that liberality which he thinks the speech deserved.

“When hard pressed by an opponent, the right honourable Baronet usually sits with his left knee over the right, his left hand thrust into the

breast of his waistcoat, and his hat down over his brow. In this position he sits staring his assailant in the face, rather, however, with a serious good-natured look, than with one expressive of anger."—pp. 105, 107, 111, 112.

Sir Robert Peel takes the lead, as he ought to do in the chapter which treats of the tory party, at present members of Parliament. Next comes the neutral party, at the head of whom is equally entitled to stand, Lord Stanley, who has, of late fallen marvellously both in the estimation of the House and of the public. He is only in his thirty-fifth year, according to the statement before us. He is tall, of a fair complexion, and red-haired. In another part of our author's work it is remarked that there is an extraordinary number of members whose heads are of the same colour, and probably as many who are bald.

"There is something peculiar in the conformation of his face. His eyes are small and have a blinding appearance, but are full of expression. I forget which of the ancient philosophers it was who said that the eyes are the windows of the soul: the remark holds pre-eminently true in the case of Lord Stanley. His eyes indicate much of that mental acuteness and hot and hasty temperament which are so characteristic of the man. When rising to reply to some personal attack, I have often seen them flashing with such visible indignation, and so indicative of the tumultuous passions which agitated his bosom, that the dullest physiognomist could not have mistaken the nature of the speech about to be delivered. His face is round but small, and full of primness. There is nothing particularly intellectual in its general expression. He seems always out of temper, and his countenance does not in this respect do him injustice. The least thing excites and irritates him. I do not recollect that he ever made a single speech of any length, and on any subject of importance, without betraying more or less of that ill-temper, by which he is characterized. He cannot separate the person from his principles or arguments. In attacking the latter, he invariably attacks the former also. He possesses however, this redeeming quality, that the moment he has resumed his seat he ceases to entertain any unfriendly feeling towards the person of whom he may have spoken so harshly. He is not vindictive; he does not cherish rooted resentments, excepting in cases of peculiar provocation.

"As no man is more severe or pointed in his allusions to others, so no man smarts more sensibly, or is more impatient, under the castigation of an opponent. And when thus agonizing under the sarcasms or ridicule of an adversary, his usual practice is to sit with his head almost buried between his knees, under the pretext of reading some Parliamentary Papers. At intervals, when touched on some peculiarly sensitive part, he rises and interrupts the member who is speaking, even when strictly in order and using the most temperate language. This habit has grown much on him of late."—pp. 153—156.

Of the liberal party, who were lately, but not now members, we select Mr. Jeffrey, who was at that period Lord Advocate of Scotland, and for a long time had been editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, whence he obtained the title—Prince of Critics. The greatest expectations were entertained of him, by all parties, whilst the

Scottish press and people thought him a non-such. But that the House of Commons is no ordinary tribunal for the trial of oratory, and that indeed it is only oratory of certain kinds that will pass current with such an assembly, was amply exemplified in the case of the Reviewer, as Mr. Croker, a brother in the trade, was happy enough to bring home to the conviction of all present. On his *débüt*, Mr. Jeffrey

“Spoke for about an hour and twenty minutes; but the effort was a complete failure. His matter was refined and philosophical in the highest degree. It was nearly as unintelligible to the majority of his auditory as if he had spoken some most abstruse article, intended for the *Edinburgh Review*, in answer to Kant, or some of the other German metaphysicians. Of course, it made no impression, and produced no effect. Then, the amazing rapidity of his delivery operated much against the speech. I think I never heard a person, either in or out of the House, speak so fast as he did on that occasion. The most experienced shorthand reporters were unable to follow him; they mentioned the circumstance in the papers of the following morning, as a reason for not giving his speech at greater length. Members usually speak at the rate of two columns and a half of the *Times* newspaper in an hour. Had a *verbatim* report of what Mr. Jeffrey spoke in an hour, been given in that journal, it would have filled four of its columns. Yet notwithstanding the rapidity with which Mr. Jeffrey spoke on this occasion, he never so much as faltered once, nor recalled a word which he uttered, to substitute one more suitable for it. His language, indeed, was fluent and elegant in the extreme. His manner, too, was graceful, but it wanted variety. His voice was clear and pleasant; but it had no flexibility in its intonations. He continued and ended in much the same tones as he began. The same monotony characterized his gesticulation. He was cheered to some extent; but the applause was not so general, nor cordial, nor frequent, as to indicate a successful *débüt*. In fact, he himself saw his maiden effort was a failure, and that there was all the difference in the world between the House of Commons, and the Waterloo Hotel, or law-courts of Edinburgh. He never after volunteered a speech of any length. When he spoke, it was only when forced to it by his office, and then always as briefly as possible. Latterly, he excited no more interest in the house than the least talented member. It was a great pity for his oratorical fame that he ever entered the house at all.

“In person, Mr. Jeffrey is below the middle-size, and slender made. There is something of a thoughtful expression in his countenance. His face is small and compact, rather, if any thing, inclining to the angular form. His eye-lashes are prominent. His forehead is remarkably low, considering the intellectual character of the man. His complexion is dark, and his hair black.”—pp. 179—181.

Of the members who have seats in the Cabinet, Lord John Russell, who is small in stature, and always, as appears to us, resembling one who came to the world prematurely, it is said—

“Lord John is one of the worst speakers in the house, and but for his excellent private character, his family connexions, and his consequent influence in the political world, would not be tolerated. There are many

far better speakers, who, notwithstanding their innumerable efforts to catch the Speaker's eye in the course of important debates, hardly ever succeed; or if they do, are generally put down by the clamour of honourable members. His voice is weak and his enunciation very imperfect. He speaks in general in so low a tone as to be inaudible to more than one half of the House. His style is often in bad taste, and he stammers and stutters at every fourth or fifth sentence. He has an awkward custom of repeating, frequently three or four times, the first two or three words of a sentence, accompanied by a corresponding number of what Shakspeare calls 'hems,' when at a loss for terms whereby to express his ideas. For example, if the idea to which he wanted to give expression were, that he thought the motion of a certain honourable member ill-timed, he would express himself in something like this manner, in the instances I have supposed: "I—I—I—hem—think the motion of the honourable member—is ill-timed at the—at the—hem—present moment." When he is audible, he is always clear: there is no mistaking his meaning. Generally his speeches are feeble in matter as well as manner; but on some great occasions I have known him make very able speeches, more distinguished, however, for the clear and forcible way in which he put the arguments which would most naturally suggest themselves to a reflecting mind, than for any striking or comprehensive views of the subject. His manner is cold and inanimate in the extreme. Not only are his utterance imperfect and indistinct, and the tones of his voice weak and monotonous, but he stands as motionless as the table beside which he speaks. On some of the great occasions, however, to which I have referred, I have often known him to raise his voice to a pitch sufficiently high to render himself audible in all parts of the house. I have also in some such cases known him make use of moderate gesture, and exhibit to the House several of the leading attributes of an effective speaker. In other words, I have known him, apart from the importance which, from his family relations and position in the House, attached to any thing he said—make effective speeches—speeches which must have commanded attention from whatever member and from whatever side of the house they proceeded.

"I never knew a man more cool and collected when speaking. He exhibits no signs of feeling or of warmth. You would almost think him, even in many cases when his voice is raised to the highest pitch of which it is capable, a sort of automaton. On no occasion, even when most unwarrantably and virulently attacked, have I ever known him to betray a loss of temper. This circumstance is the source of great mortification to his opponents. I have often seen Sir Robert Peel labour with all his might to irritate the temper of Lord John; but never with effect. In fact Sir Robert and his party seeing the task to be hopeless, have all but ceased to be severe at his expense.

"Lord John is an admirable tactician. His judgment is singularly good as to the best course to be pursued in all cases of difficulty."—pp. 195—197.

Then come chapters on members of the Government who have not seats in the Cabinet,—the Metropolitan members—and next the County liberal party, with Mr. Hume in the van. We never found a less laboured and yet truer representation anywhere of any man, than these pages convey of hard-working and bull-head Joe.

We must do nothing, but quote some of the most happy portions of the sketch.

"I have said that in person Mr. Hume is of a stout and firm make. He is short-necked, and his head is one of the largest I have seen. His hair, which is dark brown mixed with grey, is always long and bushy; his face is fat and round, and his complexion has that rough yet healthy-like aspect which is so common among gentlemen farmers. He is beginning to get slightly furrowed with wrinkles. The impression which Mr. Hume's physiognomy invariably creates in the mind of a stranger, is that of a man of strong nerves and great determination of purpose. This is exactly his character. He is quite impervious to ridicule or sarcasm. He cares not what quantity of abuse—however virulent in quality—may be heaped upon him. All the ridicule, nay, all the calumny in the world, will not divert him from his purpose, if satisfied in his own mind it is a commendable one. And as it is impossible for his enemies to force or frighten him out of any course he intends to pursue, so in the infinite majority of cases, it is a most difficult matter for his friends to *persuade* him from it. There is not a man of purer motives or greater integrity in the house: but his self-willed disposition has occasionally done mischief to the cause he has so much at heart, and in more than one instance, perilled its success—at least for a time—altogether.

"His gesticulation cannot be said to be graceful; neither is it awkward. When he intends making a speech of some length, he carefully lays his hat, which is always full of papers, on the seat close to the spot on which he was sitting, and exhibits, as he rises, one or more parliament papers, most probably connected with the 'estimates,' rolled up and firmly grasped by his right hand. With these papers, so closely rolled up as to have the appearance of a solid piece of matter, he often, in the course of his speech, strikes the palm of his left hand with some force. If he is saying, or imagines he is saying, something particularly good, he stretches out his right arm to its full length, and whirls the roll of paper with considerable energy in the air. When he intends to be brief in his addresses to the House, he does not trouble himself about the locality of his hat, and seldom takes any papers in his hand, unless he intends to read something to the House, when he uses an eye-glass. His gesture on such occasions chiefly consists in gently raising and lowering both his arms at the same time, very much in the way a person working at a double-handed saw does. When he rises again, to give an explanation of a personal nature, Mr. Hume always puts his hat under his left arm, that part into which his head goes fronting honourable members on the other side of the house. In such cases he uses no gesture at all; he stands stock still.

"I think I am within the mark when I say, that Mr. Hume speaks more in the course of a session, than any other three members put together. He takes part in every discussion that arises in the house; and when the House is in Committee, and he has the right of speaking as often as he pleases, he addresses it with a frequency which would appear incredible to those who have not witnessed it. On one occasion, in May last, when the miscellaneous estimates were under consideration, he spoke no fewer than forty times in one night.

"He is not a man of very superior talents; but every thing he says is characterised by strong good sense. If he never gives utterance to any

thing brilliant, he never descends below mediocrity. He is well informed on matters of general politics. His memory is very tenacious."—pp. 267, 269, 270, 271.

The sketches of two more members must suffice, and one of these must be Mr. O'Connell, who must needs be at the top of one of the remaining chapters—these being thus arranged,—The Irish Liberal Members—Religious Members—and New Members. Of the Irish Liberal Members, Mr. O'Connell is not only the most distinguished, says our author, but he is in some measure *the* Irish member. We pass over what is said of him as a man of the greatest genius in the House, and as a political character.

"Mr. O'Connell is not a graceful speaker, either as respects the management of his voice or his gesture. He has a broad Irish accent, which, though by no means unpleasant, falls somewhat strangely on an English ear. His voice is rich, clear, strong, and often musical. It is capable of being modulated with the best effect; but the art of modulation is one which Mr. O'Connell seems never to have studied. The intonations of his voice are never regulated by any artificial rule; they are regulated, unconsciously to himself, by his feelings alone. If, therefore, the subject on which he is speaking be not one involving important principles, or one which appeals to his feelings, there is a degree of coldness about his manner, and a monotony about the tones of his voice, which is sure to make a person who never heard him before, go away with an unfavourable impression of his talents, and wondering how he could ever have attained to so much popularity. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and several other members, appear excellent speakers, whenever and on whatever subject they open their mouths; with Mr. O'Connell it is otherwise. Even his happiest efforts, though, as I have already stated, most effective, are not graceful specimens of oratory. In fact, the very circumstance I have mentioned, of his ideas flowing so rapidly on him, must, of necessity, mar the gracefulness of his speaking. He sometimes—not often—stammers slightly, simply from two or more ideas struggling at the same moment in his mind for priority of birth. I have often known him, in this conflict of ideas, break off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, which he would never afterwards finish, owing to some brilliant thought suggesting itself at the moment. A person of less impetuous and more artificial mind, would first finish the sentence, and then give expression to the new idea which had occurred to him.

"Mr. O'Connell's gesture is also very deficient in gracefulness. He puts himself into an endless variety of attitudes, every one of which is awkward. At one time you see him with his head and body stooping, and his right arm partially extended; at another, and perhaps the next moment, you see him with his head thrown back, and his arms placed a-kimbo on his breast. Then again, you see him stretching out his neck, and making wry faces, as if about to undergo the process of decapitation. If you withdraw your eyes a few seconds from him, you see him, when you again look at him, with both his arms raised above his head, and his fists as firmly clenched as if about to engage in a regular Donnybrook row. Then again you see him apply both his hands to his wig—he wears a wig—with as much violence as if about to tear it in pieces, but instead of this it turns out that he has only carefully adjusted it. But the most singular thing I ever heard of his doing in

the course of the delivery of any of his speeches, was that of untying and taking off his cravat, when in one of the best parts of his speech, in 1834, on the Repeal of the Union, and when he had worked himself up to the utmost enthusiasm of manner. I was not in the house at the time, but was credibly assured this was the fact.

"His face, like his person, is large. It is round, but can hardly be called fat. His complexion has a freshness and ruddiness about it, which are indicative both of his good health and excellent spirits. His nose is rather flat, and is slightly cocked up. He has dark laughing eyes, expressive at once of benevolence and intellect. His forehead has nothing peculiar about it. It is by no means fine; at least so far as his wig will allow one to judge. His hair—namely, of his wig—is dark brown, and judging from its rough and uproarious appearance, it is not much troubled with a comb. He invariably wears a dark green surtout, except on St. Patrick's day, or when at some dinner party, when his coat is black and of the usual cut. The brim of his hat is broader than that of any Quaker. He always wears his hat cocked on the right side of his head, in the manner so common among sailors. His whole appearance, indeed, is like that of a ship captain, for which he is often taken by strangers. When sitting in the house, his usual position is that of having his right leg over his left. His son Maurice, to whom he is particularly attached, though devotedly fond of all his family, often sits beside him, and I have repeatedly seen him, in the most affectionate manner, take Maurice's hand in his own, and keep hold of it for a considerable length of time."—pp. 308—311, 313—315.

An especial favourite with the readers of elegant literature is not spared in the last sketch that we cite from. And yet we think the author has managed throughout the volume to maintain the character he claims, when he declares himself one of no party. We are sure, however, that he is not a tory, whatever else he may be; he enjoys his joke too much at the expense of that fraternity to belong to it. There is another general conclusion to which we have come in going through the volume, equally favourable; we leave off with as kindly (a more kindly) feeling towards our legislators, even those of the fourth and fifth grade, than when we began. We like them all, and believe that they constitute, after every thing that has been said, the first assembly of gentlemen in the world. But after speaking of gentlemen, we must return to the literary member alluded to.

"The most distinguished literary man in the house is Mr. E. L. Bulwer, member for Lincoln, and author of *Pelham*, *Eugene Aram*, &c. He does not speak often. When he does, his speeches are not only previously turned over with great care in his mind, but are written out at full length, and committed as carefully to memory as if he was going to recite them at some annual examination of some public school. He is artificial throughout—the mere creature of self-discipline—in all his exhibitions in the house. You see art and affectation in his very personal appearance—in his mode of dressing, and in his every movement. One of his school-fellows has told me, that at school he was as noted for his attention to the cut of his coat, as to his intellectual pursuits. He is the same man still. He is a great patron of the tailor and perruquier. He is always dressed in the extreme of fashion. He sometimes affects a modesty of demeanour; but

it is too transparent to deceive any one who has the least discernment. You see at once that he is on stilts; that it costs him an effort even to assume the virtue which he has not. His manner of speaking is very affected: the management of his voice is especially so. But for this he would be a pleasant speaker. His voice, though weak, is agreeable, and he speaks with considerable fluency. His speeches are usually argumentative. You see at once that he is a person of great intellectual acquirements, though his speeches appear much better in print than when you hear them delivered. His articulation is impaired by the affected manner of his pronunciation, and the rapidity of his utterance. His favourite subject in the house, is the repeal of the taxes on newspapers. On that question he makes a motion every session."—pp. 331, 332.

ART. V.—*A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c., &c. from 1827 to 1832. Vol. IV. By JAMES HOLMAN, R. N., F. R. S. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1835.*

MR. HOLMAN has here outdone himself, and given by far his best volume last. It is not only that his style is much more elegant and forcible than heretofore—a thing which practice may be supposed, in a great measure, to have produced; but his matter is more condensed, his opinions altogether better digested and philosophical, than we have ever found them formerly. We were highly interested by the previous volumes, not exactly because they were superior to many accounts of voyages and travels, which are annually published, but chiefly because they were wonderful, as coming from a blind man: there was another strong recommendation to public favour, in the spirit of cheerful humanity which they evinced and inculcated. But in the portion now before us, while these features are still prominent, there are grounds for our hearty approval and admiration, without making any allowance for the peculiar condition of the author; we refer especially to his chapters on China, to which we shall principally confine our extracts and remarks. There are besides some account of his personal habits, feelings and anticipations, that are among the most touching and amiable sketches of autobiography that we ever read, and to which we shall, towards the close of our paper, direct the reader's notice.

This fourth volume, which concludes Mr. Holman's voyage of circumnavigation, contains an account of the Audaman Islands—Penang—Malacca—Singapore—China—Straits of Sunda—the Co-coas—Van Dieman's Land—New South Wales—New Zealand—Cape Horn—Bahia—Hores—and return to England. But, as already mentioned, we confine ourselves to some of his chapters on China, the territory and people of which are so imperfectly known by Europeans. It was in the month of October, 1830, that the author reached Canton, with that sort of tumultuous delight which we can conceive is experienced by an enthusiastic traveller, when for the first time he sets his foot on a far-famed and marvellous

territory. Every body, as he says, hears so much of China, of its strict laws, its rigid forms, its motionless manners, and hereditary usages ; and it is so prominent in the libraries of anecdote and wonder, that even the curiosity of the child is excited to learn something new of a nation so strangely constituted, and presenting so many points of interest ; nor can Mr. Holman have been disappointed, for at the very time when he was at Canton, the misunderstandings between the Chinese and the gentlemen of the Factory, assumed a formidable character, that must have added a superior interest to all that the traveller observed.

Mr. Holman was accommodated with apartments at the house assigned to the surgeons of the Factory, one of whom always resided at Canton during the season of business, and was on terms of intimacy with the various members of the whole establishment, as if he had been one of their number. He describes the situation, appearance, and arrangement of the different factories or hong, with much precision ; each hong has its respective designation, generally after the nations whose flags they display. The English Factory, for instance, is best known by the name of the British Hong, and is the most considerable of them all. From the advantage of its situation, it can at any time stop the general thoroughfare in front of the line of hong, but this power is never exercised, except when there is a dispute with the Chinese, in which case the gates are strictly guarded, to prevent the admission of obnoxious or turbulent persons. There is no Russian Hong, nor will the Chinese permit any ship of that empire to visit Canton for the purposes of trade, assigning as a reason that Russia carried on a trade with them on the frontiers of their own country, and that they cannot be allowed to trade with two ports of the Celestial Empire.

The principal recreation of the members of the British Factory, and other gentlemen occasionally resident at Canton, consists in excursions on the water ; they sometimes land on the opposite side of the river to where their factories are situated, for the pleasure of a walk, but in such cases they run the risk of being insulted, and even assaulted, by the natives ; whenever they leave their boats they seldom escape injury, and even on the river, in passing, they are exposed to stones and other missiles being thrown at them ; for the contempt in which the Chinese hold all other nations, is the first lesson instilled into their minds when children, who are taught to cry out, *Fàn-qui*, (foreign devils), the venal epithet that is applied to all strangers.

The author describes an amusing fight on the river between two Mandarins' boats and some smugglers ; the plan of the latter was a little curious. It being flood tide, they formed their line across the river above the Mandarins' boats ; they then brought their carriage guns to their sterns, and pulled towards their assailants stern foremost, causing the precipitate flight of the government authority, within a few miles of Canton, in open day.

Smuggling boats are of an amazing length, and generally pull from 40 to 50 oars. Mr. Holman says, however, that all the Chinese boats are admirably adapted for the various services to which they are destined, and that the boatmen, as well as the boatwomen, are very expert in the management of them.

A Joss-house (a corruption from the Portuguese word *Deos*), or Chinese place of worship, is thus described. It was a common-place building, with an earthen floor, but containing all the figures and articles that are in general use in the religious ceremonies of the Chinese. A large bell was suspended over a great drum; on each side of the house were three large standing figures of their deities, dressed in a singular fantastic costume, and in the centre there was a small one in a sitting posture, before which was an altar: joss-sticks were kept continually burning; the place was in a very dirty state. A domestic scene is thus given, as witnessed at the house of one of the Hong merchants.

“Tin-qua received us with the greatest urbanity and politeness, and, after we had examined the furniture and embellishments of two or three of the rooms, invited us to take refreshments, consisting of sweetmeats, tea, and cakes. The sweetmeats, he told us, had been superintended in the process of preserving by his favourite wife. The Chinese of rank or fortune consider it necessary to have a small-footed woman for their principal wife, from whom they at least wish to have an heir to their title and property. They have also one or more large-footed, or Tartar women, as their inclinations or means can afford, by whom they generally have a numerous progeny. When our refreshments were over, Tin-qua ordered the pipe of one of his Tartar wives, prepared for smoking, to be brought to us. This pipe was very elegant: the main tube, which was of horn, was not thicker than a goose quill, and was about a yard in length; the mouth-piece was made of amber, and the bowl of ebony: both were neatly carved. From the centre of the tube a small and handsome tobacco bag was suspended by a gold chain. My reverend friend, who was a cigar smoker, tried the lady's pipe, and pronounced the weed to be of a superior flavour. That which chiefly gratified us was the introduction of several of Tin-qua's grand-children, who were all girls between the age of six and thirteen. The timidity with which they approached us at first, until by degrees they acquired a slight air of confidence, attracted our attention at once. One of them was remarkably pretty, and might be considered so in any country. They had all fair complexions, with long black hair and black eyes. The fore-part of the head was shaved a short distance from the forehead, and the side hair hung down in long ringlets, while that behind was plaited into a long tail, and fell over the back like that of the men. This is the usual way in which females dress their hair until they are married, when it is all collected on the top of their head, and confined by gold or silver pins. In former times the fashions were still more preposterous. We learn that in the time of the latter Han dynasty, about A. D. 200, the haïr-dresses of the Chinese ladies mounted a cubit in height, and that they painted broad eye-brows half way across their foreheads, and wore enormous sleeves that required a whole piece of silk to make them. The grand-children of the merchant wore a loose dress down to their knees, of silk or crape, with

large sleeves and loose trowsers. On taking our leave we passed through a room where some children were employed in making gold thread and braiding, which is profusely used in ornamenting their dresses."—pp. 93—95.

There had been certain insulting edicts issued at different periods by the city authorities, affecting deeply the comfort and independence of our countrymen at Canton, and which it was resolved, while Mr. Holman was there, should be petitioned against, and resisted. Such grievances as these edicts inflicted, were often the cause of serious collision; nor does it seem that our government have ever resolved on such vigorous measures as would teach the Chinese the lesson they require. The facts of Lord Napier and his expedition, may be instanced as of a piece with what the British and other Europeans have been exposed to, through the insolence and baseness of the people of China. The edicts which our author immediately refers to, were directed against foreign ladies coming to Canton, the use of sedan chairs by gentlemen, and an annual prohibition, by which foreigners were not allowed to employ Chinese servants. Two district petitions were prepared, and addressed to the governor of Canton, the hoppo, or collector, the judge, and the commandant of the troops. October the 19th was the day appointed for the presentation of these documents, and arrangements were made for delivering them in due form at the principal gate of the city, according to a custom that is very ancient, as we learn from various passages in the Old Testament.

On the occasion described, all the captains, officers, and others belonging to British ships, and all the merchants, formed themselves into two bands, and the first advancing towards the gate, at a speed between running and walking, by address and determination soon secured their ground within side the gate, although opposed by the guards, who were armed with pikes and rattan whips. Mr. Holman and the succeeding party also gained admittance, when he had the pleasure of witnessing, as he tells us, the ceremony of foreigners presenting a petition to a Mandarin, to whom he had a special introduction at the great gate of the city of Canton. Part of one of the petitions is given by the author, which goes to show the contemptuous insolence with which the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire treat our countrymen, considering them as a race greatly inferior to them in knowledge, and depraved by the grossest vices.

We pass over, however, the circumstances attending the presentation of the petitions in question, to notice the success of a still bolder measure in 1825, which is thus detailed.

"A body of foreign merchants, to the number of thirty-seven, rushed into the city before the guard had time to close the gate, being determined if possible, personally to present to the Viceroy the copy of a petition that had been delivered to a Mandarin, at the gate, eighteen days previously, and to which no answer had been returned. They thought the boldness of

this measure would, at least, demand attention, and probably, prove the means of relief from a gross extortion of 300 dollars for a 'chop,' or pass, to be allowed to proceed to Macao.

"Although these gentlemen got a safe footing in the city, they were not sufficiently acquainted with the topography of it, to know the exact situation of the Viceroy's palace; they therefore went forward at random, and eagerly made for the first large building they saw, which, on entering, they discovered to be a Joss-house; but, observing a soldier run out of it, and supposing he would go direct to the Viceroy's palace, to report the extraordinary circumstance of seeing so many foreigners in the city, they immediately followed him; and, after a very smart but short run, they came to another large house, and seeing a number of soldiers in the yard, they made sure it was the Viceroy's palace. All this was the work of a few minutes; indeed, from their rapid movements they astonished the Chinese, and entered the hall before any of them could assemble to obstruct their passage. Here they soon discovered they had entered the residence of the Commandant of that part of the city. After various ineffectual threats, and a refusal to receive their petition, the Hong merchants at last agreed, that if the foreigners would quietly and speedily leave the city, they would undertake to have the obnoxious tax wholly removed. With this assurance they left the house, promising to bow to two Mandarins as they passed, who were sitting at the outer gate. They then quietly departed; but when they came abreast of the Mandarins, they were stopped to hear another harangue, which was interpreted by the linguist as follows:—'that they were now supposed to have erred through ignorance; but whoever should be again caught within the gates of the city, should be put to death.' The Commandant then, with a blustering air, stepped forward, and putting one hand on my friend Mr. Matheson's shoulder, he made a sign with the other (by passing it round his neck), that he ought to lose his head. Mr. M., with the utmost presence of mind, instantly caught hold of the linguist, and twice performed the same ceremony on him, which, strange to say, passed without any remark from the Mandarins; and they were allowed to proceed without any further insult, notwithstanding they had to pass through a dense line of military and populace."—pp. 101—103.

The Committee of the British Factory in the meantime resolved to prohibit the Hong merchants and Mandarins from entering the Factory in their sedan chairs, by way of retaliation. The governor of Canton issued new edicts of a still more insulting and abusive description, in one of which there was a peremptory command, ordering a Mrs. Baynes, a lady who had accompanied her husband from Macao, to quit Canton immediately; a threat was also communicated, that unless these edicts were immediately complied with, the governor would send a military force to take possession of the British Factory; the Committee were not thus to be frightened from their propriety, but like Britons sent for a couple of 32lb. carronades, a quantity of small arms, and a proportionate number of officers and seamen from each of the ships, thus establishing a regular guard at their Factory, for the protection of British life and property—no doubt to the delight of the tars.

"The majority of the Chinamen who were immediately connected with

the Factory, pretended to treat with ridicule the show of resistance which was so hastily prepared by our countrymen. They affected to laugh at the carronades, and, in that tone of insolence which they often use solely to conceal their fears, they exclaimed, 'Chinamen very soon *chow-chow* (eat up) that two piece large gun!' But this air of defiance was considerably moderated on the part of the Hong merchants, who made another visit to-day of a much more pacific character than that of yesterday, for, instead of the heavy denunciations that might have been expected to follow our vigorous preparations to resist the injunctions of the authorities, the Hong merchants were commissioned to inform the Committee that the Viceroy did not mean to offer us any insult, or to do us any injury; that he was only a *little angry*, and never seriously contemplated the idea of carrying his threats into execution. The retraction of the Viceroy was solely to be attributed to our display of strength; and the whole affair completely illustrates the mixed daring and recreant character of these people. It will also help to shew, in a slight degree, the situation in which our countrymen are placed in the neighbourhood of Canton, and the constant grievances to which they are subjected. Such scenes are of frequent occurrence, and it only requires decisive measures to chastise the insolence of the natives, and secure tranquillity and safety to all the British and foreign merchants." pp. 110, 111.

Were England to make a decided demonstration of hostility, the author is not singular in thinking, that the British would speedily obtain all that is required at the hands of the Chinese. What would the flimsy armaments of China be, in the face of a few British men-of-war, when we find that smuggling boats can browbeat the government, even within a few miles of Canton!

We have from Mr. Holman a curious classification of the resurrection men of Canton. These functionaries, however, do not prowl or cater for anatomists. The first named, are those who open graves and break the coffins of their foes, from motives of revenge; the second, to strip the dead bodies of their ornaments; the third, to carry off the dead to obtain a ransom. Very severe punishments are apportioned for these offences.

Mr. Holman visited a monastery on the opposite side of the river to that occupied by the Factories, where were nearly one hundred Budah priests, who are under vows of celibacy, and live solely on vegetable food. They were very polite in shewing the visitors over the building, and favouring them with a sight of their sacred hogs. These animals were about twelve in number, and treated, from a devotional feeling, with the best fare. They are never killed, and frequently live to the age of three score and ten. When death removes one of them, its place is immediately filled with another, as the monks are desirous of having it believed that they are immortal. A description of a dinner *à la mode Chinois*, with the Hong merchant, Tin-qua, formerly mentioned in reference to a domestic scene, might make an alderman's mouth water.

"On dinner being announced, we were conducted to a circular table, and each of us provided with a pair of ivory chopsticks mounted with silver,

a silver ladle with the handle much curved, a small cup of soy, a saucer or stand for the bowls out of which we were to eat, and an elegant silver cup richly gilt, with two handles, mounted on a stand of similar material, and resembling in form an inverted saucer. This cup was used for drinking Suey-sung, the wine of the country, and did not contain more than the old-fashioned Chinese tea-cup; but after drinking the health of one of the party it was usual to turn the inside of the cup towards him to shew that it was empty. The wine was presented to us boiling hot, and our cups replenished at every remove. In addition to the above, each European was supplied with a knife and fork and some bread. The table was laid out with eight small dishes containing articles to whet the appetite, such as cold dried pork, called chin-chew, grated so fine that it resembled red-coloured wool; small chips of dried salt fish and ham; roast chicken, cut into small pieces shaped like dice; pig's tongue; salt fish, torn into shreds like flax; legs of ducks, cured in the same manner as hams; and a salad, composed of greens, onions, garlic, salt fish, and eggs, mixed up with tea-oil. These delicacies were cold, remaining on the table throughout the entertainment, and were paid uncommon attention to by the Chinese, at every opportunity afforded them by the removal of the bowls. The dinner commenced with a large bowl of birds'-nest soup, from which each person helped himself. We found it very insipid until flavoured with soy, as the necessary condiments of salt and pepper seem to be wholly neglected in Chinese cookery. The second dish was shark's-fin soup with balls of crab, followed by divers others, among which was a vegetable soup made of prepared sea-weed from the coast of Japan. This weed, which is called Tay-choey, resembles in its dried state the pith found in the hollow of a quill, but in the soup its taste is similar to that of celery; there were also in this soup slices of young bamboo, and roots of the white and water lily, each having a peculiar and agreeable flavour. After the soups, came stewed mutton, cut as fine and tender as vermicelli, the gravy delicious. This was followed by roasted pigeons' eggs in a very rich gravy; we found it no easy matter, however, to transfer these eggs from the bowl to our cups by means of the chop-sticks. The Chinese do not clean or change their chop-sticks during the dinner, but each thrusts his own into every dish and helps himself throughout the repast. They also consider it excessively polite to help a foreigner with their chop-sticks, after having eaten with them themselves from various dishes. Next came roasted pork, the skin of which was served up by itself as a peculiar delicacy, having been fried brown in fat, and cut into squares. Roast capons followed, and were found exceedingly tender, having been fed on ground rice. Stewed teal was then served, followed by stewed pigeons, mushrooms, ducks' feet, and a numberless variety of dishes, of the names of many of which we were, of course, ignorant. At the conclusion a large bowl of rice was served up, as hot as possible, with sundry square pieces of salt fish to give it a relish. To eat a bowl or two of this rice at the 'wind up' of a hearty dinner is considered by the Chinese as a sign of a good constitution, (one thing is pretty clear, that it is a proof of a strong and capacious stomach), and our friends attacked it accordingly. We had neither butter nor cheese on the table, as the natives do not milk their cows in the neighbourhood of Canton, and foreigners are therefore obliged to provide themselves with cows for their own purposes. Our host adopted the English custom and set the example of drinking wine with each other; while we, at the same time,

followed the Chinese mode of salutation, repeating the word chin-chin, and inclining the cup towards the person whose health we drank, to shew that we had emptied its contents.

'Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood.'—WALLER.

This wine is extracted from rice, and though by no means strong, has rather a pleasant flavour. They drink it exceedingly hot, with the idea that it is an *appetizer* and assists digestion. It seems to be used on the same principle as the warm liquor of the Roman epicures, which enabled them to continue at supper all night long. We had a dessert of preserved and dried fruits, followed by tea; after which we took our leave."—pp. 139—142.

The character and manners of the people of China, engage the author's attention in several chapters, at considerable length, to which we have not yet arrived, but which contain the valuable views we have previously alluded to. He declares that these views are founded upon information collected with care, from such documentary and other evidence as he had access to in China and elsewhere; and, indeed, they carry with them the indices of fidelity and truth. Indeed, Mr. Holman's claim to novelty in the summary he gives, is fairly made. He starts with observing that the manners and customs of the Chinese, though in a great measure peculiar, are frequently such as are general among civilized nations. The observance of the new year, (which they make to commence with the new moon, nearest the time when the sun's place is in the 15th degree of Aquarius), is one instance, at which period, the most important of their festivals is held. The Christmas-day of European nations is considered by the Chinese as a similar term to their solstitial festival.

Radicalism would have a large field of operation in the Celestial Empire, and the queries about the divine rights of kings and monarchs might be advantageously discussed in reference to the emperor.

"Some idea may be formed of the despotism of the Chinese Emperors, from the fact, that his present Majesty was pleased to extend a particular mark of favour to his younger brother, King *Tun-tsin*, in permitting him to 'walk within the precincts of the inner palace.' He also, as a peculiar act of grace, allowed his uncle, when he attained the venerable age of eighty-four, to appear in his presence without kneeling. An ambassador from Corea met with a most flattering reception from the Emperor, at whose hands he received certain talismanic tablets, on which the words *Prosperity* and *Longevity* were written by the monarch himself; these cheap rewards are, notwithstanding, held in great consideration. The *Foo-yun*, or Deputy Governor, of Canton, was presented with the word *Happiness* in a similar manner, accompanied, however, by the more substantial present of a haunch of venison. The gates of the Public Hall were thrown open to receive it, and the usual head-knocking ceremony was performed, in acknowledgment of the great condescension shewn by a Prince whose dominion extends over, at least, 300 millions of subjects. *Hwang-tseen*, an old

servant of the Government, who had reached his eightieth year in the Imperial service, addressed a letter of thanks to his Majesty, in which he bestowed upon him all the attributes of a Deity: the reply which was returned was, 'Chetaou-leaou,' which signifies, 'I know it.' The answer was accompanied by substantial proofs of consideration on the part of his Majesty.

"When the Emperor passes through the streets of Peking, the route which he takes is hung on each side with curtains and tapestry, to prevent individuals of low rank from rudely gazing on the 'Representative of Heaven,' or, perhaps, having the audacity to approach his person. Should he travel from one part of the Celestial Empire to another, the greatest care is taken to keep the lower orders at a respectful distance, though individuals of peculiar daring do, sometimes, take the opportunity of appealing to his Majesty, against the oppression for which they have been unable to obtain any redress from a lower authority. The success which may attend such appeals is, however, doubtful, and the probability is that the petitioner will only expose himself to severe punishment for his presumption.

"The following are the grades of salutation and homage used by the Chinese:—

"The lowest form by which respect is shewed in China at this day is *Kung-show*, that is, joining the hands and raising them before the breast. The next is *Tso-yih*, that is bowing low with the hands joined. The third is *Ta-tseen*, bending the knee, as if about to kneel. The fourth is *Kwei*, to kneel. The fifth is *Kow-tow*, kneeling, and striking the head against the ground. The sixth *San-how*, striking the head three times against the earth before rising from one's knees. The seventh *Luh-kow*, that is kneeling, and striking the forehead three times, rising on one's feet, kneeling down again, and striking the head again three times against the earth. The climax is closed by *San-kwei-kew-kow*, kneeling three different times, and at each time knocking the head thrice against the ground. Some of the Gods of China are entitled only to the *San-kow*, others to the *Luh-kow*; the *Teen* (heaven) and the Emperor are worshipped with the *San-kwei-kew-kow*. Does the Emperor of China claim divine honours?"—pp. 184—187.

Age, which, among many eastern nations, entails upon its possessors the most barbarous treatment, or heartless neglect, ensures in China deep respect, and the patronage of those in superior stations. The superstition of the people is still gross, however; for though they are, as a nation, far and long advanced in certain points of civilization, yet their exclusive habits, and antipathy to a free intercourse with other nations, have begot in them a pride and timidity, and transmitted an ignorance fostered by their idolatrous practices, of an anomalous kind. Their belief in good and bad fortune, though not attributed to any supernatural influence, is prevalent; the position of their doors and windows, and the site of their houses, are very generally charged as the presiding cause. They are great gamblers; their passion for raffles and lotteries is therefore very general. They are the common resource of traders who have a commodity which is not likely to attract a ready customer. They are conducted on the same principle as in England, with the

exception of using six dice. The property of a father, when there is any difficulty in ascertaining its exact value, is divided among his sons by lot. The character of the Chinese is represented as being very depraved.

“It would seem that the causes which weigh down, or indeed extinguish, their mental energies give additional range to the depravity of their hearts, and that their constitutional weakness makes them an easy prey to the passions and vices which are ever ready to take possession, where there is an adhering predisposition to entertain them. The proclamations of the magistrates at Canton to enforce the better observance of public decorum are ceaseless, and no other proof than their frequency is required to point out their inefficiency, while the force of example carries all before it. In a conversation between the Foo-yuen and some Mandarins who visited him during his indisposition, he is reported to have expressed himself in the following terms:—‘When first I came to Canton, I was ignorant of the manners, customs, and habits of the people, and I fancied that they were the same as in other parts of the empire. I have been an attentive observer of men and things, here and elsewhere. I have examined and compared. The comparison is wofully against Canton: deceit and falsehood prevail everywhere—in all ranks and in all places. There is no truth in man, nor *honestly* in woman! I have endeavoured in vain to correct these evils: it has been labour lost. I am sick at heart, and wish to depart from such scenes of vice, and habitual falsehood, finding that they are too deep-rooted ever to be eradicated. I have implored the Emperor to allow me to depart in peace. All is vanity and vexation of spirit.’ Vicious habits are so universal among all ranks, that the edicts of the magistrate are quite unavailing, and he is often obliged to call upon fathers and elder brothers to use their exertions in the suppression of vice in the younger branches of society; these habits are encouraged by the existence of so many receptacles for dissipation, to which young men are ensnared, and from which they cannot tear themselves till their property is squandered, and destitution drives them to the commission of more serious offences. In the streets the walls are frequently covered with placards, puffing off the drugs of quack doctors for the use of the dissolute, and written in language that bears neither the stamp of decency nor civilization. It is not unusual to advertise, in a similar way, the loss of a concubine, the description of whose dress and flight is given without any regard to delicacy. The magistrates often cause these productions to be defaced with whitewash; but the police are so corrupt or powerless, that the same proceedings are immediately renewed. Officers have been despatched to pull down sheds erected on interdicted places, and on the same day, on the departure of the police, the sheds have been put up again on the spot that was forbidden. Numberless are the abuses which the governor of Canton has endeavoured to suppress, but which no efforts of his can abolish, until he introduces the sweeping hand of reform among the magistrates, police, and government agents, who are the origin or the supporters of every corruption.”—pp. 205—207.

Social ties are almost totally disregarded, save that between parent and child, which Mr. Holman calls rather a bond of habit than affection. Suicide is remarkably frequent in Canton. It is calcu-

lated that eight or nine-tenths of the untimely deaths which come under the notice of the authorities, are caused in this way, and of these, six or seven tenths are perpetrated by women. A pertinacious adherence to bad customs, and the impression made by legendary tales, assist greatly in inducing the disregard of life, which is looked upon as meritorious by the female branches.

As to police regulations and persons in authority, a heavy and general charge of abuse is preferred. "To the governor of a province, or the lowest 'runner' of the police, these observations are equally applicable. Even the very fountain head of government is not free from pollution." Mr. Holman repeatedly states that any thing may be gained by money or bribes in China. An account of some of the punishments applied, exhibits the manners and customs of the people in a very unfavourable light.

"Cutting off a Chinaman's tail is one of the greatest insults that can be offered him, and is, moreover, considered excessively unlucky: it is looked upon as *petit* murder, and punished accordingly. Among the uses to which wealth is put, that of procuring substitutes for murderers is one of the most extraordinary, though not the most uncommon; indeed the lengths to which depravity is carried is scarcely credible. A belief is prevalent among the lower orders, that the gall of a human being is very beneficial in supplying that courage which nature or education has neglected to bestow; it is therefore in great requisition among the cowardly—a very considerable portion of the people: the plan which they adopt is that of steeping grains of rice in the gall, and eating them when they are dry. Torture, to extort the confession of guilt, or for the extension of punishment, is permitted by the laws of China, to a certain extent: the avarice or cruelty of the magistrates is frequently the cause, not only of its illegal application, but of its infliction, to a degree totally unwarranted by the laws. It is not unfrequently the case that the death of the victim to a false accusation ensues from the despotism of the local authorities, whose introduction of new penalties and edicts is sanctioned by the Government. The compression of the ankles of men, and of the fingers of women, between blocks of wood, is the method most commonly used; though many other contrivances, suggested by the cruelty of the magistrates, are often put into practice. Flogging through the public streets is inflicted in a most unmerciful manner: the arms of the offender are tied behind his back, while the executioner holding the end of the cord, lashes him forward to the measured sound of a gong. The instrument of punishment is a whip of plaited thongs, the bamboo, or split rattan.

"The arrangements in the prisons of Canton, are of the most irregular and partial nature; the wealthy, without reference to the character or degree of their offences, may command every luxury and convenience which their means can procure, or of which their confinement will admit; amusements, attendants, and private apartments may all be ensured, if they have but the money to purchase them; and they are released from the necessity of wearing their chains, except while the ceremony of going the rounds is in performance. The poorer criminals are, on the other hand, reduced to the most pitiable condition, and subject to the infliction of every annoyance which the barbarity of their jailors can devise. If they are un-

able to pay for 'burnt offerings' (of paper) to the God of the Jail, they are hung up and flogged without mercy, and with little hope of redress; at night they are chained down to a board, by the neck, wrists, and ankles, amidst the most disgusting filth, and exposed to the attacks of rats, which are permitted to congregate without molestation: such is the horror inspired by this place of unlawful torture, that it is generally known by the name of *Te-yuk*, which is equivalent to our word Hell, in its worst acceptation. The private prisons, in which the police confine persons whom they arrest on false charges, for the purpose of extorting money, are conducted in a similar way; those who resist their demands from inability and disinclination, being frequently starved to death, or destroyed by the ill usage they receive. There are also jails for women, under the *surveillance* of female police, who compel their prisoners, by continued ill treatment, to submit to the most dissolute habits, that they may share the profit of their infamy. In Canton, criminal executions are more frequent than in any other province in China. The usual modes are beheading, and strangulation; but on an occasion of peculiar enormity, the condemned is cut to pieces, and his head exposed in a cage at the top of a pole, to make a suitable impression on the minds of the multitude. The last is the method invariably adopted in case of a rebellion, and the market-place is the spot chosen to carry the law into effect. The criminal is dressed in the best clothes he can procure, and kneels with his face in the direction of the imperial throne, as an acknowledgment of the justice of his sentence. Being the last male of a family is considered sufficient to exempt from capital punishment."—pp. 238—241.

The fine arts meet with but little encouragement in the Celestial Empire. Still the artists of Canton are superior to those in the other provinces and parts, on account of their opportunities of seeing foreign works. They have no public newspapers, if the "Imperial Gazette" at Peking be excepted, and the circulars of provincial governors, which are confined to accounts of the visits which the governor pays and receives, and other naked facts, without any remarks for the instruction or amusement of the reader. The drama is popular in China, but it may be looked on as the mirror in which the vices of the people are represented, in a manner that can only contaminate.

Mr. Holman affords much particular information as to the various branches of commerce carried on with and by the Chinese. With respect to the trade in tea, which is the most important, his description of the mode in which it is dried, packed, and tasted, is minute and curious, but too long for our insertion. We must find room for what he communicates on some other points indicative of the social condition of the inhabitants.

"In the district of Nam-hoy, in Canton province, there are about ten thousand slaves. They are distinguished as the *voluntary* slaves, those who sell themselves, or are sold by their parents; and the *involuntary*, who have either been born in bondage, or are consigned to it by the Government as a punishment. They are hereditary property, and are only permitted to wear stated dresses. The penalty incurred by beating them to death, which is by no means uncommon, is the infliction of sixty

blows, and transportation for a year and a half. The pay of official persons is forfeited, in case their parents have been guilty of such an outrage on humanity.

"It is inferred from the mass of wretchedness which exists among the people of Canton, that poor laws in China, if there be such, are exceedingly limited in their operation. It appears that the Parish Police, to whom money is intrusted for the use of the poor, are in the habit of appropriating it to their own purposes, so that not even misery is sacred from the effects of that general want of principle which prevails.

"China abounds with beggars, some being so from necessity, but the greater part from inclination. It is pursued by numbers, as a profession that is equally idle and profitable. A string of ten or a dozen blind supplicants is often to be met in the streets; and it is said that children are frequently deprived of their sight to enable them to follow the business to greater advantage. Others appear in a more formidable character, and by frequent extortion at marriages and funerals, render themselves subject to severe penalties. This vagrancy of the blind, however, appears to be permitted by the Government; for although there is a national institution for rendering assistance to them, the pecuniary aid is so inadequate to their necessities, that the magistrates allow them to beg and sing in the streets for the additional means of subsistence. The blind are admitted to the institution by tickets; but, with the usual roguery that distinguishes the Chinese throughout all the relations of life, the magistrates have frequently had occasion to issue proclamations setting forth their suspicions that the tickets have been transferred to persons only 'half blind,' with a view to impose upon the Government. In 1832, the number of blind persons that assembled at the institution to be examined was 2394, and the allowance granted to them was four or five mace per month: under a shilling a week."—pp. 269—271.

There are other charitable and benevolent institutions, but all badly conducted, it would appear. It might lead to important conclusions had we data enough to reason upon the want of all state religion in China, that is, upon the want of an endowed establishment. It is a fact, at least, that the people are indifferent to religion altogether, which may be accounted for perhaps by the deficiency spoken of. One consequence is, that there are no oaths among them. While Taouism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Confuciusism (which is but a system of morals), are all tolerated, there is yet such regard paid to idols, that Christianity is especially interdicted, because it forbids idol-worship and denounces the indulgence of the vicious passions. At the same time, though there be no priesthood set aside by government to superintend religion, the magistrates may be regarded as priests in certain of their functions and their practices.

"There are numerous instances, constantly occurring, of the magistrates going on public occasions to worship some neighbouring idol, and when the ceremony is over, they sit down to a good dinner, which casts a sort of mockery over their previous proceeding, that deprives it of much of its solemnity and impressiveness in the eyes of the people; so that, while some forms of religious observances are attended to, no care is taken to

generate in the minds and affections of the community a proper sense of religious duty.

"The officers of the Government, in their individual capacity, affect the most extravagant piety. At Macao, for example, the Port Admiral instituted a subscription, commencing himself with a donation of 100 dollars, for the purpose of rendering public honours to the 'Queen of Heaven,' and all the inferior officers and commercial people, down to the lowest grade, flocked in with their subscriptions. The Queen of Heaven possesses a temple on a little rocky promontory, at Barfort, and there her ladyship stands about a foot high on the summit, the approach to which is up some winding steps, the face of the rock being diversified with fantastic figures of distinct gods, divine stones, &c. On a high rock, above all, there are certain characters engraven on the stone—*Tae-yin*—which signifies 'The great one,' meaning, it is understood, the first cause; but whether the first cause be intellectual or physical, has not yet been determined by the ethical philosophers of China. On the occasion to which I particularly allude, a new image was dedicated to her ladyship, and also to the minor divinities, the old ones having been partly consumed by fire. When the ceremony was completed, the committee of building and repairs issued a printed paper, inviting the gods and goddesses to return to their statues, when the eye of the image should become vivified by the touch of blood—according to the ancient Mosaic notion that the life is in the blood. For eight or ten days subsequently, crowds of people of all ages and conditions thronged to the temple, bringing with them every variety of offering; and playing, in street procession, gongs, drums, cymbals, lutes, &c. Pastry, fowls, young animals, fruits, wines, &c., were offered up; young girls were carried on tables, personating the nymphs of the forests, and boys galloped forward on horseback. The Court of Comus never presented so grotesque an assemblage as this Court of the Queen of Heaven. Her ladyship was a young woman of the province of Fokien, who had been deified before the accession of the reigning family; and of late years the Emperor, whose province it is to sanction new divinities, has deified another girl, who was said, during the Sung dynasty, to have expended her fortune in endeavouring to raise an embankment to keep out the sea; but failing, threw herself into the current, and was drowned."—pp. 277—279.

Mr. Holman states that the Chinese have not even a word to express what is meant by religion. The emperor himself is the high priest, and the doctrines maintained by the State seem to amount to a belief that the whole of the material world and its parts are objects of adoration, but that subordinate in importance are the celestial and terrestrial gods and infernal spirits. They worship also the work of their own hands, not only as it represents the divinities, but when its productions are used for earthly purposes—such as flags, banners, and cannon.

Such are some of the points of information to which our author has directed his inquiries with regard to China, and such some of his statements. His discussion on the language of that country, and his summary of its history, are equally well worth the attention of the reader; but we hasten to conclude with some notices as furnished by himself, in relation to his habits and experience as a

traveller; and certainly one of the most extraordinary and interesting that was ever known.

The travels and toils narrated in the present and preceding three volumes, have necessarily made a strong impression on the author's mind. We feel more assured of this, when we hear him say, that nothing has found a place in these volumes, but what he could again sit down and relate, so memorable have been the particulars in his experience, and so deeply engraven, through other than the usual avenues of knowledge and observation. On his return to England, he found that death had been busy among his relatives. A father, a brother, and a sister, besides more remote connexions were no more, who had died when he was far from home. These were events that served to give importance and solemnity, no doubt, to what he had experienced when absent. The spirit which breathes in the following extract is as lovely as the manner in which it is expressed.

"My travels and my toils are now closed: and from this point of rest I may venture to look back upon the vicissitudes of my career, with, I trust, an acknowledging spirit, and a heart equally affected by gratitude and wonder. If my undertakings—for such they may without vanity be called—be productive of no other benefit than that of proving to the world how much may be done by a cheerful perseverance under a heavy affliction—how great obstacles may be subdued by resolution—how the void of sight may be peopled by an active mind, and the desert fertilized by industry,—how much hope exists even in the darkest page of life,—and how many resources against discontent and loneliness this beautiful and varied earth presents—I shall be content to think that my labours have not been altogether destitute of utility. I claim no literary honours, my avocations have not been in the bowers of the Muse—I have been a wanderer by sea and land, gathering knowledge by the way; and if the world should pronounce that the materials I have collected be but 'unconsidered trifles,' I may still say with Montaigne, that they exhibit something that is my own, if it be nothing more than 'the thread that binds them.'"—pp. 512—514.

Previous to his voyage of circumnavigation, Mr. Holman had been an extensive traveller on the continent of Europe. After making the grand tour, he informs us that—

"In 1822 I went into Russia, traversing a great part of Siberia, (two thousand miles beyond Tobolsk) intending to embark at Kamschatka for the Russian establishment at Sitka, on the N. W. coast of America, hoping that I might take shipping there for the Sandwich Islands, China, or some part of South America, on my return to Europe. But Providence, under the agency of the Emperor Alexander, ordained it otherwise. My progress was suddenly checked, at the moment when I had the fairest prospect of accomplishing my wishes, by an imperial mandate, under which I was conveyed as a state prisoner to the confines of the Empire and dismissed. I succeeded, however, in penetrating into those wild regions to which Russia consigns her criminals, and, perhaps, ought not to murmur that my projects were defeated by the suspicious vigilance of the authorities, as I have

since been enabled to pursue my objects under happier auspices than I could then have calculated upon."—pp. 514—515.

He entered, as he says, upon these and the last great enterprize, as detailed in the present work, not merely under the disadvantages of a blind man, but without counsel and without attendance, and upon extremely limited pecuniary means, relying entirely upon Divine Providence, without anxiously looking forward in the spirit of precaution. At the same time he never surrendered his confidence in those sympathies which, amidst all the faults and vices of mankind, are found to respond to the claims of persons circumstanced as he was; and he adds that he was not disappointed.

In our review of the preceding volumes, there was occasion to remark on the particular disadvantages as well as advantages which Mr. Holman has named, as attaching to him in the character of a traveller. Allusion is made to these in his concluding paragraphs of the present portion of his elaborate and extensive work. We shall not attempt to enforce a statement so happily and amiably made, as it is in these words:—

“Of the impressions left upon my mind by the scenes through which I have passed, perhaps it may be expected that I should say something, on account of the curiosity that is naturally connected with a series of adventures distinguished from all others by at least the novel situation of the traveller. To the anomaly of a blind man attempting to explore distant countries,

‘Sightless, seeing through the eyes of mind,’

my narrative owes its chief source of interest: but as I have already explained in incidental passages, the nature of the pleasures I derived from the active employment of my faculties, and the means I adopted for obtaining the materials upon which I occupied my time, it is not necessary to demonstrate the advantages or practicability of such pursuits, as a relief from the loneliness which must have otherwise fallen, like a cloud, upon me. That it is possible for a blind man to enter into the business of life with great utility to himself, and, perhaps, some benefit to others, and to diminish to a considerable degree not only the immediate pains of his position, but the distance at which it casts him from the communion with the world, and its multiplying delights, is sufficiently evidenced in these volumes. The general effects of travelling are felt, perhaps, more sensibly by the blind than by any other class; if I may venture to predicate from my own experience. Undistracted by recollections of visual objects, I retain a vivid and distinct impression of the outlines and external character of every place I have visited. Unacquainted with local details to which, perhaps, much of the confusion that sometimes disturbs the memory may be referred, I have a clearer view of the great points, the formation, the resources, the population, the habits and manners of the different countries through which I passed. Their geographical situations are palpably fixed upon my mind, which has thus become, in some measure by necessity, a sort of map upon which the boundaries are traced with indelible distinctness, and the interior filled up with unerring precision. My associations of ideas are of course less complicated than if I perused the out-spread volume with my eyes, and

the whole work of my experience is mental : consequently whatever I retain I retain permanently, and as far as it goes perspicuously. The different climates to which I have been exposed, the variations in the modes of living, the changes in the customs of the people, and all the transitions following upon travels of many years, are as fresh to me as if they were but of recent occurrence : and I can recall with ease the most minute personal events, dates, and names, that lie scattered through the whole. Indeed, my recollection is so strong of every thing I have witnessed, that I believe I could orally recount, without reference to my diary, the entire of my wanderings from first to last. I mention these trifling peculiarities, as forming in some sort, an illustrative addenda to this publication.

"I cannot part from my readers, or this imperfect record of my investigations, without emotion. The kindness with which my work has been received, the generous allowances that have been made for the circumstances under which it was produced, and the consideration that has been personally extended to me from quarters to which I cannot turn without feelings of justifiable pride, will excuse the expression of sentiments that may transfer the attention of the reader from the book to its author. The reader will at least believe that his indulgence is not less prized than it is needed, and that the last peril of my adventures—his scrutiny—is met with a timidity which did not affect me in the presence of dangers of a different kind. If I shall have succeeded in propitiating his judgment, I shall feel that I have done well : and, reposing from my toils, review the past as an intellectual ordeal, of which the difficulties are forgotten, and the pleasures only remembered. In the future, I can hardly promise to myself any indulgence in such speculations as have given occasion to these volumes, but I cannot contemplate the prospect of unemployed solitude, and may, perhaps, be led to seek other means of occupying it beneficially. Of that, however, it is premature to speak : it is enough that I have brought my venture to a safe conclusion, although I am unwilling to terminate my voyage of circumnavigation, as Sir Walter Raleigh closes his history of the world, with the mournful inscription of *HIC JACEO*. My labours are over—but the spirit of the traveller knows no pause, and longs for yet untrodden ground. The aspiration, perhaps, is fruitless, but, like an unfulfilled prophecy, it may be permitted to accompany me to the end, if it were of no better use than that of sustaining those hopes, through which I have been enabled to extract from calamity so large a measure of enjoyment."—pp. 516—519.

ART. VI.—*The Earth : its physical Condition, and most remarkable Phenomena.* By W. MULLINGER HIGGINS, Fellow of the Geological Society, and Lecturer on Natural Philosophy at Guy's Hospital. London : Orr and Smith. 1835.

IT is but very lately since we met a popular author on the very same subject and with the very same title that we have now before us. There is, however, as was inevitable, a considerable difference in their modes of procedure, and even in the plans of their works. Mr. Mudie proceeds more in the manner which an acute and self-

taught observer would adopt, and brings less of established system and technicality to his assistance than Mr. Higgins. There is much more originality and less attention to concise and accurate arrangement on the part of the former than of the latter. Mr. Mudie is a warm and excursive writer, while Mr. Higgins brings to his task a complete and a regular knowledge of the established philosophy on the subject, experimental and mathematical, rendering the reasonings and facts thence drawn, and therewith connected, as forcible, concise, and plain as we think it possible these can be made to appear. Both works are admirably calculated to awaken an interest in behalf of the study of natural phenomena in the physical world, and to afford facilities to an accurate understanding of these subjects. In the present portable volume, indeed, there is to be found a compass of scientific knowledge, and an extent and variety of discussion, that, a few years ago, would have been sufficient to occupy many treatises. But the spirit of generalization and the anxiety to come at the most direct, plain, and simple elucidation of what was formerly thought of and treated as abstruse, and beyond the reach of common minds, has become so prevalent, that education and knowledge have been in a great measure revolutionized, in as far as regards the modes of their communication; so that the rising and future generations, instead of a circuitous, may attain the objects of their desire by the shortest road.

The earth, with its relative subjects, is an immense field for the exercise of man's mind. In fact, it engages the whole of physical science in its widest acceptation; nor can a writer, now-a-days, treat of any one of the branches into which this science, for the sake of convenience, the mutual culture of the whole, has been divided, without a general acquaintance with the entire range of these divisions. Physical science, as our author perspicuously states, embraces a knowledge of the laws of combination and form, the peculiarities of each element in itself, and in its union with others, and attempts to reveal the secret processes by which the universe itself is regulated. It has, in consequence, been assigned to three classes of philosophers—the natural historian, the chemist, and the experimental philosopher. And the latter branch, which particularly engages our author, has again been subdivided into the science of hydrodynamics, of electricity, and others.

A glance at the leading points which Mr. Higgins discusses, will give some idea of the extent to which his subject carries him. He begins with the earth in relation to the universe. He successively treats celestial appearances; the atmosphere and its phenomena, as dependent on the distribution of heat, on the distribution and conditions of light, and on the distribution of electricity. He then proceeds to the consideration of phenomena dependent on terrestrial magnetism; the interior of the earth; of land and water; and lastly, of the superficial temperature of our globe.

We by no means intend by this paper, either to follow our author on these various and abundant themes, or to speak of the work as containing any thing new. Indeed, such a pretension on the part of the author would be a most suspicious one, excepting in so far as claiming to himself greater perspicuity, force, and condensation, than has been by others attained, may be called originality; and to this we think he has no mean pretensions. But the purpose for which we now write is, that we may, to the utmost of our influence, call the attention of all inquirers into one of the most valuable and attractive branches of knowledge and study, to such works as the present, wherein, so far as writing and diagrams can go, the most efficient aid and light are afforded. Education is but emerging from a teaching of sounds and words to a knowledge of things; and we are persuaded that Mr. Higgins' work will increase the movement, and become extensively used as a forward guide both to teachers and inquirers.

The author does not here pretend to teach all or any of the branches of physical science which he touches upon, fully or strictly systematically, but only to explain the nature and causes of some of the most remarkable terrestrial and celestial phenomena. Now, while to every one this limited knowledge must be of great and immediate service, it will be to some an excitement to more enlarged and profound inquiries. But many have doubted about the results of such studies, and questioned the friends of science as to the advantages thence derived. Mr. Higgins has admirably stated what these advantages are in his introductory chapter, from which we beg to select a few passages; for strange as it may seem at this time of day, there are who fallaciously attribute to the spread and inculcation of such knowledge as is here taught, the most frightful consequences. Not so our author; for he finds great benefits derivable, both to individuals personally, and to the community as a body, from the source in question.

"The personal advantages to be derived from the cultivation of natural philosophy, are chiefly mental. There are men who esteem themselves philosophers, and act as if this sentiment were highly enthusiastic and absurd. To what serviceable result can this or that study be applied? is the question which they are incessantly asking: by which they mean to inquire, how much money can be made of it. They are governed by the "*auri sacra fames*," and it for ever forbids their acquisition of the advantages in question. The best pleasures of life are but the flowers which beguile a laborious journey; and whatever may be the character of those we choose, they are usually obtained with difficulty. Those who select them from the paths of philosophy, may receive titles of distinction, which however will not be conferred to encourage the pursuit but to honour the title. The man who devotes himself to the advancement of science must seek his remuneration in the influence which it will exert on his own mind; and although he may be unrewarded by his contemporaries, he will possess many resources suited to sustain his independent energy

under circumstances that ordinarily produce an injurious effect on the character.

“Almost the first impression produced by the study of nature, is a conviction of the existence of an universal Governor. And although we do not assert, or believe, that the Divine character is so evidently portrayed in material creation as in the inspired revelation, yet many principles of universal government may be deduced from the existence and action of those laws which regulate external phenomena. In every feature of nature the philosopher may trace the evidence of mind, and his estimate of the wisdom displayed will be in proportion to the minuteness of his examination; and should he be deeply impressed with the universal and minute superintendence of a regulating Being, he will feel but little difficulty in committing himself to his Government.

“It has been asserted by some writers, that a close investigation of nature tends to cultivate or produce Atheism. The habit which is acquired of tracing effects to their origin, leads, it is imagined, to a satisfaction with secondary causes, and induces the philosopher to close his investigations when on the verge of the noblest results; and investing physical operations with the attributes of Deity, to resolve all phenomena into the uncertain operations of chance, or to give the attribute of immortality to all things. We might fairly deny this assertion, by adducing numerous instances in which the capability of most profound philosophical investigations have been united with the most exalted veneration of the Deity; and it may be questioned whether those who have denied the existence of a Superintending Power, derived their opinions from the examination of nature. But judging of the statement by the reason given to support it, we need not hesitate to deny both the one and the other, for what can be more absurd than to believe, that a habit of tracing effects to their causes, prevents the mind from distinguishing between a primary and a secondary agent.

“A thousand individuals may pass over a beautifully varied country, and feel no other emotion than that arising from the influence of the scenery on the feelings. If they should be informed that it owes its present appearance to the violent convulsions which have upheaved the crust of the earth, and that it offers a proof of wise and benevolent design, they will either express their wonder or incredulity. But the geologist estimates the importance of the cause that led to the result he witnesses. He knows, that if the strata which compose the exterior or crust of our earth, had remained in the horizontal position in which they were formed, no bed or channel would have been provided for the superficial waters, except those uncertain excavations which its own feeble motion could produce; and that under these circumstances, the earth would have been an unfit residence for man. And if these causes had been less violent than they were, the repositories of the metals and coals which are now in some places exposed on the surface, would have been buried beyond the most curious research of man. The geologist therefore can hardly fail to esteem this appearance, which excites no devotional feeling in the mind of the multitude, as one of a series of facts proving an intelligent design, and the choice of appropriate agents. This phenomenon, however, is an instance of provision for the welfare of man, prior to his wants; and was produced by an arrangement of causes, calculated to secure a future state of things best

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suited to sustain the permanence and happiness of animated existence."—pp. 5—8.

It is true that many smatterers, and even masters in physical science, have stopped ere they reached the threshold or temple of original and universal truth. But it is a very different thing to assert that this fatal tarrying is the legitimate result of inquiring and experimental philosophy. But what must have been, and what will be the consequence, if the friends and established advocates of revelation and all religion, should confess themselves afraid of inquiry into the truth, or that they should all stand aloof, nor join in the race to the goal, thus leaving themselves unprotected and unequal, as regards knowledge, to combat in behalf of the object of their homage? It is not too much to say, that had revealed religion been guarded against its scientific enemies, only by ignorant believers, the scepticism and atheism that has prevailed, would have been infinitely more devastating than all that has ever resulted from the study of the material world. Let us not only look to what has been, but to what might and would have been, had the circumstances been different.

Our author enumerates, among other personal advantages to be derived from the cultivation of an acquaintance with the nature and effects of physical causes, the influence which it exerts on our standard of happiness, by impressing us with the true dignity of the human mind. Then the pleasure resulting from the study is worthy of man's most ardent desire, and is of itself a great reward. When we have grasped a few of the general laws of nature, says the author, an additional satisfaction is derived from a contemplation of their harmony. The mind, intent upon its purest gratification, is ever waiting for instruction, and seizes upon every phenomenon as an illustration of causes with which it is already acquainted, or deduces from it one with which it was before unacquainted. This is not all, for—

“The physical sciences confer benefits on society as well as on the individual who is devoted to the investigation of them, and to the enlargement of their boundaries; and this they do not only by providing rational amusements, and methods of well employing time, but by enhancing the comforts and diminishing the number and amount of the evils of life. There is so intimate a connexion between the physical sciences and the arts of life, that it is almost impossible that the one should not derive some benefit from the advances made by the other. Science, however, is the pioneer, while art successfully applies the properties and powers of matter for the accomplishment of its purposes, often placing in the hands of science the means of extending its investigations. To elucidate these statements two or three instances may be mentioned, in which the study of physics has been most advantageous to the progress of the mechanical arts.

“As a maritime people our prosperity greatly depends upon our facilities of water communication with other nations, and consequently the improvement of naval architecture is, to us, of the greatest importance.

The business of a naval architect is to construct a vessel, whether for war or burden, of such a shape that it may be conducted with safety over the ocean, and at the same time offer the greatest possible convenience for cargo and men. Could we pass in review the history of this art, we should not fail to observe that it has been entirely dependent on the progress of natural philosophy. There are two questions which immediately present themselves to the mind when we consider what is required in the construction of a vessel: what constitutes the stability of floating bodies? and what is the solid of the smallest resistance? The science of hydronamics answers both these questions, and thus provides data on which calculation may, in all cases, be established.

“The stability of a floating body depends upon the situation of the centre of gravity in relation to a point called the meta-centre; that is the point where the axis of the centre of gravity of the body, and of the fluid which it displaces, intersect each other. When the centre of gravity of the body is below the meta-centre, it is stable, when above, unstable, that is, it will upset; and when the two points coincide it is indifferent to motion. These facts are evidently calculated to assist the naval architect at all times to provide a vessel which, with her cargo, may float with stability upon the water.

“But every floating vessel would not be suited for the purposes of navigation, for although all bodies experience resistance in moving through fluids, that resistance will differ according to their shape. A line of battle ship would require a much greater power to move her with a given velocity broadside first, than is required to move her in the usual manner. A broad surface, then, moving in a fluid, experiences a greater resistance than a narrow one; but from this it might be imagined that a swift sailing vessel ought to be built as narrow as possible, that she may cut her way through the waters. There is, however, a limit to the narrowness of a floating body, that it may be the solid of smallest resistance, and to determine this limit is in itself a difficult problem, though science lends its aid and solves the question.

“If civil architecture might be taken as another example, it would be easy to show that the science of construction is entirely dependent on results determined by the philosopher. Unhappily, however, the undue attention that is, in the present day, paid to the decoration of buildings, has dismembered the profession; and all those works which require a knowledge of scientific facts, are now referred, by many architects, to a class of professional men called civil engineers. But whether the construction of harbours, bridges, canals, and railways, be under the direction of the architect or of the engineer, they cannot be properly constructed without the aid of philosophical principles.

“The design of fortifications, the theory of gunnery, the art of guiding a vessel through the water, are all dependent on natural philosophy; and to understand the construction of the human body, or the practice of surgery, some acquaintance with it is essentially required. In every civilised country, except England, it is a requisite branch of medical education, and we do not fear to state, that without an acquaintance with it, the philosophy of the animal frame cannot be understood. What are the limbs of animals but a combination of machines? what the heart and blood vessels but hydraulic apparatus? and who would be acquainted with the construction of the lungs, the eye, and the ear, and yet remain ignorant of the sciences of

pneumatics, optics, and acoustics? The study of natural philosophy may, in fact, be considered as an essential branch of medical education, and the student has a peculiar motive to the pursuit, for all the mental advantages are his, with the prospect of employing his knowledge to alleviate the misfortunes and suffering to which the human frame is exposed: while the accessions made to the efficiency of medical science, by the study of physics, ought to be sufficient to demand the attention of that profession, no less from philanthropic than from personal motives.

“To enumerate the public, and more general advantages which have resulted from a study of those phenomena which govern the appearances presented by material existence, would be an almost endless task. It has destroyed the monsters, superstition and priestcraft; it has aided the progress of civilisation; has increased the comforts of the poor, and the wealth of the rich; has given to man the control of the ocean and of the air; established the kindred of humanity, and united the ends of the earth.

“It is quite impossible, in the present day, to estimate the amount of mischievous influence exercised by systems of philosophical imposture on the ignorance of the early and middle ages. It is, doubtless, to be accounted for by the disproportion existing between the degree of their philosophical knowledge, and their ingenuity and taste in the elegant arts, and the luxuries of life. With all the susceptibility which refinement engenders, and yet with a total ignorance of religion and sound philosophy, the early nations were so deeply immersed in superstition and idolatry, as to be of necessity the helpless dupes of imposture. To what extent they were misled and bewildered is difficult to ascertain, for the secret recesses of the temple and of the cave have not been thrown open to our view. But this we do assuredly know, philosophy has detected the cheat, and silenced the impostors.

“Scientific knowledge, associated with the more powerful energies of Christianity, have raised the human mind from a depth of degradation, the records of which cast a gloom upon our nature: and we now anticipate the arrival of the day when the intellectual and moral power of mankind will be completed by their united influence.

“But science has accomplished more than this, it has not only assisted in breaking the chains of superstition, but has provided for that communication between man and man in all parts of the world, which, by allowing an interchange and communication of opinion, cannot fail to destroy prejudice and establish truth. We are not now the servants of the winds and the tides but their masters; we have learned to combat nature with her own weapons, and in many instances have employed with advantage the very impediments that long opposed our efforts.

“To the invention of the steam-engine we might refer as one of the most surprising effects of the application of the human intellect to the study of physics. A vapour is the moving power; and though it would appear, to the man who was ignorant of its properties, the least probable of all the attempts that have been made to obtain a power sufficient to counteract the impediments to motion resulting from natural causes, yet it is infinitely the most efficacious and controllable.”—*pp.* 10—14.

We know of no ingenuity that has or can ever escape from the force of these views. We shall therefore proceed to give some specimens of the author's manner of treating the subjects embraced within his work. Comets furnish him with a theme that at present

has particular attractions. These bodies have been and still are by some regarded as awfully portentous. They have been looked upon as not only the messengers but as the causes of political convulsions ; and the final destiny of our globe and of our race has been brought within their sweep. But all such conclusions are unwarranted by observation, or any knowledge which we yet possess of these luminous bodies. Indeed, we are nearly as ignorant as the ancient astrologers were of their physical constitution, though modern philosophers are not so rash with their guesses.

“ Newton discovered that comets are bodies moving in fixed orbits round the sun. As soon as this philosopher had discovered the laws of universal gravitation, he applied them to the determination of the motion of comets ; for having proved that, according to the conditions of that force, a body might describe any conic section about the sun, he conceived that comets, in their apparently irregular motions, might be governed by that principle. The comet of 1680, which approached the sun to within one-sixth of its diameter, enabled him to test the truth of his conjecture, and he proved that it moved in an elliptical orbit of so great eccentricity that it could not be distinguished from a parabola, having the sun as one of its foci ; and that, as in the case of the planets, the areas described about the sun were proportional to the times ; a law discovered by the illustrious Kepler. From this calculation it became evident that the comets were governed by the same laws as the planetary bodies, and that the orbits of the former differed from those of the latter in the great elongation of their elliptical paths.

“ Halley applied the principle discovered by Newton, and by calculating the elements of the comet which appeared in 1682, from its perihelion passage, identified it as the comet that appeared in 1531 and 1607, and predicted that it would again appear in the year 1759. After this, Clairaut, a French astronomer, computed the influence that would be exerted upon it by the planets, and calculated that if it retained its period it would be delayed about 618 days, and that it would pass the perihelion about the middle of April 1759 ; but it made its perihelion passage on the 12th of March, a time sufficiently near to prove the accuracy of the principle. This comet, called after the celebrated astronomer, Halley, who first calculated its elements, will be visible in the year 1835, and its return to its perihelion has been calculated by Lubbock, Damoiseau and Pontecoulant. Lubbock supposes that it will be there on the thirtieth of October ; Damoiseau, on the fourth of November, and Pontecoulant makes its time to be on the seventh of that month. Its first recorded appearance was in 1305, and from this time it has been decreasing in brilliancy and in the length of its tail, which however was 30 deg. in 1682, and consequently may be expected to present a very splendid appearance when it next becomes visible, as it approaches comparatively near to the earth.

“ The nature of comets, and the purposes they serve in the system to which they belong, are almost entirely unknown. No probable explanation has yet been given of the character of that train of luminous matter frequently appended to them, and very inappropriately termed the tail, since it frequently precedes the body itself. The tail is sometimes of very considerable length. Aristotle states that the tail of the comet that appeared in 371 A. C., occupied a third of the hemisphere, or 60 deg. ; that

of 1580 is said to have covered an extent of more than 70 deg.; and that of 1618, 104 deg. But a tail is not a necessary appendage to a comet, for some have been quite destitute, as were those of 1585 and 1763; but there are also some that have several tails; that of 1744 had no less than six, which spreading out in the form of a fan, extended over a space of nearly 30 deg. A very small condensed spot has been observed in the heads of some comets, but the fixed stars may be seen through the densest parts of many, and from the circumstance that none of them have exhibited phases, though they undoubtedly shine by reflected light, we may gather that they have no claim to be considered as solid bodies, but have in all probability the condition of the lightest vapour.

“The appearances of several hundred comets have been recorded, but in estimating their probable number it should be remembered that only the largest among them could have been observed previous to the discovery of the telescope; and that many are not seen on account of their traversing that part of the heavens which is above the horizon in the day-time, although it has sometimes happened that they have been sufficiently bright to be seen in spite of the solar beams, as was that which preceded the death of Cæsar, and those which were observed in 1402 and in 1532. Yet scarcely a year passes without an appearance of one or two comets, and it occasionally happens that two or three are visible at the same time. According to a calculation on the theory of probabilities, by Mrs. Somerville, there may be no less than fourteen hundred comets that range within the earth's orbit, and Herschel being twenty times more distant, there may be no less than eleven millions two hundred thousand comets that come within the known extent of our system. This calculation was founded upon the circumstance that a hundred and forty comets appeared within the earth's orbit last century.

“The calculations that have been made to determine the dimensions of comets prove that they are by far the largest bodies in our system. The greatest length of that which appeared in 1759, was sixteen million leagues; that of 1811, thirty-six million; while that of 1680, was not less than forty-one million leagues.

“The path of a comet is frequently deranged, and sometimes entirely changed by its proximity to the planets. That which appeared in 1770, revolving in a moderate ellipse, in a period of about five years, passed among the satellites of Jupiter; and was so affected by the planet itself, that it was thrown out of its path, and afterwards revolved in a much larger orbit. To the same cause we may often attribute the gradual dissipation of the tail of a comet, and its retardation in its orbit, though at other times the latter effect may be attributed to the resistance it suffers in passing through a rare ethereal medium in the regions in which it moves. This cause has been acting upon Encke's comet, the velocity of which has been continually decreasing, and with it consequently the centrifugal force; so that the centripetal force increasing in power, the comet must ultimately fall into the body of the sun, if it be not previously dissipated, a circumstance by no means improbable, as it decreases in size every revolution.”—p. 46—63.

All will allow that this is a very clear and beautiful summary of much that has been discovered and maintained of late times regarding these extraordinary bodies. Our readers may be curious to contrast and compare part of what is said by our author when

treating of the atmosphere and its phenomena, with what we have not many pages back, taken from Mr. Mudie's work on the Air. In Mr. Higgins' proof of the existence of an atmosphere, he mentions the resistance it offers to bodies in motion, the force with which it propels them, and the colour it gives to the etherial vault. He goes on to notice the importance of the atmospheric fluid as the supporter of animal and vegetable life, and also many of its other properties.

"The atmosphere supports life by giving out oxygen and caloric to the blood. When the blood is brought into the lungs it is of a dark purple colour, but it then throws off the hydrogen and carbon, and receives oxygen, which gives it a bright red colour. By every inspiration, a man of average size inhales from sixteen to twenty cubic inches of air. It was estimated by Allen and Pepys that 266 cubic inches of carbonic acid are given off every minute by a healthy man, but this is perhaps somewhat more than the truth. A portion of the nitrogen that is received by the lungs appears to be absorbed, while the other and larger part is rejected and thrown back again into the atmosphere, in which it immediately rises, being lighter than air. But this uncombined nitrogen gas would very soon accumulate, and prove detrimental to animal life, if there were not some provision for its recombination. This provision has been made in the constitutional arrangements of the vegetable kingdom. The upper sides of the leaves of vegetables give out a large portion of oxygen during the day, while they absorb the nitrogen. By this reciprocal action between animals and vegetables, the purity of the atmosphere is maintained, the oxygen given off by plants combining with the nitrogen expired by animals. When we consider the large amount of carbonic acid that is thrown into the atmosphere by animals, we cannot but feel delighted with the provision for its decomposition by vegetables; and this fact, connected with that already mentioned, gives as strong an evidence of the exquisite skill with which material agents have been arranged to subserve the wants of life in its various gradations, as any in the whole range of philosophy.

"Air is possessed of all the physical characters of fluids, and differs in no respect from them, either in its motion, or the pressure it exerts upon bodies. Fluids press in all directions, and so does atmospheric air, upwards as well as downwards, and it is capable of supporting light bodies, as well as liquids. We shall best illustrate the fluidity of atmospheric air by an allusion to the theory of floating and sinking bodies.

"There are many substances which under particular circumstances do not apparently obey the attraction of gravitation, but act in a manner contrary to that which the laws of gravity would lead us to expect. Wood and cork float upon water, and iron upon mercury; smoke rises into the air instead of falling to the ground; and the clouds float over our heads, without exhibiting any tendency to fall. The same phenomena are therefore witnessed in the atmosphere as on liquids, and they are sufficient to prove it a fluid.

"A body immersed in a fluid, displaces a certain amount of that fluid. If we plunge a cube of metal in a vessel of water, the level of the water will be raised, and the difference between the two levels will give the amount of fluid displaced. If a cube of marble of equal size, which is not so heavy as the metal, be plunged in the same vessel, the fluid will rise to

the same height as in the former instance. From this simple experiment we learn that when a body is dropped into water and sinks, it displaces a certain amount of water equal to its bulk, and that entirely independent of its weight.

“ But a body immersed in a fluid loses part of its weight equal to the weight of the fluid displaced. It is well known, that the weight of a bucket in a well is much less when in the water than when in the air. And it is so, because it loses a much greater part of its weight in water, than in air, for though they are both fluids, yet the weight of an equal magnitude of the former is much greater than that of the latter. For the same reason, men in a diving bell may lift with ease bodies at the bottom of rivers, which on the surface of the earth they could scarcely move. A pleasing anecdote is connected with this subject. Hiero king of Syracuse, applied to Archimedes, to know whether his crown was really composed of pure gold, or whether the workman to whom he had delivered a certain weight of that metal had debased it with copper. The crown was found to be of the same weight as the gold that was delivered, but the king’s suspicions were not silenced. It happened that Archimedes observed as he descended the steps of a bath, that the level of the water rose in proportion as his body was immersed. The facts we have stated, and their application to the royal question immediately suggested themselves to his mind, and in the moment of joy he ran into the streets of the city, crying I have found it! I have found it! There is, perhaps, no period in the life of a philosopher so precious and extatic as that in which he makes a grand discovery; the variety of applications to which the principle may be applied, and the consciousness of the preservation of his name and exertions, rush through his mind, awakening every hope that he had indulged in the hours of retirement and complacency. Many had observed the fact which so excited Archimedes, but none had perceived the principles dependent upon it, or the manner in which it could be applied.”—pp. 79—84.

One of the most beautiful chapters in Mr. Higgins’ volume is devoted to the consideration of the phenomena dependent on the distribution and condition of light, as assuredly it is one of the most interesting and glorious themes. All must know, however, that very little is certainly known of the nature of this body as a physical agent. Yet the conjectures and hypothesis that have been suggested, are in themselves extremely curious and wonderful. The fact that many substances have the property of emitting light in the dark, after exposure to the solar rays, would lead one to say, that it had the power of entering into bodies, and for a time residing there.

“ Two theories have been proposed to explain the nature of light, and it may be necessary to mention them. One of these was advanced by Newton, who supposes light to be a material substance, emitted in extremely minute particles from all luminous bodies; these particles, impinging upon the retina of the eye, produce the sensation of light. This theory readily explains the greater number of luminous appearances, but there are some in which it does not offer a very ready explanation. For a long time it was universally adopted, and is still acknowledged by many

philosophers, though it has been greatly superseded by the doctrine of undulations.

"It has been long known that sound is occasioned by undulations excited in atmospheric air, or some other conducting medium, by a vibrating body; and in consequence of this, probably, it was suggested by Des Cartes that light also might be produced by the undulations excited in an ether of extreme rarity filling all space. This hypothesis, however, is due to Aristotle, who supposed light to result from the motion of a pure, subtle, homogeneous medium, or ether, excited by the solar rays. But it owes its present form to the successful labours of Euler, Young, and Fresnel. According to this theory, the elastic medium pervades not only all space but all substances, and is excited, in the solar system, by some undefined action of the sun. Professor Airy has supported the hypothesis with the most refined analysis, and if we did not know that many things pronounced mathematically certain have been found experimentally false, we could not withhold our belief in the doctrine; but it is always difficult to speculate upon the nature of occult agents, and it may be doubted whether the question proposed in Milton's beautiful apostrophe to light has been or ever will be answered:—

'Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate—
Thy fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep.'"—pp. 192, 193.

Our author states, in relation to the nature, habit, and character of light under ordinary circumstances, when uninfluenced by the disturbing forces to which it is subject—1st, that it requires time for its propagation from the luminous to the enlightened body; 2nd, light moves in straight lines; 3rd, light proceeds in all directions, and from every part of a luminous body. But though light moves in straight lines, there are certain circumstances under which it may be affected. It may be either reflected or refracted. For instance, in consequence of the variable temperature of the atmosphere, it has different refractive powers; and this is the usual cause of that phenomenon called *mirage*, which has been connected with legends, and made to fortify superstition. The unassisted senses are frequently incapable of giving accurate information as to the authenticity of the natural appearances by which man is surrounded, and thus his natural propensity to be credulous, is strengthened. Our last extracts from this comprehensive and talented compendium of a great range of physical science, will forcibly illustrate the position, and teach a useful lesson to the superstitious.

"In all climates exposed to an extreme temperature, whether of heat or of cold, the results of unequal refraction are observed. In the deserts of Africa the traveller is often surrounded with appearances which cheer his drooping spirits, with the expectation of soon reaching a place where he

may rest himself under the shade of a verdant foliage, and bathe himself in cool streams or widely-expanded lakes; but he gazes on an airy vision, which is less substantial than the morning cloud. And so the chilled traveller in arctic climes beholds before him mighty cities, with their battlements and towers, which alas! can give him no shelter, for they are but the distorted forms of the iceberg and the snow-capped pinnacles of barren rocks.

“ From the description already given of refraction, it is easy to determine how a single upright image of a vessel below the horizon might be formed, but it may not be so evident how the inverted image is produced. The sun is seen after it has descended beneath the horizon by ordinary refraction, or rather in consequence of the refraction of the atmosphere resulting from the common variation of density. But when a mass of air has its density increased or diminished by local causes, then an uncommon refraction is the result, and the line in which the light moves being more convex than usual, the object is proportionally thrown upwards, and an erect image may be seen at a great apparent distance above the horizon. The inverted image is produced by the crossing of the rays before they reach the eye; that is to say, the light from the hull of the vessel is so curved, that it crosses that which proceeds from the masts before reaching the eye, and consequently the image is inverted. To produce this appearance, a peculiar constitution of atmosphere is required; but it is not necessary that we should enter upon this question at present.

“ The Brocken, a peak of the Hartz Mountains, which rises to the height of about three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, has been, for centuries past, the site of spectral appearances. M. Haue has, unfortunately for the lovers of the marvellous, enabled the natural philosopher to explain the cause, and has thus divested the site of all that interest which arises from a belief in supernatural visitations. This philosopher had been long anxious to view the phenomenon, and had ascended the mountain many times for the purpose, but without success. On the 23rd of May, 1797, he was early on the summit of the mountain, waiting the sun rise: and, about four o'clock in the morning, the luminary made its appearance above the horizon. The sky was clear, and the rays of the morning sun were tinging the summit of the hills with its golden hue, when he saw on a cloud, in a direction opposite to that on which the sun rose, towards the Achtermanshoe, a gigantic human figure, with his face towards him. While gazing on the prodigious spectre with a feeling not free from terror, a sudden gust of wind threatened to blow away his hat, but lifting his hand to detain it, he saw the spectre mimic his action, and was at once freed from the terror which had already crept upon him. He then changed his attitude and place, and found that the figure always followed his motions. M. Haue was then joined by a person who had accompanied him to the top of the mountain, when a second colossal spectre made its appearance, and soon afterwards a third. The figures first seen were evidently produced by the projection of the shadow of the two persons upon the clouds by the horizontal rays of the sun. The appearance of the third figure was, no doubt, caused by the duplication of one of the figures by the unequal refraction of the atmosphere.

“ The fata morgana is another illustration of the same illusive appear-

ance. This curious phenomenon is seen at the pharos of Messina, in Sicily, and has, for centuries past, been celebrated in the annals of superstition. A spectator, standing on an elevated place in the city of Reggio, commanding a view of the bay, with his back to the rising sun, may often observe, when the rays form an angle of about 45 deg. with the horizon, the objects on the shores vividly painted on the surface of the water. Palaces, castles, towers, and arches, are distinctly reflected from the surface of the water as from a mirror; and men, horses, and cattle are seen rapidly passing from place to place, presenting together a beautiful picture, which the spectator gazes upon with a feeling of superstitious admiration.

“ Similar appearances have been frequently seen upon the lakes of Ireland, with all of which some legends are connected. The story of O'Donoughoo, who haunts the beautiful lake of Killarney, is well known to those who are lovers of the marvellous. O'Donoughoo was a celebrated chieftain, who possessed the art of magic. Being strongly solicited by his lady to give her some proof of his skill, he assumed the shape of a demon, and her courage failing, he suffered for his temerity, and disappeared. Ever since he has been accustomed to ride over the lake, on a horse shod with silver, his punishment being to continue the monotonous exercise until the shoes are worn out. On the morning of the 1st of May, thousands assemble around the lake to see him, and there can be no doubt that the figure said to have been witnessed by credible travellers, is the shadow of a man on horseback riding upon the shore.”—pp. 205—209.

It may be added that Mr. Scoresby, in mentioning several curious instances of unusual refraction, as witnessed in the arctic regions, deduced from the whole of his observations, these facts; 1st, that the effects of unusual refraction occur in the evening after a clear day; 2nd, that they are most frequent at the commencement or approach of easterly winds; 3rd, that the mixture, near the surface of the land or sea, of two streams of air having different temperatures, and the irregular deposition of imperfectly condensed vapour, are the causes of these phenomena.

ART. VII.

1. *Mahmoud*. 3 vols. London: Churton. 1835.
2. *My Aunt Pontypool*. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1835.
3. *Margaret Ravenscroft*. BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1835.
4. *The Manuscripts of Erdely*. BY GEORGE STEPHENS. 3 vols. London: Smith and Elder. 1835.

WERE we rusticating, or sequestered from the bustle and the ever-fresh intelligence of city life, there are few things that, in the gloomy months of November and December, would be more acceptable than such a lot of new novels as we see now heaped before us. The winter campaign has, it will be seen from the above list, opened bravely. There is talent, variety, and quantity enough to engage the family circle encompassing the comfortable fireside, for weeks to come, even in the four works we have now received; and others equally good, or perhaps surpassing these, are ready or preparing

for another review some fortnight hence. The pleasures of a family circle have been alluded to, in reference to such an arrival as these twelve volumes would be esteemed ; but to old bachelors like us, who have been fatigued by daily business, or it may be by the cheering chase, and sportsman's occupation, a few such fictions would assuredly be confirmatory, for one winter more, of all our sentimental habits of celibacy. We would, as the shutters were closed against the pattering hail and howling storm, draw the sofa to the exhilarating fire, and instead of the brown study which we are apt, without some new stimulus, to pursue, with rivetted eyes upon the changeful and picturesque flames and filmy bars before us, we would stretch our limbs at length upon the tempting couch, and with book in one hand, and at intervals nectar in the other, sip double delight, and forswear matrimony for ever.

It cannot be doubted that, in this age of book-making, there is a prodigious amount of fine writing and talent dispersed over the field of fiction, in the shape of tales and stories. Domestic, fashionable, and historical novels, together with regular romance, by turns occupy the numberless cultivators, very many of which display a knowledge of life and literature that would have placed their authors on proud pedestals among the luminaries of the last generation. And the chief subject of regret, in regard to this prolific supply, is, that the appetite for rich and exquisite fare has become so ravenous, that that which formerly would have sated us for a long time, is exhausted and forgotten almost as soon as tasted, and the desire for new high-seasoned food left more craving than ever. But, not to lament over that which we cannot mend, and aware that one of the signs of the times is indicated by this very impatience and love of excitement, we, as in duty bound, proceed to intimate the opinions we have formed of the works before us severally, giving, along with a very slight reference to the story told by each, a few samples of their merits.

Mahmoud is something after the fashion of Mr. Hope's Anastasius, as respects scenery, country, and characters ; but compared with that celebrated work it is a very inferior production. Nevertheless, as giving representations of Oriental manners, life, and crimes, it will interest deeply some readers. There is frequently great vigour in the descriptions as well as in the conception of the scenes. The style is strong and rough, and the incidents numberless. Yet it does not, as Anastasius did, rivet the imagination to the current of the story, nor, in spite of our abhorrence of many of the hero's deeds, force us to take a deep interest in his history. There is a sickening amount of bloodshed, assassination, and murder, in it ; and some of the most improbable escapes that ever romance described are made from threatened danger by the hero and others, in the course of the story, although it is intimated by the author, that the whole of the narrative is a combination of facts derived from private sources or from personal observation. If so,

the hero's shoulders are broad, and he has to bear the burdens of many. If a moral is to be sought for in Mahmoud, we know not where it is to be found ; and if the author contemplated a beginning, a middle, and an end, to his plot, it has been broken off, before developed to our apprehension.

.. Mahmoud is the son of great people, even of a pasha and a sultana, and being to all appearance still-born, he is thrown into a river, where he is picked up by the servant of a rich Greek merchant, just as the water had excited the dormant life of the child. The merchant, aware that the male offspring of a sultana is doomed to death by the Turkish law, adopts the child and has him educated in the Morea as a Christian, under the name of Constantine. The fate of his reputed cousin, who falls a snare to a Greek priest, and the conduct of the Turkish Aga, who allows the villain to escape for the sake of a bribe, so inflame the hero, and the lovely girl's lover, Alexis, that through them the Greek insurrection of 1770 is promoted and hastened. The scenes that follow, as connected with that event, are dreadful and murderous in the extreme. We shall only further state, that the hero after this retreats to Smyrna, where his supposed father dwelt. He gets into danger again, and is sent into Cairo, from which he is at length obliged to return. He next goes to Constantinople ; he displeases his reputed father, who soon afterwards dies, declaring him only to have been an adopted son ; he is afterwards at one time a slave in Algiers, at another he figures in Egypt again, where his adventures are combined with the "Wars of the Beys ;" with many other incidents which we cannot here refer to. Our readers may find a good deal as to the future fortunes of the hero, although not nearly so much as the lovers of romance generally look for, by running over the pages of the work for themselves ; but if they feel as we have done, individual passages and scenes will please them better than the three volumes as a whole. We select two specimens from the first volume. The first describes an attempt on the part of the Turks to discover and seize Alexis, who having slain one of their number, was obliged to seek an asylum in the valley of the wild boars, and to live as a hunter, among rocks and ravines, and in caves. The hero is on his way to cherish his friend, when the Turkish party fall in with him, and suspecting his errand, seize the provisions which he had intended for the fugitive, and resolve to make him their guide to Alexis' hiding place.

"The report of a gun about a mile up the valley interrupted their hilarity, and made them start from the ground. It was immediately followed by the loud snorting of a herd of wild boars.

" 'So!' said Osman, 'the gentlemen are on the alert: the music of that little instrument has made them dance. I wonder who fired that gun!' and he gave me a significant glance. 'Now, my fine fellow,' addressing me, 'place yourself in the pass: by their grunting the boars are coming fast upon us.'

"I feared less for my own safety than for the danger which threatened Alexis; being aware that the shot proceeded from him. I trembled lest, in the ardour of pursuit, he should follow the herd to the place where we stood, when his destruction would be inevitable. A similar idea, I thought, seemed to strike Osman; for he suddenly turned to his men, ordered them to conceal themselves among the rocks, and imparted something in a whisper, which I failed to hear.

"I was considering how I could give Alexis notice of the danger which threatened him, when Osman seized me by the arm, and commanded me to mount a precipice on the right of the pass, from the summit of which there was a view of the valley. 'Gligora! gligora!' he said, taking me in his arms as he would a child, and placing me on the first ledge of rock. He then mounted, and followed in my track. The Arnaouts had concealed Niki behind a hillock, and the dogs followed me.

"On gaining the summit Osman turned to me, and said, in a decisive tone, 'Dare to utter aloud a syllable of our concealment, and I will blow your brains out!'

"This plain and sententious speech was followed by the jarring cock of a pistol. I needed no further evidence of his determination, and therefore promised obedience, still cherishing the hope of affording Alexis timely notice of the ambuscade.

"Another report was now heard a short distance from our ambush, rattling in prolonged echoes among the rugged cliffs; whilst the piercing squeals and hoarse grunts of the wild animals, as they jostled against each other, resounded with tenfold clamour.

"A loud shout was now heard close at hand. The voice was too familiar to my ear to be mistaken. I looked over the rock, and saw Alexis leaping down the inequalities on the side of the valley. His sudden appearance caused me to utter an involuntary exclamation of surprise. Osman caught me by the throat, and held a pistol to my head, while he looked in a contrary direction to observe the motions of the hunter.

"No sooner had the latter gained a safe footing on a pinnacle of stone upon which he leaped, than he fired among the gristly swine. An enormous boar, which appeared to be the leader, fell, on the instant, writhing in agony. Not less acute was the torture I endured on beholding the dauntless hunter precipitate himself among the excited herd. The report of the shot had scattered most of them, and when he made his appearance, the rest scrambled over the fallen rock, and took flight into the open country.

"It was a moment of feverish anxiety. Alexis leaped from the ledge on which he had been standing, and approached his fallen prey; at the same time Osman relaxed his gripe upon my neck. He had silenced the dogs by cutting their throats. He then made a signal to his men on the opposite side of the pass to descend and secure their victim. Of the hunter's ability to elude them if he once gained intelligence of their proximity, he was too well convinced, to risk the uncertainty of firing. Osman descended first, with slow and cautious steps, and I followed. The Arnaouts imitated our movements. Several minutes elapsed in this anxious state of uncertainty—it was like sipping the poisoned draught!

"As we approached the base of the precipice, my feelings rose to such a pitch of excitement that I was upon the point of giving vent to them in one loud shout, when a piece of stone, on which Osman chanced to step, yielded beneath the pressure of his foot, and rolled into the valley. Alexis looked

up. On the instant Osman sprang from the height, uttering a terrible imprecation. I anticipated his purpose, and called loudly on Alexis to fly, but he was already beyond their reach. Osman looked up at me, and fired a pistol. The bullet passed close to my head, and lodged in the earth behind. The next minute, joined by his companions, he dashed away in pursuit, the reports of their muskets ringing wildly through the valley.

"'Speed, speed!' I cried, shouting deridingly after them. I sprang forward, elated with a sensible degree of animation; and followed in the pursuit, actuated by very different motives.

"On gaining an elevation, I could observe Alexis bounding with inconceivable speed over every impediment. He loaded his musket as he went on. Once he turned and fired upon his pursuers; the unerring shot took effect in the arm of one of the band, but the wounded Arnaout continued his course with unflinching perseverance. The hunter had now gained the centre of the valley, when he diverged from the track, and dashed up the heights on his right with the rapidity of a deer. On—on went his pursuers, with the impetuosity of a deluge sweeping over a broad and level plain.

"In pursuing my way I became surrounded by hanging rocks, and lost sight of the combatants altogether. When I again merged into an open space, I saw Alexis standing on the summit of a rugged precipice, in the act of levelling his musket at the Arnaouts. As he fired, one of them fell dead at the foot of the ascent which he was in the act of mounting. The shots of Osman and of his men, in return, flew around Alexis in all directions. He heeded them not, but proceeded with infinite coolness to reload his piece. Followed by his two remaining companions, Osman climbed the tortuous windings of the height. The hunter watched their approach, fired a second time, and another Arnaout fell headlong among the sharp and jutting craggs below! But his ammunition was now expended, and he saw his enemies fast gaining the point which he occupied. He turned not to fly, but remained immovable as the flint on which he stood, leaning upon his musket and calmly awaiting their approach.

"At this moment I came into view. I rushed towards the precipice, and seized a musket belonging to one of the fallen Arnaouts. Alexis noticed me by a loud and bursting exclamation; I answered the shout with an exulting cry, immediately ascended to a favourable point, and presented the piece at Osman's remaining companion, for the bandit himself was almost concealed from view.

"Little did Alexis imagine, when he tutored me in the exercise of my boyish sports, that my proficiency in the art of using firearms would one day prove instrumental in rescuing him from the hands of his enemies. Influenced by feelings of no ordinary excitement, I fired. One loud and agonizing scream mingled with the echoes of the report. A moment the wounded Arnaout clung with desperate tenacity to a pointed crag: his hold grew weaker—he fell! The lifeless corpse coming in contact with a projecting ledge, rebounded far over the base of the precipice, and pitched headlong into the valley beneath.

"Osman perceiving the fall of his only follower, ascended the remaining portion of the rock, which separated him from the hunter. I stopped to reload the musket, and to secure the ammunition of one of the fallen Arnaouts, and then excited by the adventure, rushed up the precipice after him. The overhanging crags jutting from the side, awhile concealed him from my view. On mounting one of them I again caught a transient

glimpse of his muscular frame, as he gained the summit of the ascent. The sound of a rough and hoarse voice was immediately succeeded by the report of a pistol. The rattling echoes came upon me with a chilling sensation. I thought of the stoutly-armed Osman, and the almost defenceless hunter. As I climbed panting up the height, the sounds of fierce contention became more distinct. Yet even these communicated a degree of satisfaction to me, since they convinced me that Alexis was enabled to continue the conflict.

"At length I reached the broad summit of the precipice, and saw the intrepid foes at some distance, engaging fiercely with the butt ends of their firearms. A loud cry announced a severe contusion on Osman's skull: but he closed upon his adversary with frantic vigour. The hunter exhausted, was fast sinking under the powerful attack. The sight nerved me with tenfold strength, I bounded forward calling upon Alexis to continue the combat. He saw me, and the recognition gave additional impulse to his physical energies.

"Osman receded a few steps, but it was only the recoil of the tiger, to make his second spring more deadly and decisive. He turned round to see who had uttered the exclamation—and perceiving me, seemed to hesitate a moment as to which of the two he should first sacrifice. The hunter was nearly vanquished. I was considered an easy conquest. To my instrumentality the Arnaout chiefly owed the destruction of his band and the failure of the expedition, and consequently the sight of me inspired him with a fury the most implacable. Vengeance alone occupied his breast, and he came upon me with the impetuosity of the sirocco blast.

"I saw my danger, and with a throbbing pulsation of heart, which nearly choked my respiration, I raised the musket to my shoulder. Osman noticed the movement by a wild and scornful laugh, and advanced with redoubled fury.

"The Arnaout was within a few paces of me when I raised the musket for the last time to take aim. My whole frame shook under the excitement of the moment, and it was with difficulty I kept possession of the gun. I saw that every thing depended upon one single, steady, and decisive aim. Thrice did I present the musket to fire, and thrice lower it in despair. A fourth time I elevated it with desperate energy to my shoulder and fired! Some invisible agency carried the ball to its destination. The aim I took was indecisive and uncertain. To this day I scarcely recollect how I raised the instrument of destruction. It was not fear, it was not cowardice, that took possession of my feelings, and unnerved my very soul. I felt that I was contending with the devotedness of a man who is aware that all depends upon one desperate cast.

"I did not fire in vain:—the bullet sped—the bandit leaped high from the ground, and in spite of a momentary exertion in its victim to spring forward, he staggered and fell on his back, and the sanguine stream issued from his side in torrents. He lifted his powerless hand as if in the act of striking an imaginary foe: a convulsive motion shook his whole frame in the last throes of dissolution. A grim smile, rendered more ghastly by the hues of death, flitted over his blanched lips: a rattling sound came with a rush of blood from his throat—and then all was still!"—vol. i, pp. 99, 100, 101—109.

Our next extract shall be shorter. Constantine and Alexis have been in search of the priest or Papas who ruined the lovely girl al-

ready alluded to, and at last fall in with the tribe of pirates among whom the miscreant had taken up his abode.

"Amid the clash of weapons, and the report of firearms—the cries and shouts of men—of men wounded and in agony—a voice, never heard by me but a heart-ache ensued, suddenly rose above the tumult of the conflict. I turned round, and on a lofty pinnacle which overhung the river, the figure of the Papas was distinctly visible, his long drapery floating in the breeze. His form was lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, which shone upon him in a wild and uncertain manner. His gestures were extravagant, and his voice, as he exhorted the pirates to combat, was harsh as the brazen trumpet.

"I pointed him out to Alexis, who uttered a cry of exultation, and bounded with inconceivable velocity to the spot, followed by several of his men. A couple of pirates opposed his career. He felled one to the ground, and the other became an easy prey to his followers. Nothing could withstand his impetuosity. He grasped the rough crags that opposed his progress, and ere the Papas was aware of the vicinity of so desperate an enemy, his throat was compressed by the hunter's hand, with the solidity of a vice.

"The pirates observing the jeopardy of their priest, rushed simultaneously to his relief. As our intentions were only directed towards the latter, we suffered them to advance without further molestation, and, retreating to the edge of the rock on the margin of the river, were about to descend, when an unexpected termination was put to the scene.

"While the Papas was struggling with more than mortal energy in the hunter's grasp, unseen by all, a Kakavouliote ascended a lofty crag, which was a look out seaward, and rose immediately over their heads. A moment he poised his body on the narrow point upon which he was standing, and watching his opportunity, precipitated himself with all his force on the hunter. The latter, however, was not to be robbed of his prey by such a manœuvre. Though he received the whole weight of the pirate's body, he nevertheless retained his hold of his victim, and all three fell together, into the stream below.

"A moment the hostile band stood fixed to the spot like statues, viewing the terrible fate of their priest; but quickly recovering, they rushed forward to the side of the rock, uttering yells of vengeance. Alarmed for the safety of Alexis, most of us had descended to the boat, and pushed into the middle of the stream to his assistance. The remainder of our men plunged in and swam after us.

"In their fall from the rock, the hunter and the Papas had been separated, and when they all rose from their unseasonable immersion, the pirate seized the former. Alexis had enough to do to defend himself from this desperate fellow, without looking after the priest; but there were other eyes eagerly watching the latter's approach. I saw him coming down the stream, and directed the boat towards him. Being unable to swim, he was invoking his men, in the wild accents of despair, to save him. The sight of our boat even held out a hope to him that his worthless existence might be preserved a little longer. He laid his hand on it with the desperation of a drowning man—mounted the side, and I caught him by the collar. Even amidst his terror and despair he recognised me, and had the meanness to entreat that I would spare his life. His abject

demeanour only sharpened the edge of my vengeance. I drew a pistol from my girdle, and shot him through the head. He gave one piercing shriek, and fell back over the side of the boat into the river."—vol. i. pp. 266—269.

These and such like pictures of dark and relentless deeds, we believe will be found powerfully descriptive of Oriental life, by all who have had the means of judging, from long residence in these regions, or minute study of the Greek and Turkish characters and their relative situations with one another.

"My Aunt Pontypool" is a story dealing with events and personages more familiar to novel readers. It is a serious love and life affair throughout. The scene of action is at one time at Waterloo, at other times in England. There are the uncontrollable affections of young hearts, and the heartless chicaneries of law; there are titled and rich, also poor and beautiful fair ones; there are noble and handsome, also poor and gallant gentlemen, whose profession is that of arms, with others who have less to do, all brought upon the boards; so that a better classification of personages for a tender, stirring, and elegant novel, need not be thought of. Lady Pontypool is a bit of an original. Her mind is weak, her affections strong, and her blunders, when she is meaning for the best, are endless and most perplexing to those whom she would serve. Serjeant Green is still more of an original, and a superior character. He is literally an unpolished gem. And our opinion is, that with all these, the author has framed a charming work of fiction, which few of polished education, and who are alive to refined sentiments, will voluntarily rise from till the last page has been read. We must say, however, that if the incidents in Mahmoud were too abundant, and too crowded, to allow each personage that was introduced to figure to the length and breadth of his character, or the scope of the surrounding scenes, the reverse is the case in the performance now before us. Some, also, in these days of contemplated reform of the House of Peers, will be offended with the sort of exclusive aristocratic feelings indicated on the part of the author. He might almost be taken as a descendant, modernised, of Froissart himself. But now for a specimen or two. The picture of a lovely woman always tries an artist, and we generally look out for such an ordeal, both on account of the painter and the subject.

"The other tenant of the room was a lady, seated before the work-box which has had honourable mention, and busied with the things that it contained. She was young and beautiful—very beautiful, not alone in features, though they were as lovely as the lover most in love dreams of when he thinks that he is looking at his mistress; but she was beautiful also in complexion. It was of that clear transparent brightness which is to the refined and softly nurtured what ruddy health is to the dairymaid. There was the bright flow of the warm blood in her cheek, but that warm blood only served to animate a tint like alabaster, so clear, so soft, so white in every part except where the rose, as we have said, breathed brighter on

the cheek, and where a small blue vein wandered over the temple. Well might the old poet have addressed her as—

‘Lydia, bella puella candida
Quæ bene superas lac et lilium
Albamque simul rosam rubidam
Aut expolitum ebur indicum.’

‘But still neither upon feature, nor upon feature and complexion joined, did her beauty alone depend; her form was as lovely as her face. The small foot, the slender ankle, the rounded limbs, the neck, the shoulders, the bosom, down to the very taper fingers and tip of the clear chiseled ear, were each and all as full of beauty as her face. But not either form, or feature, or complexion, or all joined together, had satisfied nature when she made her—she had added the beauty of living animated grace to those limbs, and the beauty of expression to that countenance, so that all was harmony. The soul, the beautiful immortal soul—sweet Psyche’s radiant self—shone out from the long dark lashes of those deep hazel eyes, and played about the small full indented mouth, and sat throned upon the clear polished brow; and equally moved in each bend of the head or motion of the limbs, or slept in grace over the whole form when it remained in beautiful repose.”—vol i, pp. 17—19.

Charles Lacy is a Lord’s son, and is fast falling in love with the beauty now sketched, Helen Adair, the motherless daughter of a poor officer. Major Denham is a gallant but not wealthy soldier, enamoured of Lady Mary Denham, whom her aunt, Lady Pontypool, will have to be in love with Lacy. The following fragments will exhibit some of the author’s powers, as well as the form of the story :—

“Charles Lacy threw himself back in the carriage that was to bear him to the Opera-house, and although he was of that blessed disposition which may be called a hopeful temperament, yet dark and somewhat gloomy were his meditations. Since he had last seen Helen Adair a cloud had come over the sun without a cause, and yet not unreasonably. The contradiction is but seeming. When he had left Helen Adair and her father, the same obstacles to his purposes had existed that now existed, and he had known their existence just as well; but in his conversation with his father he had his first regular encounter with any of those obstacles, and that had given him a more definite notion of the whole. The difficulties that lay in his path had been before like a distant view of mountains over which we have to pass. We see them, we know their height, we calculate the length of time necessary to surmount them; but when we have reached their feet, and begin to climb, then it is that we feel tangibly how steep, and rugged, and wearisome they are.”—vol. i, pp. 94, 95.

His thoughts revert to Lady Mary Denham.

“Then as he leaned back as I have said, and felt that the cushions were very soft, and the stuffing very elastic, he proceeded to reckon all the qualifications which were requisite, and which she possessed. In the first place she was exceedingly kind hearted, with a spice of romance mingling strangely enough with a sort of intuitive knowledge of the world and human nature, which had always hitherto kept her own heart quite free, while it had made it take a great interest in the hearts of other people.

Then Lacy knew that, though she was of a light and laughing exterior, there was within many a deep thought and fine feeling, and thus, that though her gaiety acted as an ægis to her own breast, and had guarded her own heart, it had not turned it into stone. He knew too that she loved him dearly, after a particular fashion, that fashion being not one grain too much, and not one grain too little for the express purpose which he had to answer. So much for the heart, and next for the understanding !. However gaily and lightly Lady Mary Donham might talk, however often she might call herself a professed flirt, and however careless she might be in regard to the number of times the public, and the public prints chose to marry her to men whom she would not have married for all the world, yet in regard to real proprieties of behaviour, no one was more exact without appearing to be so. Her friends, or rather her acquaintances, used to say, that Lady Mary could do any thing: but the reason was, that though she did many a thing that seemed strange, she never did any thing that even appeared to be doubtful. She was quick, clever, decided, an excellent planner of every thing, though no manœuverer in any, with a kind heart and an accurate judgment, and none of that kind of selfishness which prevents us from undertaking any thing to benefit another, for fear of its being dangerous, or burdensome, or expensive to ourselves."—vol. i, pp. 97, 98.

Now for Aunt Pontypool—

"This sort of familiar appellation implied, she had lost her individuality in her attachment to her niece, and instead of shewing herself as a planet moving in her own orbit, she had contented herself with turning round Lady Mary; and, like one of the satellites of Jupiter, she did not at all object to see two or three others revolving round the same star. She was herself the best-natured person in the world, and consequently, tried the temper of her poor niece every hour in the day, and proved how really sweet and kind it was; for, always anxious to do good to every body, to aid every body's schemes, and assist every body's purposes, the Lady Pontypool was almost sure to do the very things that nobody wanted, and to keep Lady Mary in constant endeavour to put right again the things that she had put wrong. This, Lady Mary did without ever, except upon very extraordinary occasions, venturing one word of remonstrance to her Aunt Pontypool, for besides having a great respect for her motives, Lady Mary had a very great tenderness for her feelings, and would not have wounded them for the world—in the first place, because she loved not to wound the feelings of any one—and in the second, because the peculiar circumstances of Lady Pontypool, rendered her particularly susceptible to harsh words.

"The late and last Lord Pontypool had married the lady of whom we speak, for the sake of her fortune, having expended his own upon horses and various kinds of cattle, which are famous for removing money from pocket to pocket. At the time he made his proposal, she was about thirty-three years of age, and having acquired a habit of seeing things in a different point of view from that under which they appeared to other people, the more her friends represented to her, that his lordship was but a titled beggar with a good coat on, the more she determined to marry him, arguing, that if he had nothing left to live on, and was in great distress, the more need of some one to give him means, and console him for his losses. Her ladyship's friends, however, took care to settle her whole fortune strictly upon herself, to which arrangement his lordship willingly agreed, knowing

that at all events he would be placed in possession of a good income, and little doubting that in case of necessity, he could persuade the kind-hearted girl to throw the deed into the fire. 'The case of necessity soon came, but he met with more opposition than he expected.' No consideration for herself prevented Lady Pontypool from acquiescing at once in her husband's plan of giving up her settlement; but she had learned by this time that whatever he had, he would spend, and therefore for his sake, rather than her own, she not only refused, but maintained her resolution for four long years, through good treatment and bad, through threats and wheedling, till at length her worthy lord entered her room, pistol in hand, and telling her that he had incurred a debt of honour which he could not pay, threatened to put an end to his own existence in her presence, if the settlement was not given up. Knowing well that there were but few lengths to which passion would not carry him, and, therefore, that such a menace, however ungentlemanly, and like a bully, might still be fulfilled, Lady Pontypool yielded. The settlement was given up, and his lordship in the flood-tide of his gratitude, promised reformation, economy, and abstinence. He so far kept his word, that he was three years in spending what he might by diligent application have consumed in three months. At the end of that time have nothing left to spend, and Lady Pontypool nothing left to pillage, he applied to the ultima ratio of a pistol, and therewith settled all accounts in this world, whatever might be the balance against him in the next."—vol. i, pp. 100—104.

Lacy enters the Opera-box where Lady Mary, Aunt Pontypool, and Major Kennedy have been for a considerable time before him.

"As soon as the door was opened, my Aunt Pontypool turned round to see who would present themselves, and as soon as she saw Charles Lacy she blushed like a girl of sixteen; looked first at Lady Mary, then at Major Kennedy, and then at Charles Lacy again, and then got up a speech in her own mind explanatory of how Major Kennedy happened to be admitted to sit close by Lady Mary in her box during the whole of the Opera. The peculiar conformation of her mind and character having been explained, it will be evident to any one that good Lady Pontypool had laid it down in her own mind as an inevitable necessity, that Lady Mary Denham was to marry Charles Lacy; and in this arrangement of their destiny, her ladyship had been fully confirmed by hearing Lord Methwyn declare one day, that he could desire nothing better for his son. From this, as a starting post, she ran on to conceive that Lacy would naturally be hurt, and offended, and jealous, when he saw a very handsome man like Major Kennedy admitted to sit next Lady Mary all night at the Opera, when no other gentleman had been invited to share the honour; and she instantly determined to smooth every thing down by one of those well-intentioned explanatory speeches which have occasionally set both families and kingdoms by the ears. Luckily, however, she was stopped in full career by seeing Lacy shake Kennedy by the hand with as kind a look as the husbandman gives the harvest moon; and then speak to both herself and Lady Mary without the slightest signs of umbrage, jealousy, or uneasiness. For a moment she fidgetted on her chair, not knowing whether to speak her speech or not; but as Lacy turned towards his cousin, and began to talk with her in a low tone, she thought she might as well let it alone; and bending on her part towards Major Kennedy, she accounted to him, in an under voice, for the confi-

dential way in which the two cousins were speaking, by informing him that it was very well understood by their mutual friends that they were soon to be united. Kennedy's brow grew dark, and his cheek turned red; but he only said, 'Ha!' and looked towards the stage on which the dancers were putting themselves in the usual disgusting and indecent attitudes wherewith they edify the chaste dames of France and England. After he had thus gazed however for a minute or two, Kennedy—not particularly delighted with the peculiar class of distortions which he saw, and remembering that his conduct might seem a little rude to Lady Pontypool—turned towards her again, and was humming over the commencement of an uneasy conversation, when Lady Mary's reply to what Lacy had been saying caught his ear, and deprived his tongue of its own powers.

" 'A private audience, Charles,' she said; 'indeed, my dear cousin, this looks very serious! You do not mean to make me a formal proposal, surely. Never do such stupid things as that, Charles. Formal proposals have been exploded these ten years; and as for a gallant, whispered, equivocal declaration, that commits no party to any thing, and leaves them free to change their minds before the moon changes—there is no place like an opera box.'

" 'No, no,' replied Lacy, nearly aloud, 'that will not do, Mary; what I have to say must be for your private ear, when you have time to give me serious attention.'

" 'Still no place better than the *here* and the *now*,' answered the gay girl, laughing. 'My Aunt Pontypool will hear nothing that I beg her not; and Major Kennedy will turn away his head, I am sure. Will you not, Major Kennedy, turn away your head while my cousin here makes me his declaration?'

" 'Most certainly,' replied Kennedy, with an effort at gaiety almost as unsuccessful as one of the second-rate dancer's efforts at grace.' 'Most certainly, Lady Mary; or leave the box, if you command.'

" Lady Mary gazed at him gravely for a moment, and then the bright blood rushed up into her face, while turning away her head she put her handkerchief to her face for a single moment; not letting any one see that it was to a smelling bottle of strong salts, wrapped in the folds of the handkerchief, that she applied under the temporary emotion that affected her. Kennedy saw that she was hurt, and anticipated the very words she might have used as a reply to his ill-judged answer, depriving him for ever of the enviable situation which he had that night enjoyed, and throwing down the hopes he had built up thereon. But the colour passed away from Mary Denham's cheek; the woman's heart triumphed, and she replied, 'I am satisfied of your obedience, sir, but shall not put it so far to the proof. My cousin, who is never ill-humoured with any of my little caprices, will, I know, wait till to-morrow to make his declaration. To cheer him to-night, however,' she added, resuming her gayer tone, 'I will promise him, upon my honour, to accept him when he does make his declaration. So now, Major Kennedy, you may safely tell all the world who have any hearts to lose, not to throw them away upon me, for that Lady Mary Denham's heart is engaged.'"—vol. i, pp. 106—111.

More powerful and exquisite scenes might easily be taken out of these volumes. Our next and last extract will prove it so,

where, we think, as soft and sensible a love passage occurs as heart can desire.

"When they reached the drawing-room the conversation again became general, and approaching events were canvassed more particularly; but at length the clock upon the mantel-piece pointed to eight, and Kennedy directed Lady Mary's eyes to the hand of the dial. Oh! how precious do moments sometimes become! Mary Denham rose, and to the astonishment of my Aunt Pontypool, she said, 'Major Kennedy, before you go, I desire five minutes' conversation with you. Will you come with me into the next room? See if there be lights there.'

"There were lights, and Kennedy led her into the adjoining saloon, closing the door. Mary Denham left her hand in his, and gazing anxiously in his face, while her heart sunk at the thought that she might never behold those features again, she said, 'Oh! Kennedy, is it possible that you are likely to leave me so soon? I did not think I should have felt this so much!'

"'Indeed, dear Mary,' he replied, 'you cannot feel it more than I do: I have often gone to battle before, and encountered the enemy without a thought; but then, Mary, I could but lose life—and now, with life I lose Mary Denham. Oh! dear girl, what a change you have brought over all my feelings! But I must not speak longer on such things, dear Mary, or I shall grow a woman. The object of my seeking this interview was neither to pain you, Mary, nor to make you at all avow our engagement farther than you may think necessary. It was, dear, excellent girl, to express, perhaps for the last time, how deeply, how sincerely, how tenderly I love you—to thank you for a preference which I feel to have been unmerited by me, and which was contrary to all the ordinary maxims of the world—to assure you that this heart, which never can be grateful enough for your generous affection, will only cease to beat for you when it ceases to beat for ever—and to hold you for the first time to this bosom, while we mutually pray that it may not be for the last!'

"As he spoke, he clasped her gently in his arms, and pressed one fond kiss upon the lips of her he loved. Mary drooped her head, and wept; and for some moments neither of them spoke, but their hearts were raised in prayer to the Lord God all things. At length, she exclaimed suddenly, 'The picture, Kennedy!—you promised me your picture!'

"'It is here,' he replied, producing it.

"Mary turned to the light, and wiping the tears away that dimmed her eyes, she gazed on it for several minutes. 'Yes, it is like! very like!' she said; 'I am afraid mine is less so, for the man wanted to flatter me—but at all events, here it is, Kennedy;' and opening a drawer in a writing-desk, she took out a small red case, and from that a picture set in gold. 'There, Kennedy,' she said, 'you will not forget me. But you are going to battle,' she added, laying her two hands on his, and gazing up into his eyes—'you are going to battle, and it is but fit that I should think of all that may happen. I have already thought of it, Kennedy, and it may not be disagreeable to you to hear, that if you fall I shall look upon myself as your widow.' It has always been my opinion also that widows should never marry again—you understand me! Nay, do not shake your head! You do not yet know Mary Denham fully. I promise voluntarily and most

solemnly never to give my hand to another.—And now, Kennedy,' she added in a firmer tone, 'now we have looked upon the darker side of things, let us turn the page. I say to you, go, my hero—go! conquer! live! and come back to claim a hand that will be given to you most willingly!'—vol. ii, pp. 235—239.

Margaret Ravenscroft is by no common writer. It abounds with proofs of extensive knowledge, such as distinguish a well read and travelled author; intellectual refinement, noble reflections, and even original powers of thought adorning and sustaining suitably that high and various scale of information. As a tale, we look upon the present work as combining many of the excellencies of romance and the more regular novel. It contains abundance of passion and startling incidents, as well as perfect conceptions of character, judicious remarks, and fine moral lessons, so that the reader not merely finds his imagination strongly roused, but his heart bettered as he peruses the onward course of the tale. Perhaps, as a story, it might have been invigorated by compression, and something more of probability thrown around some of the characters and several of the incidents, although the author has clearly the faculty of giving the appearance of reality to fictions which, in most hands, would set at nought all our theories about probabilities.

It never once entered into our head to attempt any thing like a sketch of the tale; these few random specimens of its manner and matter must suffice.

"Man naturally hates to be surrounded by the unknown; and whenever chance brings a knot of strangers together, their first efforts are to discover each other's characters, sentiments, and rank in life. They therefore eye each other like so many conspirators, fearful lest every one they meet should be a policeman in disguise, with a warrant in his pocket to apprehend them. As a beginning, some common-place observation is hazarded by the most lively and communicative of the company; and having cast down his pearl, though perhaps of no great price, he waits a moment to observe whether it be before swine or not. If it be picked up good-humouredly, and replaced by something of equal or greater value, the interchange of social commodities proceeds. Mutual confidence is created. Anecdotes, meteorological observations, which are of great help to discourse, political disquisitions, or other less choleric topics, serve as cross-bars and climbing poles to the mind, which loves exercise as much as any school-boy. Thus a journey of several leagues may be achieved with satisfaction; but when a man has entered into an engagement to hold his legs in a certain position for several successive nights and days, by degrees the observations of his companions become dull, and he frequently consults his pocket oracle, to know when will arrive the next brief interval, during which his body may assume the perpendicular attitude, be it only to take three turns round the diligence while the horses are changed, or to move in the more agreeable direction of the inn dining-room."—vol. i, pp. 8, 9.

Revival of parental love in old age.

"The love of grandsires is, in fact, proverbial, and may be easily explained. When men love their children, they only do what they reckon upon from the first; and the pleasure is shared by almost all mankind. But when, after the lapse of a generation, man's heart again leaps at the touch of infancy, smiling on his knee and calling him sire, the buds and blossoms of affection are called forth as by the warmth of a second spring,—feelings, supposed to have departed for ever, are revived, and take their old station in the heart; memory pours its sunshine on the scene,—he seems secretly to triumph over time—and the spirit of love that brightened his better days appears to brood o'er the ruins of his age, and render them beautiful."—vol. i, p. 92.

Travellers and robbers.

"‘I tell you what,’ interposed a third speaker, ‘we shall waste the whole night in wrangling, and suffer the prize to slip out of our hands. Let two of us enter the stable, with lantern and dagger, and if any of the muleteers are stirring, dispatch them: if not, let them sleep. Old Ambrogio is not worth killing; and besides, what he has is ours whenever we please. The padre I should not like to touch. Our only proper prey is the Jew; and, if we can get at his *rhino* without letting blood, it were best leave the old misbeliever to find his way home with an empty pocket.’

"‘But the two lawyers?’ said Francesco.

"‘They are not worth powder and shot,’ answered Giuseppe. ‘But hush! methought I heard a rustling in yonder wall.’

"‘It was a rat, or thy own fears, man!’ observed Francesco, sneeringly.

"Buonaventuro, trembling for his life, squeezed himself cautiously into the rent in the wall, while the remaining murderers came forth, and stood talking in the shelter of the mill. His blood appeared to run cold as he listened. His heart thumped against his breast, his knees smote against each other, and the breath came in short, broken fluttering gasps to his lips. Their very language, intermingled with jests and oaths, seemed to be dripping with gore. Gladly would he have fled, had the way of flight lain through fire; gladly would he have given the alarm, and, if possible, have rescued the Jew from their daggers; but he was too closely hemmed in; ready poniards lay on every side; he felt as if already annihilated, and dreaded lest the drawing of his breath, or the beating of his heart should betray him.

"Buonaventuro was now so overcome with terror that, had they retired but a few yards, he was determined, at all hazards, to have attempted his escape. The murderers, however, continued on the spot, and in a few seconds Giuseppe and his companions came up, bringing along with them the Jew, who, he could perceive, from their placing him on his feet, was still alive, though he spoke not. One of the bandits, taking a dark lantern from under his cloak, and withdrawing the screen, now threw a sudden stream of light on the face of Abednego, which was pale and bloody.

"‘Now, before we ungag thee,’ said Giuseppe, ‘attend to what I say. Answer whatever questions I may put, honestly, and in a low voice. Mind, we will have no quibbling; and if thou attempt to cry out, behold what awaits thee. Taste it, and try whether it be to thy liking.’

"And he thrust the point of a dagger into his check, once and again, while the wretched victim strained his bleeding mouth to cry for mercy, but, finding he could not speak, bowed the head in token of obedience. They then gathered round him in a circle, to the number of twelve, one holding the lantern, the light of which streamed on their ferocious countenances and glittering daggers. Giuseppe then proceeded to ungag the Jew, and, this done, commenced his interrogations.

" 'Confess the truth,' said he. 'These bags of gold are the least part of thy ill-gotten wealth. Thou hast jewels concealed about thy person?'

" 'Have mercy on me,' answered the Jew. 'What you see is all I have, and it was not ill gotten. I have toiled for it, sojourning in a strange land, for thirty years. Bercave me not entirely, I besecch you before God! Spare me a little. At home I have many children, young and helpless, who, with their mother, look to these my hard earnings for bread. Let me not return to them pennyless, and without hope; for the days of my labour, as you see, are nearly over.'

" 'Cease thy prating,' said Francesco, impatiently, 'and let us see thy jewels.'

" 'I have no jewels,' answered the Jew.

" 'Unbelieving dog!' exclaimed Francesco, who appeared to be the most ferocious of the gang, 'wilt thou palter with us? Canst thou not perceive we mean to spare thee, unless provoked by thy own wilfulness? We know the tricks of thy race. Even in your rags, in the plaits of your boots, in your hair, in your stomachs, there are concealed gems. Be quick, therefore, and turn out thy hoards!'

" 'By your heads!' replied Abednego, 'spare me! I have nothing but what you see—'

" 'Hark! dost thou hear the screech-owl?' interrupted one of the murderers. 'He is tolling thy knell from yonder ruin, and the demons are flitting around ready to receive thy soul. Canst thou not discern their faces, glaring upon thee out of the thick darkness?'

" Abednego looked around him and shuddered.

" 'Quick, villain!' said Giuseppe, striking him on the mouth; 'out with thy hoards. The dawn already begins to streak the clouds with grey above yonder mountain, and we must be off. By all the saints, therefore, if thou delay us longer, we will kill thee, and thy blood be on thy own head!'

" Abednego now fell on his knees before them, and in the most moving expressions, turning, now to one, now to another, besought each to have mercy on him.

" 'Spare the days of a wretched old man!' exclaimed he. 'You have already taken from me all my substance—I have nothing hidden; you may search my garments, and slay me if I lie. But, have mercy on my life. I am a husband and a father; by the souls of your children let me go! Let me share the bread of poverty with my little ones; let them close my eyes, that my dust may be mingled with that of my Miriam, in the land of my fore-fathers.'

" 'Hang the old tadpole! let him go. Perhaps he has nothing more about him,' said one of the bandits.

" 'May thy days be many!' exclaimed Abednego, 'there is mercy in thy soul. I would that something were left me to bestow on thee. But, hold! here is my cloak. Wear it for my sake.'

“‘Thy cloak, villain,’ said Francesco, laying hands on him, ‘why, thy very skin is ours; and darest thou talk of giving it to that numskull, the greatest milksop in our band? Give me thy cloak, and this thy gaberdine also.’

“‘Mercy, mercy, mercy!—help! help!’ exclaimed the old man, forgetting their menacing injunctions.

“‘What! thou wouldst betray us, wouldst thou?’ said Francesco, seizing him by the throat, and plunging his dagger into his side.!

“‘Hold, villain!’ roared forth one of his companions, intercepting the second blow Francesco was aiming at his victim. ‘Wherefore should his blood be upon us? He has nothing. Let him pursue his way in peace.’

But it was too late. The stiletto had passed through his heart, and, sinking with a groan upon the grass, the old man struggled for a moment, and then lay still.”—vol. i, pp. 246—251.

The Manuscripts of Erdely were somehow overlooked by us when the first edition appeared, but it is not too late yet to mend the neglect; and, indeed, the circumstance of a second edition being called for, seems as remarkable an event as its first appearance. The opinion which we formerly entertained of the work, (for we did look into it, some six months ago), remains the same still. The author is a scholar, and the manner in which he treats of the destinies of mankind, and works up the incidents he has to narrate, exhibits great compass of mind, and mastery of language. Yet it is a strange story he tells, and one that we could not sketch within any ordinary bounds. He gives metaphysical analyses too often, instead of narrative. Great must have been his labour in the execution of the work, and long his study of its frame-work, if we may judge from the toil it costs in reading. There are signs of pedantry and proofs of bombast abundant in its pages; but still it is a work of no common order, whether we judge of its external or intrinsic merits; and the call for a second edition, seems to fix its character far better than any other sort of criticism. Part of the confession of Alicia will show something of the powers and subtleties of the author.

“As I was saying, on every thing that came before me, my childish heart rested in love—the blossoming tree, or variegated flower—a horse, dog, bird, the golden fish, or the glittering butterfly, the veriest worm, that trailed its length before my path—all things, animate or inanimate, became, to my deep and gentle nature, a source of that heavenly joy humanity experiences in loving—from all, by the alchemy of a creative genius, would I extract the honey dew of affection. I would invent situations, and imagine dispositions and sensations, for the objects of my instinctive fondness. In idea, I could penetrate the thoughts of a rosebud, or read the heart of the familiar stork, but the favourite bias of my nature, was, dreamingly, to make myself the confident and friend of the ferocious, or venomous denizens of the forest—to commiserate and sympathize, with what the rest of mankind held in terror or loathing—to lose my own identity, and herd in thought, with the untamed boar, or crouch, by the side of the spangled viper. I learned to go out of

myself, and to live in them; to participate their imaginary joys; to sympathize with their fictitious sorrows; to weep over their abhorred state; and from man's usage, to seek the origin of their peculiar natures, and discover the plea, and palliation for their proper vices.

"This was a strange propensity for a female, though while that female remained a child, however uncommon, it could scarcely be deemed hurtful; but as years rolled on, the habitual practice of conjuring up unreal circumstances, to lament or rejoice over, softened and enervated the heart, till at last, the most minute incident came to be viewed, through a deceptive and gigantic medium, and occurrences, which, from their insignificance, would leave little or no impression upon others, exalted my spirits, to the most buoyant excess; or, on the other hand, as powerfully depressed them. A word casually dropped, or an inadvertent glance, were sure to be treasured up, in my mind, and when revolved over in solitude, became tortured into a thousand meanings—the source of what agony, or how great exultation!—The constant cultivation of the metaphysic faculty I spoke of, had developed my imagination to that degree, that I could at pleasure dive into the secret thoughts of all who came under my observation. Whether, and how far, I was right in my judgments, I know not, but since I invariably discovered goodness and virtue, lurking in the heart, even if they evidently failed to inspire the conduct, of every individual, on whom I tried my skill, I am apt to fear, that the instinctive acumen, on which I prided myself, must have been considerably warped and influenced, by that benevolent solicitude, which led me to descry, with too microscopic a vision, the palliatives of crime, and extenuate, too much, the heinousness of vice. Owing to the goodness of my patroness, my education was not neglected, and the stature of my mind, speedily outgrew that of my body. I became versed in history, and delighted, in my solitary musings, to invest the characters of antiquity, with an extrinsic halo, reflected from the false colouring of my own warm heart. By the subtle process, with which I filtered away aught objectionable, human nature stood to my mental gaze, purified from mortal dross. Catiline had a thousand excuses to offer, would Cicero but have heard them,—and Nero suffered a pang, worse than a several death, for every execution, he believed himself compelled to order. One consequence of this lamentable habit of ever finding excuses, gradually became apparent: the distinctive qualities of vice and virtue, were insensibly confounded together; and that indignation, which cruelty and injustice would otherwise have excited in my bosom, was neutralized, by my fatal power of conceiving, at will, palliative or justificatory circumstances, which wholly escaped the more obtuse vision of the rest of the world.

"Childhood knows no distinction, save of the affections. The Princess Beatrice, Rose Martinuzzi, and myself, were educated together. Our pastimes and studies were in common, sometimes partaken with, or relieved by, the presence of my brother Luke, and of George Martinuzzi. George Martinuzzi! how, even in this dark twilight of my existence, does my poor heart flutter, as my faltering pen traces the fatal name! Oh! why, why in this roomy world, was it ordered, that he, of all men living, should cross my path? But for that unhappy conjunction, I might have progressed through life to a peaceful grave, without reproach, without misery; I might have become the honoured wife of

some patriot chief, the envied mother of a line of heroes; I might have played the part of Cornelia in Hungary. *I am*—but no! let me not think of what I am, lest, after all, I go down to the dust, and my task undone. A similar course of study, if not congenial natures, would bring George into private communion, more frequently with me, than with the princess, or his sister, who neither of them much delighted, in historical disquisitions. George was some few years my senior, and considerably my mental superior. The choicest impulses of humanity, his heart drank in, with the breath of life, and the sacred past was, to his inspired vision, a fount of deep and prophetic lore, which might serve to regulate the conduct of statesmen, and determine the destiny of nations. Finding me not merely a patient, but a rapt listener, he naturally affected my company, and would daily effuse into my enamoured ears, his choice and precious thoughts, rich with the spoils of many a classic page. From his lips, the simplicity of abstract truth, or the hardness of political disquisition, came clothed with I know not what of radiancy. From examining the diversities of political power, and investigating the occult causes of the aggrandizement or decline of nations, he would take occasion to balance the actual interests of the European governments. I believe he considered me, although a mere child, a preferable auditor to the river and the forest; but he was under no more restraint in my presence, than in theirs, and would give vent to his lofty hopes and feelings in my hearing, in the like unpremeditated way, he was wont to do, when trees and waves were his only confidants. Hungaria, and the means of exalting her sons to liberty and knowledge, was commonly his lofty theme: and kings and conquerors might well and profitably have listened to his philosophy, and the luminous genius of a boy would enforce, with earnest ability, his high argument, till conviction, like strong inspiration of truth, fastened upon the hearer's mind."—vol. iii, pp. 200—203.

ART. VIII.—*Musical History, Biography, and Criticism: being a General Survey of Music, from the earliest periods to the present time.* By GEORGE HOGARTH. London: John W. Parker. 1835.

A POPULAR and cheap work, like the one before us, respecting the progress of music, going back as far as authentic accounts can carry the inquirer, and bringing them down to the present state of the art in this and other countries, at the same time interweaving into the narrative the personal history of the most celebrated musicians, has been happily thought of and executed by Mr. Hogarth. The extent to which this art is now cultivated, and its great influence upon society, are fully entitled to a deliberate treatise at any time, more especially as there has been no similar production for the last half century; and even as regards previous periods, Dr. Burney's great work on the History of Music is too learned and too expensive for the generality of readers. Music, as one of the most beautiful of the fine arts, is necessarily a delightful and extremely interesting subject, and the lives of its masters not less engaging and curious. But beyond this, its relation to the

exercises of devotion, and the benefits which its culture confers on social and domestic life, ought to obtain for it a share of study and consideration which formal moralists do not always accord. We fully agree with the author, and have had opportunities of verifying his statement, when he says that the diffusion of a taste for music and the elevation of its character are national concerns. Its tendency is to soften, purify, and exalt the mind. Its influence in the densely peopled districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, where it is cultivated among the manufacturing classes to an extent nowhere else equalled in the kingdom, has often been noted. There the works of Handel and other illustrious modern masters are studied and understood; and it is not possible that he who has a taste for such sacred harmony as is most popular in the districts named, can be habitually addicted to gross and demoralising pleasures. True, music may enhance riot, and lend a charm to profligate songs, but not so the strains of Handel and Haydn, when combined with the inspired poetry of the Holy Scriptures. Nay, as Dr. Burney says, "Music may be applied to licentious poetry; but the poetry then corrupts the music, not the music the poetry. It has often regulated the movements of lascivious dances; but such airs, heard for the first time, without the song or dance, could convey no impure ideas to an innocent imagination; so that Montesquieu's assertion is still in force, that 'music is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind.'"

Mr. Hogarth's volume contains a view, as already intimated, of the state of music among the ancients; an account of its revival in the middle ages; and a history of its progress in Italy, Germany, France, and England, down to the present time. It also embraces biographical sketches of the greatest musicians, and critical remarks on their principal works, the whole being perspicuously, modestly, and ably given, not only presenting a compilation wherein candour and information are prominent, but independent opinions that are evidently the result of skill and careful examination. The lives of the masters, which have more particularly and largely engaged the author, have been invested by him with uncommon interest. He has handled them with a due regard to the eccentricities and refinements of genius, and ever borne in his narrative a spirit of tender as well as exalted moral sentiment, by which the pleasure of the reader is blended with valuable lessons in human life.

The perception of beauty in material forms, and of melody in sounds, must have belonged to every nation endowed with the common attributes of humanity. It is impossible for man, whatever be his condition, to pass through life without forming associations of ideas, in which pleasure or pain are suggested by certain things which in themselves are neither positively good nor bad—pleasant nor disagreeable. But from all we can gather of the emotest or rudest states of society to which history can be taken

as a guide, it does not appear that music advanced rapidly to the dignity of an art, or that it is a simple step to pass from a taste and appreciation of melody to a knowledge of the principles of harmony. It is not possible for a human creature, the conformation of whose physical organs is healthy and correct, to be insensible to the many pleasant sounds that are ever saluting his ears, whether these sounds be felt as agreeable from certain pleasurable recollections, or owing to their concord with the nervous construction of the aural organs. The sighing or whistling of the wind, the song of birds, and, above all, the tones of the human voice, especially if joined to delightful language, must minister to the pleasure of every human being not physically or mentally disorganised.

The history of music is therefore coeval with the history of our species, and there seems to be every probability that so long as it was confined to simple melodies, it has had in every age and part of the world one general character and resemblance, modified, no doubt, in different quarters and times, by the varieties of language and other causes, but still under the direction of one original law of nature. Thus it is ascertained that "the simple melodies found among the common people of Scotland, Ireland, France, and other parts of Europe, and in Hindostan, Persia, the Islands of the Indian Ocean, Africa, and even China," are formed upon a certain scale, which is also substantially the same as that on which the most artificial music of the present day is built. Hence we may presume that the music of the Hebrews, of which we read early in the Book of Genesis, was not unlike the simple melodies.

The invention of musical instruments would, of course, be posterior to vocal music; but yet the perception of resemblances, and the admiration of imitations, so descriptive of the human character, would very early lead to the adoption of strings and other materials, which were readily discovered to be capable of vibrations that gave forth sounds similar to the human voice, the notes of birds, and the cadences of the wind. Accordingly we read of Jubal, as the "father of such as handle the harp and organ," though we are by no means to suppose that these instruments in any respect resembled those that now go by the same names. Though incontestibly a musical people, music being mentioned even as forming an important station in their religious observances, we have no means of ascertaining what was the particular construction or power of the instruments used by the Hebrews, or of the character of the art we speak of, as it existed amongst them. More seems to be known of the art in another nation of high antiquity—we mean the Egyptians—among whom the arts, and sciences appear to have been greatly on the decline, even before the Greeks borrowed from them.

"This wonderful people were formed into a powerful kingdom, at a period when the ancestors of the Jews were confined to the single family

of Jacob. Even then they appear, from the Book of Genesis, to have been far advanced in civilization; possessed, of course, of music, as well as those arts which belong more exclusively to polished life. By the concurring testimony of Greek writers, music was cultivated in Egypt from the most distant times to which their records ascend. From these writers, however, we learn nothing more than the fact, that music was cultivated, and that the Greeks derived from the Egyptians many of their musical instruments. But there still exist some pieces of Egyptian antiquity, from which it may be inferred that the music of that country must have been, like other arts, in a great measure lost, before it began to be cultivated by the Greeks.

“One of these is an Egyptian pillar, brought to Rome by Augustus, and still to be seen there, where it is known by the name of the *jughia rotta*. On this pillar, (which is supposed by the most learned antiquaries to have been erected by Sesostrius several centuries before the Trojan war,) there is a representation of a musical instrument of two strings, and having a neck somewhat resembling the modern lute. Now, the contrivance of giving to stringed instruments a neck, or finger-board, by which one string can be made to produce a series of notes by the pressure of the different fingers, was totally unknown to the Greeks; and this method of increasing the powers of stringed instruments was one of the circumstances which contributed most essentially to the advancement of modern music. The possession, by the Egyptians, of this most important expedient, and its being unknown to the Greeks, would lead to the inference, that, as the Egyptians had an instrument so much more perfect than any of those known to the Greeks, they possessed a kind of music corresponding to the superior powers of this instrument.

“Another piece of Egyptian antiquity was discovered by Mr. Bruce, and is minutely described by him in a letter to Dr. Burney. It is a drawing of a musical instrument, in an ancient sepulchre, adjoining to the ruins of Thebes. After describing the sepulchre, and its indications of a very remote antiquity, Mr. Bruce gives an account of the picture in the following remarkable terms:—‘At the end of the passage on the left hand, is the picture of a man playing upon the harp, painted in fresco, and quite entire. He is clad in a habit made like a shirt, such as the women still wear in Abyssinia, and the men in Nubia. This seems to be white linen or muslin, with narrow stripes of red. It reaches down to his ancles; his feet are without sandals, and bare; his neck and arms are also bare; his loose wide sleeves are gathered above the elbows; his head is close shaved; he seems a corpulent man, and about fifty years of age, in colour rather of the darkest for an Egyptian. To guess by the detail of the figure, the painter should have had about the same degree of merit with a good sign-painter in Europe; yet he has represented the action of the musician in a manner never to be mistaken. His left hand seems employed in the upper part of the instrument among the notes in *alto*, as if in an *arpeggio*; while, stooping forward, he seems with his right hand to be beginning with the lowest string, and promising to ascend with the most rapid execution; this action so obviously rendered by an indifferent artist, shows that it was a common one in his time, or in other words, that great hands were then frequent, and consequently, that music was well understood, and diligently followed.’ Mr. Bruce then goes on, at greater length than is necessary for our purpose, to describe

the construction of the instrument, and accompanies his description with a figure of the harp. According to his representation, it closely resembles the harp of the present day, and is as elegant in form, and rich in ornament, as those which are seen in our drawing rooms. Taken in proportion with the size of the performer, it must have been, according to Mr. Bruce, about six feet and a half in height, with thirteen strings, which must not only, from its size, have afforded powerful tones, but a scale of considerable extent. Mr. Bruce concludes his letter with the following observations: 'This harp overturns all the accounts of the earliest state of ancient music and instruments in Egypt; and is altogether, in its form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when the harp was made, and that what we think, in Egypt, was the invention of arts, was only the beginning of the era of their restoration.'

"In the same letter, Mr. Bruce mentions another ancient harp, which is represented on a *basso-relievo* at Ptolemais, a city built by Ptolemy Philadelphus. It has fifteen strings; from which circumstance, and from there being no harp with so many strings found in any remains of Grecian sculpture, Mr. Bruce concludes that it, like the other, is Egyptian;—a conclusion which is strengthened by the place where its representation was found."—pp. 7—9.

Our knowledge of the state and character of Grecian music is very inconsiderable, although we know that the art was held in the highest repute by that people, because whatever may have been recorded by their writers as to its practice and influence among them, can lead to no definite conclusion so long as we are in a great measure ignorant of the notation used by them. The Romans borrowed from the Greeks, but we have not derived from them any additional knowledge of the system or of its character. During the middle ages, and down to the sixteenth century, the religious music of Christians made very considerable advancement. Pope Gregory the Great greatly extended the limits of the ecclesiastical chant, and the invention of the organ, an instrument of great antiquity, though not brought to any thing like its present perfection till near the end of the Reformation, led to a knowledge of harmony; for, owing to its being played with keys, the production of simultaneous sounds became easy, and the beautiful effects of the union of concordant sounds must soon have been felt. Nay, harmony, about the period mentioned, became almost alone the object of attention, to the neglect of melody. The great study was "the discovery of new combinations, and of ingenious contrivances for putting together a number of parts; but it was never considered necessary that any of those parts should form a graceful or agreeable song. In those days melody existed, as it must have done at all times; but, being despised by the great and learned, it took refuge among the humble and ignorant. Melody, in short, then consisted entirely of the national airs sung by the rustic and uneducated inhabitants of different countries." The songs of the

Provençal minstrels or troubadours were previously popular. These poets and musicians, about the twelfth century, were in the highest repute even among the great and the fair—our Richard the First being no mean hand at the minstrel art. But it was not till about the middle of the sixteenth century, that the popular airs of different countries began to attract the attention of master musicians. The great beauty of the rustic and street tunes of the kingdom of Naples was the cause of their first receiving this distinction, these tunes becoming as much in fashion as Provençal songs had been in preceding times. “When it thus became the practice to borrow from the popular strains of different countries, their rhythmical movement, and natural flow of melody, and to apply to these the resources of scientific skill, the progress of music was rapid, and compositions began to appear, which still continue to give pleasure.”

During the sixteenth century, music, and especially ecclesiastical harmony, made great progress in England. The psalmody of the Protestant churches was brought nearly to the state in which it now remains; for which we are chiefly indebted to the German reformers, putting Luther in the van of them. In England, the names of Tye, Bird, Tallis, and Gibbons are memorable. It was the first of these, according to Anthony à Wood, who was such “a peevish, humorous man, especially in his latter days, that when playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, what contained much music, but little to delight the ear, she would send the verser to tell him that he played out of tune, whereupon he sent word that her ears were out of tune.”

Towards the close of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century, “shone that constellation of English musicians, whose inimitable madrigals are still the delight of every lover of vocal harmony.” We shall not, however, more particularly glance at the progress of the musical art, than is to be marked in some passages of the lives of several of the greatest masters that have flourished in modern times. In referring to the career of these sons of song, such as Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Weber, the reader finds something like the very genius and sound of music even in their lives and moral feelings.

Purcell, who was an Englishman, was born in 1658, and resembled Mozart in the precocity of his genius, as well as the shortness of his life. While yet a singing-boy in the king's chapel, he produced several anthems that are still sung in our cathedrals. There are some, to whom the most profound knowledge of what is generally learned after long and arduous study, seems the natural dictates of imagination and feeling.

“Purcell's ecclesiastical education led him to the composition of anthems, and other pieces for the church; which were so admirable, and became so numerous, that his fame soon spread over all parts of the kingdom. One of the most celebrated of his anthems was composed as

a thanksgiving by Charles the Second for an escape from shipwreck. Being on board a pleasure-yacht, with his brother the duke of York, they encountered a tremendous storm, and were in imminent danger; which produced such an impression on the king's mind, that, with a feeling of piety too little usual with him, he selected some appropriate verses, and ordered Purcell to set them as an anthem of thanksgiving. To this circumstance we owe the sublime 'They that go down to the sea in Ships.' In 1687, when James the Second issued a proclamation for a thanksgiving on account of the supposed pregnancy of the queen, Purcell was chosen, as the greatest musician in England, to compose an anthem on the occasion; and he accordingly produced that which begins 'Blessed are they which fear the Lord,' and which is justly accounted a great masterly work."—pp. 93, 94.

He was equally great in his compositions for the church, the theatre, and the chamber.

"Purcell's sacred music is of the greatest merit; but England is so rich in noble compositions of this kind, by native artists, besides the transcendent works of Handel, that Purcell does not stand alone in sacred music, as he does in his vocal music for the theatre and chamber. Here he remains, and probably will long remain absolutely unrivalled by English musicians. He almost created this species of music in England, and at once raised it to a pitch of excellence which none of his successors, have even approached.

"In the charming music of the *Tempest*, how exquisitely has he accomplished the seemingly impossible task of realizing the description of the enchanted isle, as being

. 'full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not!'

"The light and melodious 'Come unto these yellow sands,' and the solemn and unearthly chorus of invisible spirits, 'Full fathom five,' seem to be the very 'sounds and sweet airs' that the poet himself must have imagined as proceeding from Prospero's aerial minstrels. Of a similar character is the music of the spirits in *King Arthur*. The extreme delicacy of the air sung by the fairy, Philidel, 'Hither, this way,' is finely contrasted with the roughness of the answer, 'Let not a moon-born elf mislead you,' by the malignant spirit Grimbald. The duet in which the hero is tempted by the two 'daughters of an aged stream,' is truly enchanting; and his power of resisting such accents is felt to be one of the brightest triumphs of his virtue. The air, 'Fairest isle, all isles excelling,' is a melody worthy of Mozart in his happiest moments.

"One of the finest specimens of Purcell's wonderful power of expression is the song, written for the character of Cardenio in *Don Quixote*, 'Let the dreadful engines of eternal will.' The transitions of the maniac, from the ravings of fury, to the ardour of love, the tender recollection of his lost happiness, and finally, the bitterness of hatred—are expressed with an energy and power to which we know no parallel in English music. The words,

Then sung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay,
We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,
And nothing feared but parting day;

are uttered with accents which it would require firm nerves to listen to with composure. This magnificent song used to be a favourite with some of the great singers of past days; but is now hardly ever attempted. Yet how finely would it display the highest powers of Braham!

"A counterpart to this is the song, 'From rosy bowers,' which is said to have been written during the last sickness of the composer. It was sung in the character of Altisidora, in the second part of *Don Quixote*, though the extreme sweetness and pathos of the music would rather indicate the author's intention to express the real feelings of a heart, broken and crazed from slighted love, than the mere quizzing of the Duchess' witty damsel. This song, too, was a favourite of the great singers of a former age.

"'Mad Bess' has been very rarely sung since the day of Madame Mara; but those who have heard her performance of that cantata, will never forget it. It used to be sung by every great female singer *before* her time—by Mrs. Sherridan, Mrs. Bates, &c. The disuse of all these great and expressive compositions, the performance of which, besides voice and execution, requires intellectual power, and consummate musical knowledge, argues little in favour of the improvement of singing in our time; but they will be sung to enraptured audiences long after the fashionable favourites of the present day are lost in oblivion.

"Purcell seems to have been fond of setting *mad songs*—probably from the scope they afforded for his great powers of expressing the strongest passions, in their most unrestrained form. There is another of this description, 'I'll sail upon the Dog-star,' which is full of fire and energy.

"The duet in *Dioclesian*, 'Tell me why, my charming fair,' is graceful and elegant. Another duet, 'When Myra sings,' will be captivating as long as the language is understood. Were these duets, and other songs of this author now revived, they would have all the charm of novelty. 'I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,' is a beautiful little ballad, which several of our present singers could render highly popular. The air in the *Beggar's Opera*, 'Virgins are like the fair flower,' which Miss Stephens used to sing with so much simple pathos, is by Purcell.

"His cheerful temper and convivial habits prompted him to compose catches and glees, of which he produced a great number. He was led sometimes, in doing so, to make use of disgusting and licentious words, for the amusement of the coarse and dissolute company in which he appears to have mis-spent too many of his hours. But these have been long since thrown aside and forgotten; and we may, therefore, say of his compositions of this kind, in general, that they are exhilarating and delightful; uniting humour and gaiety with pleasing melody and ingenious contrivance."—pp. 103—106.

The faults of his music belong to the age and country in which he lived, the beauties to his own genius, says Mr. Hogarth; and Dr. Burney has given it as his opinion that, "in the accent, passion, and expression of *English words*, the vocal music of Purcell is sometimes, to my feelings, as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation," and that his genius, though less

polished and cultivated, was equal to that of the greatest masters on the continent.

Little is now known of his life. He is said to have been gay, good-humoured, and of social habits; nay, to have been intimate with dissolute persons, among whom the profligate and witty Tom Brown is named. At the same time, according to Pepys, he was on terms of friendship with such persons as Lord Keeper North; from all which we may presume he was as gifted in conversation as he was in song. Dryden was warmly attached to him, who wrote that beautiful epitaph inscribed on his monument in Westminster Abbey:—

Here lies
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place
Where only his own harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit 21^{mo}. die Novembris,
Anno ætatis suæ, 37^æ.
Annoque Domini 1695.

Of this epitaph his widow says, in her dedication prefixed to the posthumous publication of his works, that it is “an inscription which may perpetuate both the marble and the memory.”

There is nothing new now to be told of Handel; but the following summary view of his genius and character is just, and feelingly expressed.

“The character of Handel, in all its great features, was exalted and amiable. Throughout his life he had a deep sense of religion. He used to express the great delight he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ; and the habitual study of the Scriptures had constant influence on his sentiments and conduct. For the last two or three years of his life he regularly attended divine service in his parish church of St. George’s Hanover-square, where his looks and gestures indicated the fervour of his devotion. In his life he was pure and blameless; not possessed of strong passions (for his impetuosity of manner was not the result of passion), nor even of very warm affections; but yet friendly and benevolent. To this part of his character may be ascribed his life of celibacy; but to a higher principle must be imputed his freedom from dishonourable connexions with the female sex.

“His few foibles were not of a nature to sully the brightness of his character. The greatest of them certainly was his use of profane expressions, to which, notwithstanding the real piety of his character, he was unbecomingly addicted. For this, however, there was some excuse in the manners of the age, when such expressions were habitual even among the better classes of society. He liked to indulge in good living, but not to an injurious or degrading excess. He was rough and impetuous, but utterly free from malevolence or ill-nature.

“His intellect was vigorous and well cultivated. He was acquainted with Latin, and a master of the Italian language, and understood English well enough to be sensible of the beauties of the poets. His knowledge of our language, indeed, is very apparent from the admirable manner in

which the words of his oratorios, notwithstanding occasional errors of accent and prosody, are adapted to the music.

"In his person, Handel was large and corpulent; his features were very handsome; and his countenance was placid; with an expression of mingled dignity and benevolence. He had a great deal of wit and humour; and even in his fits of anger or impatience, his sallies of pleasantry, conveyed in his grotesque English, produced merriment rather than uneasiness. He wore an enormous white wig, flowing over his shoulders, which, when things were going well at the oratorio, had a certain vibratory motion, indicative of his satisfaction. At the rehearsals of his oratorios at Carlton-house, if the Prince and Princess were not punctual in entering the room he used to be violent; yet such was the reverence with which these illustrious personages (to their honour) treated him, that they never took offence at his freedom; but the Prince, admitting that he had cause of complaint, has been heard to say, 'Indeed it is cruel to keep these poor people,' meaning the performers, 'so long from their scholars and other concerns.' If the maids of honour, or other female attendants, indulged their loquacious propensities during the rehearsal, our composer's rage was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names, even in the presence of royalty. Yet, at such times, the Princess of Wales, with her accustomed mildness, used to say to her attendants, 'Hush, hush! Handel is in a passion!'

"Notwithstanding his frequent and ruinous losses, and his liberality of character, Handel died possessed of twenty thousand pounds, which, with the exception of a thousand pounds to the fund for the support of decayed musicians, he bequeathed to his relations in Germany.

"Handel was the greatest of musicians; and it is not more probable that the lustre of his name shall be dimmed by age, or impaired by successful rivalry, than that any such thing shall befall the names of Homer, Milton, or Michael Angelo. Since his day, indeed, music, in some respects has been progressive. Melody has become more rhythmical, flowing, and graceful: the powers of instruments have been enlarged, and numberless beautiful and striking effects have been obtained by successive discoveries in regard to their treatment and combination. Hence the music of the theatre and the chamber has gained greater freedom, variety, and richness; and hence the Italian operas of Handel have shared the fate of all the dramatic music of his day. They have sunk into oblivion, and for ever! for were their revival attempted, their beauties could not prevent them from appearing dry constrained, and meagre, to modern ears; and the world could never return to those forms of theatrical composition which, in the progress of taste, have been necessarily abandoned. But the music of the church, the noblest branch of the art, has remained unchanged for generations, and will probably remain unchanged for generations to come. Founded on the great principles of harmony established by the ecclesiastical composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is constructed of materials over which time has small power; and the few ornaments which may be applied to it by the varying taste of different ages, can but slightly affect the aspect of its massive and colossal structure. Compared to this, accordingly, all other kinds of music appear to be fleeting and ephemeral. In every country, it is the oldest music that is extant; and, in our own, the walls of our cathedrals may still re-echo the sacred strains of Gibbons and Tallis, Purcell and Boyce, after all the

profane music that has been produced, from their days to our own, shall have been swept away. It is on this foundation that Handel has built the stupendous chorusses of his oratorios. Their duration is independent of the mutability of taste or fashion. They make the same impression now as when they were heard for the first time, and will continue to act on the mind with undiminished power so long as the great principles of human nature shall remain unchanged."—pp. 165—168.

Handel was in latter years blind; but this calamity did not affect his powers as a public performer. At upwards of seventy years of age, when led to the organ, his concertos and extempore pieces, which he used to play between the acts of his oratorios, were distinguished by all his wonted strength of imagination and execution. Though his blindness did not impair his powers, it deeply affected his feelings, and he was always much moved during the performance of his own pathetic air, "Total eclipse," in *Sampson*. He wished that he might breathe his last on Good Friday, in hopes, he said, of meeting his Saviour on the day of his resurrection—meaning the third day, or Easter Sunday following: his wish was fulfilled.

Of Haydn, the following notices will be striking, especially to those who are not acquainted with his biography.

"Haydn used to relate several whimsical anecdotes of his stay in London. A captain of the navy came to him one morning, and asked him to compose a march for some troops he had on board, offering him thirty guineas for his trouble, but requiring it to be done immediately, as the vessel was to sail next day for Calcutta. As soon as the captain was gone, Haydn sat down to the piano-forte, and the march was ready in a few minutes. Feeling some scruples at gaining his money so very easily, Haydn wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain his choice, and then to make him a present of all the three, as a return for his liberality. Next morning the captain returned, and asked for his march. 'Here it is,' said the composer. The captain asked to hear it on the piano forte; and having done so, laid down the thirty guineas, pocketed the march, and walked away. Haydn tried to stop him, but in vain—the march was very good. 'But I have written two others,' cried Haydn, 'which are better—hear them and take your choice.' 'I like the first very well, and that is enough,' answered the captain, pursuing his way down stairs. Haydn followed, crying out, 'But I make you a present of them.' 'I won't have them!' roared the seaman, with a nautical asseveration, and bolted out at the street door. Haydn, determined not to be outdone, hastened to the Exchange, and, discovering the name of the ship and her commander, sent the marches on board with a polite note, which the captain, surmising its contents, sent back unopened. Haydn tore the marches into a thousand pieces, and never forgot this liberal English humourist as long as he lived.

"Haydn used also to relate with much satisfaction, a dispute he had with a London music-seller. Going into his shop, one day, he asked if he had any good music newly published. 'Certainly,' said the music-seller; 'I have got some sublime music of Haydn's.' 'Oh,' answered Haydn, 'I'll have nothing to do with that.' 'How, sir, nothing to do

with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?' 'Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it since it does not suit me. Show me something else.' The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied with indignation, 'I have got music, it is true, but not for such judges as you;' and turned his back upon the stranger. As Haydn was leaving the shop, pleased and tickled with the adventure, a friend came in and saluted him by name. The shopkeeper turned round at the name, and said to the gentleman who had just come in, 'Haydn! aye—here's a pretty fellow for you, who says he does not like that great man's music.' The gentleman laughed heartily; an explanation took place, and the enthusiastic music-seller was introduced to the man who had dared to find fault with Haydn's music."—pp. 222, 223.

He was a good and a pious man. "When I was engaged in composing *The Creation*,"—a work of unsurpassed majesty, beauty, and truth—he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write, I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." *The Seasons*, a similar production, followed.

"This work terminated Haydn's musical career. By the labours of his long life, he had acquired a moderate competency; and, after his last return from England, he purchased a small house and garden in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where he resided for the remaining years of his life. Soon after he had taken possession of his little home he received a communication from the National Institute of France, informing him that he had been nominated an associate of that body; an honour by which he was deeply affected. He now began to sink rapidly under the pressure of age and infirmities. He seldom quitted his house and garden; and his enfeebled mind began to be haunted with the double fear of poverty and disease. The visits of his friends would rouse him, and, in conversing with them, he occasionally showed his former cheerfulness and vivacity. When he was told that the French Institute, in 1805, supposing him to be dead, had performed a *requiem* for him, he said pleasantly, 'If these kind gentlemen had given me notice of my death, I would have gone myself to beat the time for them.' But these gleams were brief and transient, and he sank into his usual state of torpor and depression.

"While he was in this state, his friends in Vienna resolved to have a performance of *The Creation*. It took place in the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, with an orchestra of one hundred and sixty performers, and before an audience of more than fifteen hundred of the nobility and gentry of the Austrian capital. Haydn, feeble as he was, expressed his desire to appear once more in the presence of that public for whom he had laboured so long, and from whom he had received so many marks of favour and esteem. He was carried into the room in an easy chair, attended by the Princess Esterhazy, and other ladies, who went to the door to meet him, and was placed in the middle of the seats occupied by the most illustrious personages in Vienna, amid the flourishes at the orchestra, and the plaudits of the audience. The performance began; and the feelings of the assembly, inspired by the sublime music, were raised to enthusiasm by the aspect of the venerable composer, who now appeared among them to take farewell of them for ever. An eminent physician, who sat near him, having remarked that his legs were not sufficiently protected from the cold, the

finest and most costly shawls were instantly pulled from the shoulders of their fair wearers who surrounded him, and employed in making him warm and comfortable. The old man shed tears at this mark of affection. At the end of the first act, feeling himself exhausted with fatigue and emotion, he requested to be taken home. Before reaching the door, he desired the persons who were bearing him in his chair to stop: and having first taken farewell of the audience by bowing his head, he turned to the orchestra, and, with his eyes raised to heaven, and full of tears, uttered a parting blessing on the old companions of his labours.

"Haydn did not long survive this touching scene. The tranquillity of his last days was disturbed by the alarms of war. In the struggle between Austria and France in 1809, the Emperor Napoleon carried his army to the very gates of Vienna. During this dreadful campaign Haydn was greatly agitated. He was constantly inquiring for news, and used to sit at his piano-forte, singing with his feeble and trembling voice, 'God preserve the Emperor!' On the night of the 10th of May, the French reached Schoenbrunn; and next morning, from a position within a few yards of Haydn's house, they fired fifteen hundred cannon-shot and shells upon the city, which the old man's imagination represented to him as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his dwelling, and their explosion filled his little household with terror. He roused himself, and, getting up from his chair, rebuked his servants with dignity for their want of firmness. But the effort was too much for him; he was seized with a convulsive shivering, and carried to bed. His strength continued to diminish; yet, on the 26th of May, he caused himself to be placed at his piano-forte, where he again sang the national hymn, three times over, with all his remaining energy. It was the song of the swan. While he was still at the piano-forte, he fell into a state of stupor, and at last expired on the morning of the 31st of May, aged seventy-eight years and two months."—pp. 225—228.

But the most wonderful man amongst all the great modern masters, at least as regarded the precocity of genius, was Mozart.

"In the year 1762, when Mozart was six years of age, his father carried his family to Vienna, where the two children performed before Francis the First and the imperial court. Wagenseil, an eminent musician, was then in Vienna; and Mozart, who already knew how to value the approbation of a good master, begged that he might be present. The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up to him his place beside the harpsichord. 'Sir,' said the young performer, 'I am going to play one of your concertos; and you will turn the leaves for me.'

"The delicacy of his ear was wonderful. He could distinguish the slightest difference in the pitch of sound; and every false or harsh tone, not softened by some concord, gave him exquisite pain. He had an invincible horror at the sound of a trumpet, when not played in concert with other instruments. His father imagined he might cure this dislike by sounding a trumpet in his presence, and tried the experiment, notwithstanding the child's intreaties; but at the first blast he became pale, and fell on the floor.

"Though this wonderful child could not fail to perceive the admiration and astonishment which his talents excited, he did not become vain or forward. He was always docile and gentle, and never appeared out of humour with the commands of his parents; even when he had practised

music the whole day, he would continue to play, without the slightest impatience, if his father desired him to do so.

"When he arrived at Rome, Ganganelli, who then filled the pontifical chair, invited him to the Quirinal Palace, where he had the honour of performing privately before his holiness. This was just before Easter. In the course of the conversation, the approaching performances in the Sistine Chapel were spoken of, particularly the famous *Miserere* of Allegri, Mozart, with the *naïveté* of his age, requested a copy from the Pope, which he declined giving, explaining, in kind terms, that compliance was out of his power, because the piece was forbidden to be copied under pain of excommunication. The young musician, however obtained permission to attend the single rehearsal which preceded the public performance. He listened with the most earnest attention; and, on quitting the chapel, hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance he had the manuscript concealed in his hat; and having filled up some omissions, and corrected some errors in the inner parts, he had the satisfaction to know that he possessed the treasure so jealously watched. The next time he was invited to play before the Pope, he ventured to mention what he had done, and produced the manuscript. The Pope listened with amazement, but said with a smile, 'The prohibition cannot extend to the memory, and I think you may escape the penalty of excommunication.' This composition, afterwards published from a copy sent as a present from Pope Pious the Sixth to the Emperor of Germany, was compared with the manuscript of Mozart, and it was found that there was not the difference of a single note."—pp. 239—245.

Long before this exhibition in presence of the Pope, Mozart, when in England, and but a child at the time, was asked to sing an extempore love-song, which he instantly did with great beauty and effect. He was then requested to give a song of rage, in the style of the serious drama. He immediately began a *prologue* recitative, and, after a symphony, sang an air on the word *perfido*. Before he got through it his imagination became so excited, that, in place of playing, he beat his harpsichord, and sometimes started from the chair in the tempest of rage he was describing. After this he played a little sonata that he had composed the day before, in which his execution was wonderful, considering that his little fingers could scarcely reach a sixth on the instrument. Along with these and very many such like prodigious displays, his deportment at that period of his life was that of a child; for a favourite cat would engage him, or a stick between his legs for a horse, in the intervals of his matchless performances.

His health had always been delicate, and during the last years of his life he became morbidly apprehensive of death, and subject to deep depression of spirits. But he was "in-wit a man, simplicity a child." He died in his thirty-sixth year.

"The celebrated *Requiem* was the last of his works. One day, it is said, he received a visit from a stranger, apparently of some consideration, who said that a person of rank who had lost a dear relative, was desirous of commemorating that event by the performance of a solemn service, for which he requested Mozart to compose a *Requiem*. Mozart engaged to

execute the work in a month; and on the stranger desiring to know the price he set upon it, mentioned a hundred ducats, which the visitor laid upon the table, and disappeared. Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. For several days he wrote day and night with unabated ardour; but his feeble constitution was unable to support such efforts. One morning he fell down senseless, and was obliged to suspend his labour. Some days after, when his wife was endeavouring to divert him from his gloomy forebodings, he said to her, 'I am certain that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself—it will be my funeral service:' and it was impossible to remove this impression from his mind. As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advanced slowly. At the month's end, the stranger again appeared, and asked for the *Requiem*. Mozart said he had found himself unable to keep his word, and requested another month; adding that the work had interested him more than he expected, and that he had extended it beyond his original design. 'In that case,' said the stranger, 'it is but just to increase the remuneration; here are fifty ducats more.' Mozart, in astonishment, begged to know who he was; but this information he declined to communicate, but said he should return in a month. Mozart called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and endeavour to find out who he was; but the servant returned without being able to trace him. Poor Mozart, in a state of mind at once enfeebled and excited, imagined that the stranger was some supernatural being, sent to warn him of his approaching end, and applied himself to the *Requiem* with greater ardour than ever. During his labour he was seized with frequent fainting fits, and reduced to the most extreme debility. On the day of his death, he desired the score to be brought to his bed. 'Was I not right,' he said to his afflicted wife, 'when I assured you that it was for myself that I composed the *Requiem*?' At the end of the month the stranger returned, and found that the work was still unfinished; but its author was no more."—pp. 252—254.

Of Weber, who arrived in London in 1826, for the purpose of bringing out his *Oberon*, the passages to be cited in reference to this visit are touching in no ordinary degree. With these we shall close Mr. Hogarth's volume, which contains, besides notices of the lives of the most eminent masters, and criticisms of their works, a vast number of lesser, though great, names, of whom similarly valuable sketches are given, altogether filling up a blank in our popular literature, that has long been felt; for music, as an art, is not only an essential branch in refined society, but the solace and improver of the poor man's heart; and such a work as the present puts its history within the reach of every one, and will thereby greatly stimulate the students of its exquisite powers.

"*Oberon* continued to draw good houses, but its popularity was not equal to that of the *Freischütz*. The composer, while he was the delight of the small circle of musical friends among whom he lived, was disqualified, by his feelings, habits, and manners, from sharing in the golden harvest so abundantly reaped by foreign favourites among the English aristocracy. His feelings were too high, his habits too retiring, and his manners too plain and simple, to enable him to profit by their liberality. He was

willing to increase the emoluments of his long and painful journey to England, by attending private parties for the usual remuneration to artists of distinction: but he was not willing to seek invitations to such parties by paying court to their givers; and the consequence was, that two or three such invitations were all he received. On the 26th of May, he had a benefit concert; and on this occasion, when it might naturally have been expected that an overflowing audience would have testified the sentiments of the English public towards one of the greatest musicians who had ever visited our shores, the room was not more than half filled. Weber, struggling at once with illness and with suppressed feelings of disappointment and mortification, was hardly able to get through the business of the evening, as conductor. At the end of the concert, he threw himself on a sofa, in a state of exhaustion which filled his surrounding friends with alarm.

“His whole thoughts were now turned towards his home, and his impatience to be once more in the bosom of his family was extreme. On the 30th of May, a few days after his concert, he writes—‘Dearest Lina! excuse the shortness and hurry of this, I have so many things on hand. Writing is painful to me; my hands tremble so. Already too, I am beginning to get impatient. You will not receive any more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort *poste restante*. You are surprised. Yes, I don’t go by Paris. What should I do there? I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, resting sometimes half a day, I think, in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms. If God will, we shall leave this on the 12th of June, if Heaven will only grant me a little strength. Well, every thing will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father, Charles.’ On the 2nd of June he wrote again, and this was the last letter he ever wrote. ‘As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert; so perhaps we shall be with you two days sooner:—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O, were I only among you! I kiss you in thought dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all things.’

“This joyful hope was destined never to be realized. On the morning of the 5th of June, Weber was found dead in his bed.”—pp. 365—367.

ART. IX.—*On the Educational Institutions of Germany.* By G. P. R.

JAMES, Esq. London: Saunders and Otley. 1835.

THE republication of these letters, the author states in his introduction, has not been occasioned so much by the fact of their having excited some attention at the time they were first written, as by some reference made by Lord Brugham, in his speech of the 21st May, 1835, to the system of education established in Germany and in other continental States. Since, however, they were originally written so late as during the preceding year—since the

subject discussed by them must ever possess a deep importance—and since by their republication the author declares his opinions to be unchanged, as therein developed—they still claim our direct attention as much as if they had never before appeared.

Mr. James's great anxiety in these letters is to induce a deliberate, accurate, and extended examination of the educational institutions of Germany, convinced that 'a thorough knowledge of that system would well repay' the British public for any trifling expense that a commission of enlightened men, sent out for the purpose of investigation, might incur. He maintains that there are many States in Germany, the educational institutions of which are much more applicable to our own land than any that have been displayed by M. Cousin, whose views and accounts of those existing in Prussia have been chiefly relied on by the learned lord and others. He is particularly desirous to direct public attention to the fact that, in these States, though "embarrassed with an infinity of foundations, rights, privileges, and customs, of which, in our country, we have no idea, a general system of education, simple in its organization, and uniform in all its chief features, has been introduced, in an extraordinary short space of time, without confusion, without difficulty, and without the infraction of any existing rights."

In his first letter, the author complains of Lord Brougham's speech delivered in the House of Peers, in April 1834, regarding education, upon various grounds—amongst others, that it displays ignorance regarding the institutions for that purpose existing in Germany. As to the inaccuracy or deficiency of any one person's information upon this subject, however, we do not wish to enter, the purpose for which we chiefly take up these letters being to show what is the system and detail of German education, as described by Mr. James, who seems intimately acquainted and deeply interested respecting all its frame-work and results.

We take leave to remark, at the same time, in reference to his first letter, and before proceeding to his detail of facts, that Mr. James, like some others whom we have met, is an extravagant admirer of German literature, and that thence he becomes inordinately laudatory of German education, and somewhat obtuse as to the difficulties that would have to be encountered in this country on an attempt to engraft that system upon our institutions and character. The national character of England, indeed, we look upon as much more un-German, if we may so speak, than her institutions, and that, were any legislator or government inclined all at once to make the experiment, it would then be seen how multitudinous, stubborn, and vexatious were the obstacles which presented themselves to any sweeping though wholesome innovations.

Indeed, in his first letter, where, instead of detailing facts, as closely examined by him in Germany, he speculates as to what

sort of measures he would have introduced, we think he is by no means happy ; and that his mode of legislation proves how difficult it is to apply facts foreign to us, though clearly carrying with them suggestions worthy of study. For instance, among the evils to be guarded against in any plan of public instruction, he mentions, first of all, that of *over-education*.

“ In regard to the first, although without doubt the danger of over-educating the lower classes has been much overrated, it is equally without doubt that such a danger does exist, and that it has been seen, felt, and guarded against anxiously by those who have had the best means of experimentally ascertaining the effects of education on the large masses of people. The object of education of every kind is not to render man discontented with his situation—whatever his worldly situation may be—for there is no evil condition (except that of moral darkness) of which he will not soon perceive the inconveniences, and struggle to improve it. Still less can the object of an education conducted by government be to render men discontented with their situation ; for the first effect of a system in which such a principle was recognised, would be to overturn social order, instead of supporting it. The only legitimate object of public education, besides the direct one which I have pointed out, is to give to each individual the opportunity of deriving the greatest possible portion of advantages from his existing situation, and of improving that situation as far as he can without detriment to any other individual, or injury to the whole of that society of which he forms a part.

“ It will scarcely be denied, however, that high cultivation of mind must ever render manual labour, as a means of subsistence, painful and mortifying ; and the natural consequence of giving to the working classes of the people an education superior in degree to the occupations which they would naturally pursue, must be to force great bodies into professions already infinitely overstocked, and either to give men a disgust to employments which they are obliged to follow for support, or to lead them into pursuits which can never afford them remuneration. As long as human nature is what it is, vanity will never fail to make men believe themselves competent to superior tasks ; hope will lead them to expect reward from intellectual pursuits, and parental affection will strive for the means of, at least, making the attempt ; so that if a degree of education superior to their natural pursuits be not only supplied, but pressed upon the productive classes, thousands utterly incompetent to the great struggle, will aspire to mental employment in professions overburdened already ; and the little sums which might have rendered them happy and prosperous manufacturers or agriculturists, will be wasted in placing them in situations of want and disappointment.

“ This argument tends, however, in no degree to infer that education is evil. It only serves to show that it, like every thing else, should be properly apportioned ; and while an over-refined or very extended education to a working man, with very rare instances of exception, would be productive of misery to himself and of evil to society, an education suited to his circumstances, by giving him the means of learning every improvement devised by others in his own pursuits, by leading him to devise improvements himself, by enabling him to draw the greatest advantages from his situation, and by showing him the excellence of reli-

gion and the value of social order, would prove at once a blessing to himself and a benefit to society."—pp. 16—19.

Now, does not the author scare himself with an evil here, fabricated chiefly by his own vivid imagination? For our own part, we cannot discover such danger as he has set in array to frighten the working classes to keep to a certain level, so long as a national system of education is neither compulsory nor generally gratuitous. As in all other matters, the common good sense of mankind would find and fix the best level as to what suited their condition with regard to education, and as in Scotland, where it is neither compulsory, nor generally gratuitous, yet any thing but expensive, it has never been found that the people have misguided themselves. There is a national and endowed system in that country, after receiving the benefit of which, almost any one may, if he chooses, obtain the highest education in the land, without any impulse or control being exerted beyond the individual's own good sense. And what are the consequences? Nothing else than these, that in Scotland the labouring classes are not only well educated, but industrious and frugal, while from amongst them have arisen, and annually do arise, the most illustrious names in the whole community. Indeed it will be found, that very precisely cut-and-dry regulations, however well they may look in the well-turned paragraph of an author, are defective, inapplicable, or ridiculous when applied as a universal standard for any large class of mankind. Nor do we look upon our author's plan of education for the people of England to be altogether an exception, when he gives what claims to be the result of his reasonings on the experiments which he has seen tried, although there must appear to every sound mind excellent features in the scheme, such as that regarding the Holy Scriptures and religious instruction.

"The *Frères Ignorantins* in France confined their instruction, I believe, to reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic; and, from the very fact of their having done so, it would seem that upon the necessity of at least so much knowledge, two opinions do not exist. I think, however, that the arithmetical education might well be pushed much farther in the elementary schools, from its great utility in after life, from there being no possibility of its proving injurious, and from its tendency to generate a habit of correct reasoning. The only conceivable objection would be founded on the length of time required; but, at all events, it would seem that a knowledge of vulgar fractions, and the simpler rules regarding decimal calculations, would not be exacting too much. I have seen this branch of education carried much farther in some of the German *Volkschulen* without the neglect of any other. Some knowledge of history, especially that of our native country, would appear expedient; and the only difficulty here would arise in the sad truth, that, as yet, history is in general composed of little but hypothesis and opinions, with but few undoubted facts to support the edifice. Considering the little time that could be devoted to this subject in elementary schools, and the degree of mental cultivation to be expected in the

scholars, it might be necessary to confine historical instruction to bare but important facts, where they can be found, as far devoid of theoretical deduction as possible; and it would probably be better to let the part devoted to the history of arts and sciences predominate over that of battles and intrigues—although, be it remarked, that a picture of human greatness, in any course of action, is never without effect upon the human mind. Respecting religious instruction, in the elementary schools, my opinion is already given, that it should be as general in its character as is consistent with an accurate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, leaving the rest to be done in the Sunday schools, and by the several pastors to whose flocks the children belong. Geography can come under no objection, and is more or less indispensable; but it must be remembered, that there are many more important advantages to be derived from its study than a knowledge of degrees of latitude and longitude, and that the productions, laws, government, and arts of various countries, are far more worthy the attention of persons in the situation of scholars at elementary schools, than mere figures and names. In addition to reading and writing, it is necessary to teach the pupil to write sense, and to understand what he reads; and though the accomplishment of this must greatly depend upon the master, yet a part of his duty—which ought to be rendered imperative—should be the frequent examination of his pupils, weekly, if possible. Besides these objects of instruction, there is one thing more which I think should be taught in elementary schools, and the name may seem somewhat startling—I refer to logic; but I do not mean that perverted system of technicalities, sometimes so called, which deviates invariably into sophistry, or that profound science which few have ever practically mastered. I mean, on the contrary, the knowledge of those first great rules for the right use of our reason, which are as useful to the poor man as to the rich—I mean a system of logic for the people.”—pp. 25—28.

He afterwards says, that in schools founded by government, the extent of instruction should be fixed, and that the books from which it is to be derived should be clearly specified, but that yet too much, perhaps, will depend upon the skill, the judgment, and the assiduity of the master. One general objection which we find to these views is, that no mention is made of the discretion of the parents—a most important consideration in national education and morals. As to school books, we know not when or how Mr. James is to be satisfied; and as to the fixing of the extent of education, let government first of all establish a national system, let general regulations be framed as regards its support and conduct, and let adequate encouragement and inducements be held out to the people, that they may be led to perceive and relish the blessings of education, and we shall find, that as to minuter details, and general results, the common good sense of mankind, the anxiety and pride of parents, nay, the benefit which these very parents gather from the share of administration required from them, will all unite in securing for the inhabitants of England, whose independence and sagacity should ever be consulted, the momentous benefits contemplated.

We proceed to the author's statement of facts and details, as to education, in several of the German States, which, as furnishing matter for consideration in this country, and from the clear and earnest manner in which he has given them, have particularly interested us. He begins with the free town of Frankfort on the Maine, which is a great commercial city, and contains a great number of Protestants, of Catholics, and of Jews, as to each of which classes government has provided abundance of education for all who choose to take advantage of it. There indeed seems to be, as remarked by the author, a character of freedom in the system, not uncongenial to the feelings and opinions of Englishmen.

The schools of Frankfort consist of lower and higher popular schools, the former of which is first treated of under the several religious names above mentioned.

"The *Protestant Volksschulen* consists of three lower, or elementary schools, for the city itself, eight similar institutions for the eight villages depending upon Frankfort, and two middle schools, between the popular schools and the gymnasium, of which one receives simply the name of middle school, the other that of *muster* or model school. The Protestant Volksschulen in Frankfort receive children of both sexes in the same schools, and the three lower popular schools in the town itself, by the last report, numbered 2,000 scholars. The funds of the schools for primary instruction are furnished in the Protestant schools by the school money paid by the parents, and for each scholar the sum demanded is ten florins (or about 16s. 8d.) annually. For the aid of poor scholars many funds exist, principally derived from legacies and similar sources. The salary of the masters in the primary schools amounts to 600 florins each. A master becoming, by any legitimate cause, incapable of exercising his functions in the service of the State, was formerly entitled to the whole of his salary as retired allowance, but a new regulation has lately been introduced, and all masters obliged to retire at the end of ten years, receive one-third of the salary; those who have served twenty years, can claim two-thirds; and those who have completed thirty years, are entitled to their full salary for the rest of life. This applies to all masters in the service of the State.

"The *Protestant Middle School* is at present attended by 400 scholars, each of whom pays as school-money twenty-five florins (or about 2l. 1s. 8d.) per annum. This revenue thus produced, according to an excellent and almost universal regulation throughout Germany, is collected by a commission, appointed by the town, and called 'Economic Deputation,' of which neither the head master, called director, nor any of the inferior masters are members. It is charged, also, with all financial arrangements relative to the school; and it is not unworthy of remark, that at present the revenues of the middle school exceed considerably its expenses, and that the surplus is applied to the furtherance of other branches of public education. In case of a deficiency, however, the State supplies the necessary funds.

"THE OBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION in the Protestant Volksschulen are—

"In the three *Primary Schools*—The Christian religion, reading, and a branch of useful knowledge called *Sachkenntniss*, writing, the German language, arithmetic, singing, female works, and gymnastics.

“ *In the Middle School*—The objects of instruction are, religion, reading, writing, history, geography, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, and singing; and it will be at once apparent, that, in this school, the knowledge communicated is infinitely more extended in its nature, as well as higher in degree, than that afforded by the primary schools. Many new branches of science are taught, and all are taught much more profoundly than in the lower schools. The number of hours weekly devoted to study is the same in both institutions—the younger classes receiving twenty-six, the elder twenty-eight hours of instruction in the week.”—pp. 33–37.

The *muster*, or model school, possesses peculiarities that forbid it to be classed with the middle school, that has been described above, from which it carries the scholar. It had been established at the suggestion, and through the exertions of a private individual, as the model of a new kind of school, at a period when the schools of Frankfort were worse perhaps than any in Germany. The funds were raised amongst private persons, the State lent its willing countenance, and the experiment has been wonderfully successful. The objects of instruction in it are religion, the German and French languages, history, geography, technology, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, writing, drawing, singing, and the exercise of the understanding (*verstandes uebung*), which Mr. James characterises as an excellent part of the system seldom omitted in German schools. The number of scholars is five hundred, and the funds of the establishment very nearly defray its expenses. The State claims no other interference than inasmuch as the masters, whose salaries are higher than in the middle school, must be confirmed in their office by the approval of the senate. As to the government and organization of the Protestant popular schools—

“ The superintendence of all the schools I have mentioned is confided by the Government to the two consistories of the different Protestant sects, which are united for the especial purpose of governing the schools. From these, two members are chosen, to form a permanent commission, and under this commission again is appointed an inspector, who renders a regular report to the commission, which again communicates with the consistory. Under the superintendence, but not the control, of the inspector exists the director or head master of the middle school, and under his direction are placed a number of masters and teachers necessary for that establishment. These masters hold what is called a school conference once a month, under the presidency of the director, when the affairs of the school, the progress of the pupils, the method of instruction, and many similar subjects are discussed generally, with amity and good feeling on all parts, and ever with benefit to the institution. Public examinations also take place every six months, and on these occasions the director generally produces a tract upon some subject connected with the school or with education, as a proof of assiduity.

“ The elementary schools—likewise under the government of the two consistories—are also more directly subject to a commission of inspection. Under this is immediately the head master of each school, whose duties

are more those of director than of teacher. He examines the scholars on their entrance, assigns their class, attends to the cleanliness, salubrity, and order of the school, counsels and reproves the under masters, and where necessary, reports their derelictions to the commission of inspection; visits each of the classes from time to time; examines the report-books kept in each class; holds monthly school conferences with the under masters, and with their knowledge and the approbation of the inspectors, changes the method and objects of instruction.

"Each *under master* has his particular class, of the progress of which he is required to render an exact report every three months. The discipline of his scholars, as well as their instruction, is under his immediate direction, and he is bound to keep a regular register of the attendance given by the various children forming his class, and of their general conduct therein. The masters are forbidden to sell any thing to the scholars, such as pens, paper, books, &c., or to employ them in any occupation whatever, except in the regular course of education.

"Such is the simple organization of the Protestant popular schools in Frankfort, and therein for a very trifling sum may be procured all that instruction which is required for what the Germans term a burgher education—a term not without significance."—pp. 37—40.

The *Catholic Volksschulen* in Frankfort are four in number; the female are separated from the male scholars, and there is a higher and lower school for each sex. They are supported partly by the school money paid by the parents, partly by some peculiar funds of their own, and partly by the State. As to a variety of other circumstances, the observations above, made regarding the Protestant schools, apply here also.

"The higher Catholic school, or select school, is, in fact, a pro-gymnasium, and is destined to prepare the scholars for more profound instruction in classical and scientific knowledge. The number of scholars varies from eighty to a hundred, and the school money paid by each pupil is 30 florins (about 2*l.* 10*s.*) annually. The higher girls' or English ladies' school received during the last half-year sixty-five scholars. The school money is the same for each child as that required in the boys' schools.

"The superintendence of the Catholic popular schools is confided to a church and school commission, and there is no difference worth particular notice between the organization of these establishments in the hands of the Catholics, and that of similar institutions in the hands of the Protestants.

"The Jews of Frankfort have two distinct schools, the one a primary school for the children of poor parents, the other a higher school, of that sort which is called in Germany a *real schule*, or, in other words, a school for instructing youth in branches of *useful knowledge*. Both these schools are kept up by private subscriptions among the Jews themselves, and are immediately under a school council of their own. The inspection of these two schools is entrusted by the State to a mixed school and church commission; but I have heard no complaint of improper interference by that body in the education of Jewish children."—pp. 44, 45.

The Gymnasium of Frankfort does not occupy the author at any

great length, because he confines himself chiefly to popular schools, and because he considers the higher institutions for instruction in Germany are decidedly inferior to our own. There are, however, in Frankfort a number of establishments for the instruction of youth in various branches of art and science, and several institutions for particular classes of persons that have not been yet named—such as an establishment for instruction in the medical sciences, a school of arts, a deaf and dumb school, and infant schools, lately opened under the sanction of the State. There are also private schools; so that altogether Mr. James thinks that Frankfort offers “a very fair model of a free and regularly organized system of education for any other large city, and which system again requires but one additional link between the authorities of the town and a higher power, to fit it for adoption in the cities of the most important countries.”

In a letter to Lord Althorp, the details of a well-organized system of public instruction in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which may be looked upon as a purely agricultural State, are given. After the statement of a few statistical facts, to afford data for calculations in regard to England, he says—

“The Catholic inhabitants, 814,000 in number, are instructed by 1,700 schoolmasters, (of whom 300 are assistants,) in 1,294 elementary schools.

“The Protestant part of the population, amounting to about 389,000 persons, are taught by 790 masters, (of whom 200 are assistants) in 583 schools.

“The rest of the population consist principally of Jews, who fluctuate in point of number; but generally maintain twenty-eight schools in the Grand Duchy. The total number of schools is 1,905.

“In regard to the total number of children who frequent these elementary schools, two distinct calculations have been made at my request, by persons on whom I can place the fullest reliance, and the difference of the results is any thing but trifling; the one giving the total number as 170,000, the other 198,000; leaving a discrepancy to the amount of 28,000. This difference I believe to have originated—first, in the fact of that calculation, which makes the number appear so much greater, having been made at a later period, after a slight increase of population—secondly, in the fact of there being comprised therein the children of Jewish parents—and thirdly, in no allowance having been made for the children who absent themselves from school. I am inclined to believe, however, that the rate of the children who really attend the elementary schools relatively to the number of inhabitants is as 1 to 7. The rate of the schools to the population is thus 1 to 641 inhabitants, and to the total number of scholars of all religions whom the law expects to attend the schools, (though some are always absent,) the rate is 1 to 103 scholars. There is one school also to 3 miles 3-27ths, and more than one to each considerable hamlet.”

This magnificent establishment, considering the extent, wealth, and population of the Duchy is supported partly by the State, partly by the parents of the scholars, and partly from other sources. After entering into a number of details as to the expense, the

instruction, and the government of this establishment, Mr. James adds—

“Allow me now to call your Lordship’s attention to a few facts of some importance, as bearing upon the expense which the establishment of a general system of education would draw upon England. The very best authority which I have consulted, states the gross revenues of the *Protestant* schoolmasters in Baden to be under 170,000 florins per annum, which, when divided amongst 790 masters, gives a salary of 215 and a fraction to each, or about 18*l.* per annum. Upon an average the rent or interest of money sunk in each schoolhouse is computed at 60 florins, or 5*l.*, and contingent expenses may be reckoned at the same sum of 5*l.* Now, my Lord, I know this computation to be too high, and that a number of deductions have not been made in the calculation, which are made in fact. However, let us make the amount still higher, and reckon the average salary of all masters at 250 florins, or 20*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, which every one to whom I have spoken considers a high average, and we shall find that the gross expense of each school is, in round numbers, 31*l.* Each school is supposed to educate 103 scholars, as I have shown by a previous calculation; so that we may look upon it as certain that in the Grand Duchy of Baden, 100 scholars can be furnished with good primary instruction for 31*l.* per annum. In drawing any deductions in regard to England, we must remember two points of difference between Germany and our own country: first, in the price of provisions, and secondly, in the national character. The second point of difference was called to my notice by my admirable friend Dr. Schwartz, the father of German educationists, who proved to me that from the different habits and characters of the two nations, a greater pecuniary remuneration was necessary to induce an Englishman to devote himself to the task of a primary schoolmaster, than would be sufficient for a German.

“The difference of prices between England and the Grand Duchy of Baden may be taken, on an average, at the rate of 3 to 2, as some articles are cheaper and others relatively dearer, which will raise the price of education to 46*l.* 10*s.* for the education of 100 children in England; and even, after adding to the master’s salary very nearly 10*l.* per annum more, to hold out the greater inducement which I have mentioned, the amount may be taken at 56*l.* per annum for the education of 100 children. I know not what may be the expense of the schools at present erected by the benevolent exertions of private individuals; but *I am sure*, that under a *general system properly organized and superintended by the Government*, the annual expense of educating 100 children would not be greater than I have stated. Supposing, then, the population of England and Wales to amount to 14,000,000—and the same proportion of children, *i. e.* one in seven persons to seek the schools in our native country that do seek them in Baden—2,000,000 of persons would annually receive education at the expense of 1,100,000*l.* It may seem that this would be a great additional burden to an already burdened State; but I must not only contend that the burden, even at first, is more apparent than real, but also that ultimately, instead of a burden, it would prove a relief. It can be statistically demonstrated, my Lord, that in all States where a well organized system of education has been instituted, poverty and its consequent claims upon the public have been diminished in such a degree, as to afford the

certainty of an immense diminution of that tremendous burden the poor's rates, were such an educational institution established in England. I do not say that it would extinguish them, for there must always be support provided for the old, the sick, and the incapable, of the poorer classes; but it would go far to reduce the poor rates to a name. Still it may be said the present expense would be a great burden on the finances of the State; but such is not the case. One-half at least, or 5s. 6d. per annum for each scholar, might well be paid, (and according to the best experimental opinions should be paid) by the parents of the children taught. From the 550,000*l.* remaining, a part must be deducted for the rent and repairs of the schoolhouses, which, beyond all doubt, should be maintained by the parishes which benefit by their institution; and to meet the remaining charge I need hardly point out to your Lordship, that there are already very considerable funds appropriated for the purposes of education, which could be applied to this object, without any change of destination, or any infraction of rights. The sum then demanded of the State need but be very small indeed."—pp. 67—71.

We shall not accompany our author any farther among the States of Germany, but generally remark that we have been delighted with some principles which he uniformly and prominently advocates. He looks upon the education of the people as one of the first objects of all good government, and moral education to be of as great importance as that which is intellectual, so that the two should go hand in hand, and that therefore the saner and more valuable branches of literature should be encouraged by government, meaning by these branches, such as have a direct tendency to improve the heart and instruct the mind. We wish our limits would allow us to introduce into our pages the whole of his last letter to Lord Brougham, in which the character of the literature to be encouraged, and the nature of that encouragement, are treated with a power, an eloquence, and sagacity, worthy of such influential themes.

He laments that certain branches of literature which are calculated to confer the greatest benefits upon society, are at present less popular than those that amuse the fancy or convey superficial knowledge. Historical inquiry and disquisition have thus, as he considers, been neglected, while the cheap publications, such as libraries, have flooded the empire, proving any thing but a disposition in the public for real and accurate knowledge, or an inclination to encourage those who strive for it. Mr. James is severe upon these cheap publications, and perhaps not more than they deserve as a body. But the habits and exigencies of the age, we fear, are likely to continue unpropitious to the encouragement of profound, elaborate, and original works, unless the State take literature under its immediate protection. And this protection our author urges as an imperative duty, as the paragraphs to be cited prove.

"Amongst the many causes which have, up to the present time, prevented any general administrative measure for the protection and recompense of instructive literature, only one, and that the chief, may require notice—I mean apathy, a principle which is never suffered to act in England

when any man's individual interest is concerned ; but which has hitherto been powerfully oppressive, when great but general objects have been to be obtained. This, however, is gone. I trust, into the dust of other centuries, never to revive again. I do believe, as I sincerely hope, that a great part of the nation begins to see that something more is to be felt, and to be considered, and to be provided for, than momentary convenience and individual interests ; and to perceive that the great object of ameliorating the state of society, has for its first principle the advancement and improvement of the human mind. If so—if energy is really awakened to these objects, the present state of things in regard to the higher branches of letters can no longer exist ; the Government must, ere long, form some plan and devise some means of supporting those classes of literature which public favour will not support, of rewarding those labours that public taste will not reward, and of honouring those who have honoured their country by adding to its literary reputation.

“ In regard to the method of promoting the higher classes of instructive literature, there can be no doubt that there are but two means which, combining stimulus to future exertions, with recompense for past efforts, will induce men of talent to apply their energies to cultivate the difficult field of historical research or moral disquisition. The first of these means is, of course, to secure to them some pecuniary benefit—to hold out to them some object which the exertion of the mind and industry will certainly obtain ; and thus to make them feel that the employment of their talents, the occupation of their time, and even the considerable pecuniary expenses which many branches of research require, will no longer be in vain—to show them that their duty to themselves and to their families is not lost sight of, while labouring for the public benefit, and that the cold meed of the applause of the few, or the still more desolate portion of posthumous renown, is not all that is to attend their genius and repay their exertions. Did literary men in England feel this to be the case, many of the most worthy would dedicate themselves to greater objects than they can or ought to pursue at present ; and foreign nations would no longer have to reproach us with carrying commerce into our literature, and devoting ourselves exclusively to *the manufacture of what will sell*. This, my Lord, you must well know, is a common reproach against us amongst foreigners ; but while they make it, they forget that England is the only country in Europe where the Government does nothing to promote or encourage literature. •

“ There are, however, some men happily placed in such situations as not to require pecuniary remuneration, who will both bestow labour and money upon literary pursuits ; and surely to render the number greater, and to reward those that do exist, it is scarcely too much to expect that those who follow the higher walks of literature, should be admitted to share in those honorary distinctions which are showered with so profuse a hand on other classes and other professions.”—pp. 128—130, 132—134.

• Our author points out what other countries and governments have done in behalf of literature. Some may be surprised to find a despot—the Emperor of Russia—figuring amongst such patrons ; with whose example we leave these letters, which are highly interesting to the general reader, and we hope familiar to the members of the British government and senate.

"One of the first acts of the present emperor, on his accession to the throne, was to bestow a pension of fifty thousand roubles on Karamsin, the historian, with the reversion to his wife and children. To Zagorskine, the patriotic novelist, a pension of five thousand roubles has been given, and the direction of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, worth about fifteen thousand more. Pushkine, the first living poet of Russia, the liberal tone of whose politics is in no degree concealed, enjoys an appointment, with ten thousand roubles per annum. Goulianoft, residing out of the country, in pursuit of his well known researches, receives twelve thousand roubles from the emperor; and the amiable and accomplished Joukovsky possesses one of the first appointments near the heir apparent to the throne. Honorary distinctions of every kind are bestowed upon literary men with a liberal hand; and the regulations in regard to what is called civil rank, are such as to insure to talent and exertion both honour and reward. Each degree taken at the university has attached to it a corresponding class of civil rank. Fourteen of these classes exist, each of them is open to merit, and the eighth confers the privilege of nobility. I mean not to say, my Lord, that such arrangements could ever be possible in England; I mean not to hold up even the pensions and rewards bestowed by other Governments as examples for us to imitate; but I do mean to say, that though the details may be inapplicable to ourselves, the general fact of great encouragement being bestowed upon literature is not so; and that if the measures of the Russian Government in this respect cast immortal honour on those who have projected and executed them, the want of all measures adapted to produce the same effect in our country, will cast disgrace upon each succeeding administration, till the evil be remedied."—pp. 139—141.

ART. X.—*Twenty Years in Retirement.* By the Author of "Twelve Years' Military Adventure." 2 vols. London: Cochran and Co. 1835.

THE best part of this book is its title; and a good title to a book, now-a-days, is half the battle. No one can exactly guess from it what sort of contents are to be found within; for there is little that may be compassed by man's experience, met by his knowledge, or suggested by his imagination, which cannot come within the grasp of twenty years in retirement. The retired gentleman may speculate profoundly by his fireside, may peep into the world without, may undertake excursions and tours abroad, and return, like a bee, with the treasures of observation which he has gathered; he may give us gentle and soothing meditations, or enter, with his pen in hand, the battle-field of politics or of war, as a champion or a swaggerer, and yet all the while preserve the character announced by our author's title. We all know how well Cowper knew the world, and wrote of it; and yet there never was a more retired gentleman. The present writer, to be sure, can claim no relationship to the poet; but yet, like him, he speaks of any thing and every thing, maintaining, consistently enough all the while, the propriety of his situation.

We are rather disappointed, however, in looking into the fruits of these twenty years of retirement, to find that they can be con-

tained in two volumes, when we consider that the writer is one of those *omnium-gatherum* gentlemen, to whom nothing is too great nor too small, too trifling nor too serious—especially as he is a great talker, just as surely as he is a surpassing egotist. Two goodly octavos, however, are no joke, either to the writer or to the reader; the difference being that the former is presumed to have twenty years for the gathering or manufacturing his goods, whereas the latter may not have so many hours to look them over. We must do our best, nevertheless, to give our readers some account of a work in which there are some good things, a great deal more that is perfectly common place, and about as much that is trash. There are to our taste some things in it which are really offensive; we particularly allude to the vulgarity of matter and style, but still more of the sentiment that is often to be met with. We also complain of the author's incessant effort to be a wit, a wag, or a humourist—characters which he can ill sustain; which opinion we found upon this evidence, that we have only once been betrayed into a laugh in the course of reading the whole work. The second volume was the one which we first took, and it will serve us amply with illustrations in support of our opinion of the performance. We begin with the very first chapter of the volume, which is to the tune of “Muse-feeding.”

“I have always been of opinion that the best poems have owed their merit to the Muse having been fed, during her pregnancy, in a way suited to the work in contemplation, the stomach having, as I before observed, a strong influence on the imagination. When, therefore, a poet finds his Muse getting squeamish, and refusing her breakfast, he should immediately set himself to consider what is the nature of the offspring of which she is likely to be delivered, and put her on a regimen accordingly.

“I think these matters must have been well understood among the ancients, for it seems to me beyond a doubt, that the Muse of Homer must have been nourished on very strong meat before she could have given birth to such characters as Achilles, Hector, or Ajax; and that, in doing justice to the bright eyes that caused the fall of Ilion, she must have been under the influence of the sparkling fluid; while nothing less, I am convinced, than a jorum of whisky punch could have enabled her to describe, in such forcible language, the quarrel of Pelides and the King of Men. Nor is it possible that the Mantuan bard could have carried his hero through all his perils of war and women, unless his Muse had been pretty well primed, and at least half-seas over, when she sang the dangers he underwent in his eventful voyage. The poet, indeed, tacitly admits as much; for he does not make Dido to call on her guest for the siege of Troy, till the bowl had circulated pretty freely, nor the pious Æneas to ‘renew his grief’ till he has a ‘drop in his eye,’ or is, in other words, crying drunk.

“Horace, too, when his Muse was getting round in the waist, must often have been invited to partake of the good cheers of Mecænas’ table; and, doubtless, in those days when patrons were not so scarce, nor poets so independent as they are now, he must have had a knife and fork at the best supplied boards of the metropolis of the world. Indeed, if we could

come at the truth, I dare say it would be found, that he was also a constant attendant at the public dinners of the imperial city, there to contribute his quota to 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' with which—if there were reporters in those days—the news-reading part of the public must often have been regaled at their breakfast, as we are now edified after a city feast or a Highland Society dinner.

"Or, to approach nearer to our own times, must not the Muse of 'Paradise Lost' have fed most daintily, ere she could have depicted, in such glowing colours, the lives of our first parents in the garden of Eden; wherein she proves so strong a contrast to that part of the poem, where, having probably taken a glass too much, she makes the contending angels to pelt each other with mountains, or the infernal artillerists to send round grape and canister, rattling among the celestial ranks, to riddle the incorporeal frames of the aerial militants?"—vol. ii.—pp. 1—4.

"I have always been of opinion" that so and so was the case, means, of course, that this opinion only had its rise and existence at the time when the author hammered out of his brain what he thought was a happy sort of running criticism on the most celebrated poets of ancient and modern times, in which, however, we have not been fortunate enough to find any thing descriptive of the Muse in the style of feeding supposed. Our humourist allots food and drink to the Muse of Shakspeare, Byron, Moore, Southey (upon whom he is severe, counselling him "to submit his Muse to a proper regimen"), Scott, &c., down to the Muse as fed of late years, of which he says, "how easy it is to perceive, from some of the puny spawnings of intellect that come forth from the press, how low their mammas must have been kept. What few inequalities these productions possess, where the Muse seems to rise above herself, doubtless owe their self-compared elevation to an occasional draught of ginger-pop; their pathos to a treat of treacle-posset; and what little point they possess to a point at a red herring." How very pungent is our satirist! But pray, upon what does your Muse feed, Mr. Retirement? might some of these same starved mammas ask, if revengefully inclined. The answer—neither roast beef and plumb pudding, nor rump steak and black strap; and yet he can describe John Bull very well. He is speaking of horse-races in the *Champ de Mars*.

"There were a great many persons assembled; but nothing resembling sport. A few English horses of third-rate quality, ridden by jockeys of the same country, but badly matched, started. One broke down before he was half-way round, from the hardness of the course; and the others came in like a flock of geese. The Parisians seemed to take no interest in the thing, and made nothing like a fair of it, but dispersed as soon as the running, which lasted but a short time, was over. The only persons who seemed to make a *fête* of it, were the English jockeys and grooms. About thirty or forty of these sat down to a table spread under the trees. The cheer consisted of immense joints of roast beef, and rounds of the same, interspersed with dishes of potatoes and the national plum-pudding, all served together at once. The handmaids were strapping Englishwomen, who shuffled through the crowd with the smoking viands, to the

astonishment of the Parisians, who very politely made way for them, with the exclamation of—" *Mon Dieu, quel roti!—Est-ce là de bœuf salé?—Sacristi! c'est en rond de bœuf;—et des pommes de terre en redingotes! Oh! que c'est drole! Est-ce là fameux plomb boudin?*" Then they made a ring round the table, watching the demolition of the catables, and making their remarks thereon. John, however, was not the least disconcerted, but went on quite at his ease, merely turning round now and then to drink to the health of *Mounseer*, in a jorum of English porter.

"Of these English grooms, there are a great many in Paris. Every Frenchman, who boasts a good stud, has one or more; and they may constantly be seen at the gates of the livery stables, being readily known by their clear complexions, knowing look, and peculiar costume, as well as by the attitude they stand in, with their legs apart, and their hands in their breeches-pockets, or playing with a Scotch terrier.

"These chaps belong to a genus peculiarly English, variously denominated, as Flashmen, Swellmen, &c. His full-dress, or toggery, as he would call it himself, consists of a single-breasted coat, long in the waist, a waistcoat very long, with three or four buttons open at bottom, an immense pair of breeches, gathered tight at the knee, the buttons of which are directly in front, and extend half-way down the calf, top-boots, or laced ones with a half-gaiter to meet, a white neckcloth tied somewhat *à la matelot*, and fastened by a large brooch; the whole surmounted by a low-crowned hat.

"He has a peculiar phraseology of his own, commonly denominated slang; spits out of the corner of his mouth; is not a bad fellow in any thing but horse-dealing, but there is a privileged rogue. He is to be seen at all races, horse-fairs, boxing-matches, and such like; and in all the various ramifications of the *equine* business he is a principal mover. This class has infinite gradation, from the Gentleman Swell-man who takes the ribbons occasionally, down to the Cad who stands behind an omnibus. He is of some consequence in society, and even noblemen have been known to imitate him, and to feel proud of his company. He has a sovereign contempt for every one who makes use of his own legs; and looks down upon a French groom, as a bull-dog at a Dutch pug. 'Lord bless you, Sir!' said one of these fellows to me one day, 'these Frenchmen have as much *idear* of getting a horse into condition, as I would have of fattening a frog!'"—vol. ii, pp. 10—13.

Nothing in these volumes seems to us better done than the sketches of character and peculiarities of person, which are very frequently introduced, though we cannot say much in behalf of his taste, which is often as inelegant as his anecdotes are ungraceful. Soon after his picture of English Jockeys, we have him dubbing certain animals, which received no small notoriety from a late Lord Chancellor's description, with a new name, never before found in natural history. The anecdote is about B flats, but what he means by this witty nickname is too disgusting for our pages.

The author jumps from one thing to another with the slightest ceremony possible. Immediately after the interesting anecdote of B flats comes a complaint of French trickery, and then the *pros* and *cons* about monopolies. He, however, soon sets his foot upon English ground, and again settles, as a retired gentleman, not long

after which "my wife was brought to bed." Besides, "the education of our children now began to demand attention;" and a long chapter we have, describing the outs and ins of his system, which he considers in several respects to be quite original. We are bad judges of his claims on this subject, never having had any experience in the line; but still it is easy to perceive that he very often repeats that which has been said a thousand times as well before, and also that he is not seldom a theorist, to an extent that would do honour to a bachelor, whose children are always non-such examples.

"Most writers on early education have dilated on the importance of preventing the minds of children being imbued with false impressions. Indeed, too much cannot be said on this subject; for much of the character of our after-life depends on this. I have experienced these effects of early impressions in my own person; for, though I believe I can stand fire with most persons, I have always felt a repugnance to personal encounters with the sword, which I can only attribute to my mother's screaming out when I cut my finger. All fear from darkness, churchyards, ghosts, goblins, &c. may be traced to the nursery. By putting children in a dark closet as a punishment, darkness and pain are associated in their minds. If they are alarmed at thunder and lightning, it is from seeing those around them terrified. On such occasions, therefore, if I cannot trust the nurses, I have them brought to me. Thus my children are not at all alarmed in a thunder-storm. There is another point in which I am very particular: I never allow them to be rewarded or punished through their stomachs: for this is teaching them to be *gourmands*.

"In the formation of the character, of course the most important part of a parent's duty is to imbue the mind with early religious impressions; but it must be obvious to all unprejudiced persons that, in this respect, we cannot begin too gradually, nor lay the foundation on too simple principles. The most that can be taught a child during the first few years, without perplexing his mind, is natural religion—that is, a knowledge of the attributes of the Deity: a love and reverence towards him; an obedience to his commands, as evinced in the natural and self-evident principles of right and wrong; a belief in a future state of reward and punishment; and the practice of prayer. The doctrines of Christianity will follow when the mind is capable of comprehending them, or when the judgment, having given its assent to the divine origin of the religion of Jesus, is willing to believe, on the faith of God's word, those mysteries which it cannot understand. But to load the infant mind with mysteries, before it has been exercised on subjects of rational belief, is, in my opinion, extremely dangerous in a religious point of view, and adverse to the formation of those clear and distinct ideas on which the superstructure of education ought to rest."—vol. ii, pp. 27—32.

"Not at all alarmed in a thunder-storm!" We have doubts; at any rate, if the father will change the word *alarm* into *awe*, we do not envy him his success, if he finds his children totally uninfluenced by such becoming considerations as fall within the meaning of that word; nor is it possible, as soon as they learn what has frequently happened during thunder-storms, that they can remain unmoved, even although the offspring of I,

who "can stand fire with most persons." But then he teaches his children, without perplexing their minds, "natural religion—that is, a knowledge of the attributes of the Deity. Well, we have no right to say after this, what alarms them or what alarms them not.

We may be allowed to observe, however, that besides certain singular statements of facts, we have on the subject of education, amongst a number of strikingly happy suggestions, also certain singular opinions. In denouncing a public school as injurious to a girl, after asserting that it tends to make her as it were an alien to her own family, to which she only belongs, and to waste her sympathies and affections on strangers, he adds—

"Friendship can never be useful to a woman, but may prove injurious, by diverting her affections from their legitimate objects. Love in a woman springs from nature alone. It is nature that makes her cling to her parents. It is nature that leads her to love the man; and it is nature that binds her to cherish her offspring. Friendships spring not altogether from nature; therefore she seldom has them in reality. Rousseau says, and truly, that women seldom perform kind offices to each other; they reserve all their affection for the other sex and for their children. Notwithstanding all that literature is indebted to females, why does the reproach of blue-stocking still adhere to the fair author? Simply because the character appears unnatural. She seems to, be devoting to the public those talents, and that time, which were intended for home purposes. When a female, without having any family to require her attention, turns all her faculties to the instruction and amusement of mankind, then, indeed, she is more than a woman; and, as such, is entitled to our consideration and regard."—pp. 41, 42.

Is all this true? We hope part of the statement is not. We ask, is the female heart so differently formed from that of the other sex, that its love is totally different, or that friendship and esteem has no share in its kindred affection? Our author seems to say so; but we trust it is a libel. The truth is, that the sort of unmeasured asseverations which some persons are fond of indulging in, when dealing in characteristics, arise from a desire to be energetically pointed, abruptly comprehensive, and distinguished for happily conceived and expressed contrasts, where there is no contrast, and only a slight variety. But in the next chapter to the one from which we have last quoted, there is much more about female education, under the meant-to-be satirically witty head of "Institution for the formation of Wives." Here the same sort of reckless assertions about female character, talents, and duties are crowded together; from which one must infer that the writer entertains exceedingly disparaging and despotic notions respecting the tender sex. Thus—

"It must be admitted, that amidst all the fashionable accomplishments with which it is thought necessary, in these days, to cram the fair speculators in matrimony, that most desirable of all accomplishments, the art of pleasing a husband, is never for a moment thought of. When those allurements which captivate the eye, the ear, or the imagination, have lost

their novelty, or have ceased to be practised, there remains on the modern system of female education, nothing solid whereon to build the substantial enjoyments of domestic life. The useful is, on all occasions, made to give way to the ornamental. That female who, on the present plan, makes a good wife, must not be of the common mould. Thrice happy the man who, in the lottery of matrimony, obtains such a prize!

"It cannot be denied that many women have distinguished themselves in the field of literature; still it must be admitted, that this is not their proper sphere of action. Let such, however, as feel disposed to devote their lives to the advancement of letters follow their inclinations, but let them not presume to turn wives. A learned wife may be considered about as useful a member of society as a learned pig. Indeed, the latter may be looked upon as the less injurious of the two; for all the loss the *blue-stocking* grunter occasions to society is the failure of her half-yearly crop, or in postponing till her dotage the surrender of her flitches; it being presumed that as long as the said pig exhibits for the profit of its owner, or for the gratification of the curious, it is kept free from the incumbrance of a family. In this case, no hungry suckers squak forth their impatience while mamma goes through the alphabet to an admiring company, no domestic duty is neglected, no moral obligation is broken. But the hapless progeny of a learned human mother must pine in ignorance and neglect, while mamma is preparing pap for 'babes of larger growth,' or in reading for her evening's exhibition before a select circle of *savans*; and that wretched appendage, the husband, is prevented from following some profitable occupation by the honourable part of *amanuensis* to his better and more learned half."—pp. 43—45.

All this is coarse, beyond what him should expect of him who has belonged to the gallant and generous profession of arms, or who figures in the character of a contemplative retired gentleman. He is excessively offended at the word *seminary*, instead of *school*, being used in such establishments as are for the education of young ladies, but condescends to admit that the adoption of the term is right, since "it would be just as appropriate to give the name of school to an establishment for the cramming of turkeys, as to such fashionable young-lady-coops as are now used to preparing females for the matrimonial market." We are glad that he has left off the swinish comparison, and taken refuge for his rhetoric amongst a tribe of bipeds, though "feather'd o'er they be." From even this moderated imagery and abuse of female seminaries, a stranger, who reposed unlimited confidence in the representations of our ex-captain, would necessarily conclude that the English fair were the most shallow, deceitful, or depraved race of women that ever were heard of, and, instead of any thing like domestic comfort or matrimonial virtues being found in the nation, that English wives were, in almost every case, slatterns, fools, or profligates. But let not any foreign sojourner who may visit our shores be altogether frightened out of his propriety by a forlorn prospect of our future condition, for our author puts a hypothetical case of reform, which he no doubt thinks may be realized, especially, of course, since he has condescended to point out the mode of its operation,

and what must be its origin, in a passage of unusual pretensions, if we may guess from the array of laboured antitheses by which he has served up his views.

“When female talent is once directed into its proper channel, what glorious results may not be anticipated! That genius which could pen a *Corinne*, or a *Celebs*, will then exert its energies in the important office of, regulating a family, or in advancing that most useful of all sciences—domestic economy. What a revolution in female habits will then be effected! Those fingers which once brandished the goose-quill only, will then be permitted to explore the inmost recesses of the noble biped which supplied it. That genius which could force us to waste our sympathies on a fictitious tale, will then be more profitably employed in drawing tears from a calf’s foot, in watching the droppings of a jelly-bag, or in listening to the simmering of a mazarine kettle. That magic power which had our passions at command, and which, by playing on the weakness of our nature, could harrow up our souls with a tale of misery or of horror, will then have a free vent for all its heart-rending propensities in the slaughter of the poultry-yard, in the skinning of the eel, in the boiling of the lobster, or in extracting from beef and cabbage a *bubble*, and a *squeak*. That exalted mind which could smile with contempt at the vituperations of the critic, will then listen with equal indifference to the hissing of the tea-kettle. She who once presided at the *coterie*—who was, as it were, the sun of her own system, whose wit radiated in electric flashes to the furthest extremities of her circle, while the pale envious moons ‘hid their diminished heads,’ as she displayed her refulgence, or, when she turned her back, shone in her borrowed light—may then, without exciting envy, or inflicting a pang, exert equal talent in the manufacture of bohea, and display her Christian virtues in dispensing to a numerous company the refreshing beverage, without its usual accompaniment of scandal. When employed in such truly domestic duties, the homely matron will have nothing to fear from the malice of the world; no clouds of detraction will obscure her modest light, no storms will ruffle her peaceful countenance. When those halcyon days arrive, the literary female will superintend her *litter* of pigs. The *press* will still team with her productions; but it will be the labour of her hands, not of her brain. Instead of writing *fine things*, she will get them up. Instead of *mangling* the character of her neighbours, she will bestow that favour on her house-linen. Instead of saying *tart things*, not easily stomach^d or digested, she will make tart things to go down glibly, by the happy mixture of sweet and sour. The neat well-darned white-stockings will take place of the blue. In short, all her habits will be changed, and all her ideas concentrated within their proper sphere.”
—pp. 47—50.

There is more of this sort of pedantic eloquence; but the above must suffice. Let us now contemplate the author as a political authority; and here, surely, he must be allowed to possess no slight weight, since he tells us that “no one has been more baited for his political opinions than I have been. I may safely say notwithstanding, that I bear no malice towards any man (marvellous liberality!), nor harbour any resentment, except (we pant with anxiety) towards a few individuals of my own station in life, who have thought proper to withdraw from me (think of that, ye fools

and villains !) the light of their countenance, without any personal difference whatever." His confessions exhibit such magnanimity and tenderness of principle, that we must proceed with some more of them. " I always respect conscientious convictions (who dare doubt it after you have said it?), and I can make due allowance for early prejudices ; but I acknowledge that I can keep no terms (no terms, remember) with those who resist Reform (tremble, ye boarding-school mistresses) from a desire to hold fast the fruits of corruption. I know there are many amiable, and, I may add (now for exemplary charity), talented persons, who have a superstitious dread of innovation, and a kind of filial reverence for antiquity. (What is it faint praise does, when coming from a Daniel?) These are very useful people in their way. (In their way : this, dear Sir, is rather severe ; is it not?) They are the ballast which prevents the vessel of the State from being overset (nothing sends home a truth or a maxim so forcibly to man's understanding and conviction as a good and short comparison), and, as such (but, oh ! that *as such*), I acknowledge their importance. (Keep what ye have got, ye pigs of lead, lest you get no more.) But I confess (how condescending again !) I would rather be one of the sails (he prefers having wings to being a pig of any kind) which impel the bark in her course than a pig of lead in the hold. I venerate (we breathe freely again) our Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons (well, this should be comfort to William and others, for one month, at least), and for this reason (we dread these reasons again), I would endeavour to free it from those corruptions which deform it ; but (here is something, of course, to re-animate our hopes) I am not so blinded." We dare not go farther, lest we should be deprived of the little remnant of consolation that is within us ; having, therefore, obtained the assurance that " I am not blinded," we leave this part of the author's confession, praying that he may always possess his present clear-sightedness.

When on the subject of politics, however, it would be wrong were we to withhold from our readers part of our retired gentleman's account of the progress of his opinions, from his boyhood upwards. Few things are more worthy of contemplation than the growth of great men's minds ; and daring not to doubt that the author before us ranks among such weighty and wise specimens of splendid humanity, why should we not avail ourselves of the ample information before us ? In such a case we should be especially grateful for the remarkable particularity with which the author has written of himself.

" Thirty-three years have now elapsed since I embarked in life. The first twelve years, which comprised my military career, was a stormy period in history ; and in its hardships and perils I had my full share. When I look back at what I was then, and consider what I am now, I confess I am not a little surprised at the change which has taken place in my opinions on many subjects, but particularly in politics. I was born

and bred a Tory. Almost the first sounds that reached my infant ear were lamentations at the horrors of the French Revolution, and execrations against the authors of them. Joined to this, my almost infantine enrolment in the profession of arms (for I was a lieutenant at eight years old, as I have already explained in my former memoirs,) brought me naturally into mental collision with our ancient enemy, and led me to look upon a Frenchman, and every thing belonging to him, with hatred. I learnt, at the same time to venerate Pitt, and to curse Fox, and to consider the party to which the latter belonged as leagued with the enemies of my country.

“ With these feelings and prejudices I went forth into the world at the age of seventeen; and it is by no means surprising that, in the bustle of a military life spent in camps far distant from my native country, and associating only with persons of my own profession, my attention should never have been directed to subjects connected with civil policy.

“ To be sure, the rapid increase of a national debt, already great beyond conception, and a novelty in the history of the world, did sometimes strike me as a thing to stagger my faith in the ‘ powers that were.’ But this was only a passing thought; and it was not till I had given up the profession of arms, and had sat down quietly, that I began seriously to think on the affairs of my country. No doubt the prejudices of my youth and education had been gradually wearing away, and giving place to more enlarged views, which, joined to a natural detestation of every thing like oppression or tyranny, prepared my mind for the reception of liberal opinions. Sober reflection and some reading brought me to see things in their true colours, and to view the system upon which Great Britain had been governed for many years, as not only in theory revolting to reason and common sense, but in practice ruinous. Mine was not a sudden conversion to new doctrines. One by one my early prepossessions disappeared, and I have now become as hearty a liberal—Radical if you please—as is consistent with respect for the British Constitution—not as delivered to us by our ancestors, but as improved by the great measure of Reform, which has placed the power where it ought to be—in the hands of the people. Whether or not I shall proceed onwards to Republicanism will depend on the working of this second charter of British rights, when it shall have received those alterations in its details, the necessity of which is becoming every day more apparent.

“ The reader is already in possession of my sentiments on various subjects of Policy. There is, however, one leading question which I have not yet touched upon, and on which I cannot take leave of the public, without expressing my opinion—that is, the Church Establishment.”—pp. 379—382. •

Upon all occasions we keep our pages free from political fervour, and must be excused if we request those who wish to be enlightened by our ex-officer's sentiments “ on various subjects of policy” to betake themselves to the volumes in which they are at length detailed. We may be allowed to remark, however, that in these sentiments we have found nothing but what is to be heard in any radical publication of the last two years.* To our taste his book would have been much more attractive had it dealt in sketches of character and snatches of sentiment, such as a retired and reflecting

man might at all times render agreeable and instructive, even although he was as common-place as our author. The following is a favourable specimen, were it not for that eternal *I*.

"In 1833 I set out with my family to pay our relations and friends in Leicestershire a visit. Ten years had elapsed since I left that county. Now, really ten years makes some difference in the appearance of one's acquaintance. The child of former years has grown into manhood. The little girl, whom you have dandled on your knee, and kissed over and over again, is now a young woman, and returns your bow with a modest curtsy, or perhaps presents her smiling offspring to accept those caresses, which, from her altered state, she herself can no longer becomingly receive. The school-boy, whom you treated at the pastry-cook's, and whom you tipped with half-a-crown at parting, now talks of his dogs, his hunters, and his regiment. The youth of former days has become a sober married man with a family. The whiskers of contemporaries are fast turning grey. Your old companion in sport is laid up with the gout, and your old gouty friend is laid under the sod. And so they are passing on through the magic-lantern of life. Now, when one sees all this, one naturally goes home and looks in the glass, to endeavour to trace the progress of time in one's own person; but there is no mirror so true as the face of an old acquaintance. At one time, when I went to London, I knew almost every second person I met in the haunts of the idle; but each successive year the number of my acquaintances diminished, till now, when I go up, I may walk for half an hour without meeting a face that I know. Surely, then, I must be getting old. My remaining contemporaries in arms are major generals. I have one school-fellow a bishop, another the warden of a college, one the head-master of a public school, one a judge, and two sergents-at-law. Must I not, then, be getting old? I recollect the time when I should have thought a person of my age an elderly man, and yet I should now probably quarrel with the man who were to call me so. Surely this is a sign of dotage, and I must positively be getting old. But, if I am, what is there to be ashamed of, if I do not retain the vices or the follies of youth? Ay, there's the rub! How few of us can say that? and not I, I fear. Well, then, if I am getting old, it is no more than a great many persons of my age are: so, as I cannot mend the matter, nor stop the hand of Time, I had better take Time by the forelock, if it have not, like myself, grown bald, and endeavour to make the best use of that portion of existence which may yet be allotted to me."—pp. 146—148.

Enough has been cited from these pages to show the style and some of the opinions of the author, from which the spirit of the whole may be pretty shrewdly understood. It does seem to us, however, that besides the egotism of his style, the errors or absurdities of some of his opinions, and the coarseness of his pictures, that there is in the spirit some things fully as bad as anything in his style; something at one time vulgar, at another un-English. These features are perhaps, however, chiefly owing to the exaggeration and caricature that belong to many of his representations. We take as an example part of what is said of a troop of yeomanry cavalry, regarding which the author evidently allows his political creed to sway his description.

"This consisted of a medley of farmers, half-pay officers—*naval* as well as *military*—and tradesmen, many of whom had never bestrode a horse in their lives, and who depended on chance for the means of mounting themselves. Having been one of the corps myself, I may be fairly allowed to criticise it; and I must say that a more contemptible description of troops (if troops they can be called) cannot be well imagined. They are calculated to *frighten* a mob, and nothing more. A few resolute fellows, with pitchforks in their hands, and handkerchiefs tied at the end of them, would suffice to defeat a whole troop. They would only have to shake their ragged flags in the faces of the horses to set them all to the right about; but if a few squibs and crackers were thrown amongst them the confusion would be irreparable, and in many instances the separation of man and beast effectually accomplished. Only conceive the time and trouble required to make a dragoon and his horse, when both are of an age to bear the requisite discipline, and then imagine the possibility of rendering efficient, for any purpose of warfare, such men and such cattle as our Yeomanry are composed of, with the means and time afforded. I don't dispute the bravery of the men—they are Englishmen; but what is bravery without discipline? and, even allowing the men to be efficient, of what use could they be on inefficient horses? I say, then, with Yeomanry the horses should only be considered as the means of quick transport, in which capacity they may be of great use. In action they should be altogether out of the question (unless the mob think proper to be frightened, and to run away at the sight of them), for the object is not to pursue a mob, but to break and disperse it. The men, therefore, should be armed with carbines, and drilled as infantry—a comparatively easy task; and when required to act, they should dismount (a few remaining to hold the horses), and not subject themselves to be defeated in the manner above described.

"View then Boniface (he is one of our serjeants) issuing forth from the sign of the Red Lion; near the door stands a group of idle urchins, with looks compounded of awe and ridicule, and at least as much disposed to quiz as to admire the hero of the tap-room. 'Only see,' says one, 'he's got some silver stripes on his arm.' But a proud look from the serjeant, with a nod of his horse-hair plume, silences their remarks. But what is the charger about? Is he pawing the ground, proud of his military trappings, and impatient to join in 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war?' No, I cannot take upon myself to say that he is. If poor Rosinante displays any impatience, it consists in a nervous trepidation of the limbs at the thought of the weight he is about to carry, increased as it is by the addition of pistols, sword, cloak, valise, &c. Now Boniface, gathering up the reins in his left hand, applies his left foot to the stirrup, and then, intending to do the thing in style, he brings up his right leg with a sweep more than usually brisk, and quite sufficient to plant him in a common saddle; but oblivious of the unusual projection in the shape of a valise, the knee of the horseman encounters an obstacle, which, on the principle of action and re-action, sends him back with such force as to lay him sprawling in the mud. Poor Boniface is sadly disconcerted, particularly as the accident has elicited the laughter of the by-standers. But having, with the assistance of his Missus, who stands at the door, wiped the dirt off his clothes, he again essays to mount; but on this occasion, determined to clear the valise, he gives his leg and body such a swing as would infallibly have pitched him on his nose, if the Squire, who is hold-

ing the horse and off-stirrup, had not intercepted him. His cap, however, which partook of the velocity of the falling body, tumbles into the gutter; and the gay plume is all besmeared with filth, which it takes his wife some little time to remove. The perpendicular being restored, another difficulty is to be overcome: the holsters and cloak have taken possession of the post usually allotted to his belly. What is to be done? The straps must be loosened to admit the corporation, and now the aforesaid appendages hang over the horse's neck in the most ridiculous manner. But there is no help for it: there they must remain dangling backwards and forwards to the great annoyance of the said belly. Off we go at length; but before the serjeant gets a few yards from his door, Rosinante, who is not yet reconciled to the sword and sabre-dash, begins to show symptoms of disapprobation; for fear of the consequences of which Boniface is compelled to ride along holding at arm's length the obnoxious weapon and its accompaniments—a pretty picture truly!—pp. 347—349, 351—353.

It is clear that the writer chuckled most self-complacently over these representations. But are they fair and true? Is he alone the only man that eats fire? Is he in any respect superior to thousands of English farmers and yeomen? Discipline! who denies its efficacy? But volunteers—undisciplined peasantry—a whole population, in countries that cannot be named along with England, have done as gallant and efficient deeds in resisting invaders as ever disciplined troops have done, or ever will do, although they should be constructed of such retired heroes as the author himself. What did the undisciplined men, with English blood in their veins, do at New Orleans, under General Jackson? What have they not done in the Peninsula, and many other quarters of the world? Service will secure discipline, and without it even our regular professors of arms are not to be trusted, though many of them may boast, “I believe I can stand fire with most persons.” But it is fair to remember that this announcement was moderated by the admission, “I have always felt a repugnance to personal encounters with the sword, which I can only attribute to my mother's screaming out when I cut my finger.” The “could steel,” as General Picton called it, is not for our captain; we, therefore, can easily understand whence he judged of the yeomanry corps to which he belongs—not, be it known, from any pain or damage which a cut might occasion himself, but because others might scream. Prodigious!

ART. XI.—*History of the British Colonies.* By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F. S. S. Vol. V. London: Cochran and Co. 1835. . . .

MR. M. MARTIN has in this great work exemplified happily what may be accomplished by honesty of purpose, persevering labour, and independent talent. He has by the present volume concluded a work not more called for than it was new; and when we consider the immense variety of information requisite to its completion, and

the want of guides, by whom his path might have been pointed out, it is astonishing that he should have been able to approach any thing like a satisfactory history of the unparalleled and unmeasured possessions of the British nation. That there are several miscalculations and errors in the five thick octavo volumes of this history need not be denied; the wonder is that they are not glaring and multitudinous. Owing to the heretofore deficient state of statistical knowledge—for Mr. Martin says that there are scarcely two official returns alike (the Board of Trade varying from the Colonial Office, the Custom House from the East India House, and so on)—most men would have grown impatient and heartless in the course of such a performance as this, and many years might have elapsed before the constantly accumulating difficulties and perplexities of the subject were again attempted to be unravelled. The accomplishment of much of the present work, however, has not only cleared the way, and mastered the most formidable of these difficulties, thereby affording to future cultivators of the same field unspeakable advantages, but it has in itself scope, extent, minuteness, and accuracy sufficient to render it at all times a safe book of reference regarding every branch of the political, statistical, commercial, and social condition of every one of our foreign and colonial possessions, in so far as these can at present be reached and investigated. Nor can it be doubted that the author will always be adding to his information and correcting his history as more light reaches him. We learn, indeed, that he is preparing for the press a volume on the Colonies of France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Russia, Turkey, &c., which must open up to him and his readers additional access to a knowledge of our own colonial system of policy. No work of the kind, it appears, at present exists; nor can we think of any writer who is likely to be half as well accomplished for the undertaking as Mr. Martin.

When speaking of the conquests accomplished by industry, talent, and patriotism, it is right to let our author be generally heard as to the motives and aids which have attended him in this history, not merely in justice to his own enterprize and work, but as an encouragement to others. In alluding to the warmth with which he has advocated the colonial interests, and the consequent supposition that he had some connection with them, he states that he never possessed any interest, territorial or pecuniary, direct or indirect, in any colony. "I am not," says he, "engaged in commerce; I hold no Government office, I have received no Government aid, nor have I procured the patronage of any individual or association." We cannot question his enthusiastic patriotism, nor doubt that the guiding motive in this great undertaking and performance was that *noble ambition which found its best reward in benefiting his country*. He has advocated those principles in which he believes the best interests of the realm to be involved, and he prays that Almighty Providence, who has ordained this vast oceanic empire,

may imbue the minds of the British nation with a due sense of the magnitude of their transmarine possessions, and also of the duties required of the possessors. The more effectually to impress and enlighten the nation respecting these possessions, he is about to bring out an additional volume, for which we look with impatience, in which he will endeavour to trace the rise and fall of empires—the colonial policy of ancient as well as modern nations—the connecting link between Great Britain and her colonies—the advantages or disadvantages of such possessions, and the reforms which may be accomplished in unison with the advancing spirit of the age. Such a volume is necessary to the completion of his work, wherein a conclusion may be arrived at on such important points, after the full development of facts contained in the preceding parts; thus, together with the volume about to appear on the Colonies of Foreign Powers, forming, by the hand of one man, the fullest and most condensed information that has ever been published on colonial possessions.

The present volume is confined to the British colonies and possessions in Europe, some of which are chiefly valuable in a military point of view, or as impregnable fortresses, secure harbours, and depôts for the protection of commerce. Gibraltar, Malta, and Gozo, the Ionian Islands, the Norman Isles, &c. are therefore treated of with the author's accustomed power and accuracy. In offering a few extracts, we can, of course, chiefly mean by doing so to exhibit the merits of the work, not to astonish readers with novelties. Mr. Martin's work has to deal with facts, not with ingenious speculations, and it is only to show how distinctly and minutely these facts are given that we present a few specimens. For this purpose we select Malta, which has been known, at least for more than eighteen hundred years, and is understood to be Melita, where St. Paul was shipwrecked. It is even said that the Phœnicians landed here, and formed a colony, many centuries before the Christian era. Mr. Martin sketches its history rapidly. The Knights of St. John obtained the island from Charles V., in 1530, which was then in a wretched condition. But these brave and devoted men soon changed its appearance; churches, hospitals, and infirmaries were speedily erected; a regular and magnificent city was created on a barren rock; and formidable barriers constructed, rendering their stronghold superior to any in Christendom at that period. The Knights had not been very many years established here till they were repeatedly assailed by the mighty armies of Turkey; and the ardour and confidence of any comparatively small but patriotic island-force should be invigorated by a glance at the exploits performed at this period by this high-minded handful of men. Perhaps Malta is only second to Gibraltar, considering our commerce in eastern Europe, both as a commercial emporium and naval station. Mr. Martin considers it as no less; and with a view to impress upon the British mind more fully similar

convictions, he has been at pains to give us a graphic and eloquent account of one of the bravest and most exemplary defences that was ever made, by the Knights of St. John and the Maltese, so far back as about the middle of the sixteenth century of our era, when the Turks landed in Malta 30,000 troops. La Valette, who was at this time Grand Master, had but 700 Knights and 8,500 of the Maltese; nevertheless, 1,500 Turks fell on the first landing.

“Solyman commenced a vigorous land attack on St. Elmo Castle, (24th May, 1565), with ten 80 pounders, 2 culverins, 60 pounders, and an enormous basilise carrying stone balls of 160 lbs. weight, to which was added at the same time a furious cannonade from the Turkish ships with long culverins. The castle had but 300 men for its defence. The Turks attempted to storm the ravelins, which cost them a loss of 3,000 men, and the Order lost 20 knights and 100 soldiers: the siege still continued; La Valette cheered the spirits and stimulated the drooping courage of the small band in St. Elmo; at night he sent boats to convey away the wounded, and throw in reinforcements; the Turks persisted in their desperate efforts, and suffered much in their attacks from hoops covered with wool and cotton steeped in brandy and oil, saltpetre &c., and then thrown lighted on them from the battlements. The Bashaws who had charge of the siege, ashamed at the resistance offered by a single castle, determined on a general assault on the 16th June; the night previous to which was spent in one continued and tremendous cannonade which razed the wall even to the rock on which the castle was built. The Turkish army entered the ditch (which they had nearly filled up) to the sound of martial music, and the assault commenced with terrific fury on either side, the Turks being determined to revenge their past defeats, and the knights intent only on the defence of their honour, which was far dearer to them than life: the batteries at Fort St. Angelo, La Sangle, and the Burgh (Borgo) continued an incessant fire on the besiegers, and the fiery hoops and combustibles thrown from the walls, spread death and terror around; after an assault of six hours, the Turks gave way with a loss of 2,000 men, while 17 knights were killed in the breach, and 300 Maltese perished or were disabled. La Valette instantly threw a reinforcement of 150 volunteers into the castle, to prevent which, in future, the Turks cut off all communication between the Burgh and the castle, by means of extensive entrenchments at which they worked night and day.

“On the 21st June another grand assault was made on St. Elmo by the whole Turkish army, who were three times repulsed, and as often with the most sanguinary imprecations returned to the charge; numbers of the knights perished, and the close of the day alone checked for a time this unequal contest. The heroic defenders, as soon as night closed, sent an expert swimmer to cross the Port and inform the Grand Master of their deplorable situation; five large boats were instantly armed with knights, anxious to join their aid to that of their wounded and exhausted companions; but all their efforts to get to the Castle were fruitless. The knights in St. Elmo seeing all relief hopeless, determined to perish in its defence; they took the Sacrament during the night, and having tenderly embraced each other, returned to their posts to meet the death which was now inevitable; those whose wounds prevented their walking were carried in chairs to the breaches, and with swords grasped in their feeble hands.

had a death-like energy given to their expiring strength. At day break the Turks returned to the assault, shouting with the assurance of victory; they were met as before with invincible courage; the Maltese vied with the knights in heroism, and those who were unable to stand, continued still to fight. After four hours' assault, there remained but 60 men to defend the breach; L'Amraude, the commanding knight, finding the Turks on the point of forcing it, called to his aid some soldiers, who, till that moment, had been placed on the cavalier before the fort; the Bashaw, finding the breach thus reinforced, pretended to retreat, but it was only to take possession of the cavalier; the besieged took advantage of this respite to bind up their wounds, in order that they might be able yet a little while longer to continue the combat, which the Turks returned to at 11 o'clock with redoubled fury.

"The Janissaries having gained the top of the cavalier made choice of those they wished to destroy; most of the knights were thus slain; and the few remaining soldiers and survivors perished in the breach; the terrible assault having only ceased when not one knight or Maltese was alive. The Bashaw entered the castle, but found none to wreak his fury on, all its noble defenders, namely, 300 knights, and 1,300 Maltese, were slain; while he himself had lost 8,000 of the flower of his Janissaries. 'What resistance,' exclaimed the Turkish commander, looking towards the Burgh and St. Angelo, 'may we expect from the parent when the child, small as it is, has cost us our bravest soldiers!' Mustapha Bashaw had then, as an intimidation, the breasts of the knights cut open; their hearts torn out; and as an insult to the Christians, their bodies placed in the shape of a cross, then covering them with their *soubrevest*, and fastening them to planks, they were thrown into the sea, that the tide might carry them to the Burgh; La Valette, in order to teach the Bashaw that he could make reprisals, had the Turkish prisoners put to death, and loading the cannon with their still bleeding heads, fired them into the enemy's camp."—pp. 12—15.

La Sangle, St. Michael, and the Burgh, were afterwards successively attacked; but after almost incredible achievements the Turks were repulsed, although 80,000 men at one time, armed with a kind of morion, ball-proof, and which reached as low as the shoulders, besieged, and attempted to take by storm, the strong hold of the Knights. On the arrival of some Sicilian reinforcements, the Turks raised the siege, leaving 25,000 of their bravest troops among the dead, while 260 knights, with more than 7,000 soldiers and inhabitants fell in the cause of Christianity. But as the Knights were now reduced with their followers to scarcely 600 men, the greater part of whom were wounded, it became a question whether they should abandon Malta. La Valette, however, declared he would rather be buried in the ruins, which the Turks were again threatening to accomplish, than fly. The city of La Valette was built at this time, most of the Christian princes in Europe contributing great assistance to the forwarding of the work. The following is a description of the principal buildings at present in Malta:—

"The other most remarkable buildings are the palace of the Grand-

Masters, now the residence of the Governor, the lodges of the different languages, the Conservatory, the University, the Treasury, the Palace of Justice, the Hospital, the public Bank, (Monte di Pietà), the Barracks, the Royal Theatre, and the Exchange. The architecture of all these structures is chiefly distinguished by two qualities generally to be found in the Maltese constructions; the one an exquisite taste in the composition of the general subjects, and the other a noble plainness in the arrangement of single parts. The front of the Provençal lodge, that of Castille, and that of the Conservatory are the most notable for their style of architecture. One part of the latter edifice serves for the public library, which contains about a hundred thousand volumes. Another very useful library, though not so vast, has been established in another part of the same building: it bears the name of the Garrison Library, and is of great utility to its numerous readers, by the readiness with which books are obtained, without the least inconvenience. Next to the Library is an extensive Museum, divided into several rooms, each containing a great variety of interesting objects, such as a large collection of medals, several vases, the antiquities of the island, ancient marbles, &c.

“The body of the Hospital consists of several large airy apartments, and immense storehouses, capable of containing an extraordinary number of patients. During the government of the Grand-Masters, the sick had all the utensils employed in their service of silver, but of such plain workmanship as sufficiently proved that they were adopted from a motive of cleanliness, and not as objects of luxury.

“The Grand-Master's palace, now the residence of the Governor, is an immense square pile of building, externally unornamented, but of an imposing appearance. The apartments are large and convenient, and everywhere enriched with splendid furniture, beautiful pictures, hangings, and damasks. There is here also a great collection of arms of all kinds, arranged with the utmost precision and remarkable good taste. The arsenal is another respectable establishment: it was formerly of the greatest importance under the Grand-Mastership of the order; but it owes its late enlargement to the British Government. Another structure, at present suspended, but which the Maltese earnestly hope to see finally brought to a completion, is the excavation of a vast basin for the expeditious refitting of ships. A work, the general convenience of which may be instantly perceived, deserves the special attention of Government.

“The barracks and hospitals are numerous, and an idea of their substantial structure may be formed from the fact, that the lower floors of the barracks are formed frequently of the surface of the quarries, whence the stone has been mined for the construction of the fortifications, while the lower parts of the walls are merely the rock perpendicularly scarpéd. The barracks or casements are all bomb-proof; ventilation is kept up by long galleries and large doors of communication; the heat of summer is little felt in such barracks, the supply of water to which is copious, and the facilities for sea-bathing and exercise admirable. A great many monuments are inclosed in the circuit of the ramparts, which are never visited by an Englishman without emotion: namely those of—Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Sir Alexander Ball, Sir Thomas Maitland, the Marquis of Hastings, Admiral Hotham, Sir Robert Spencer, and others illustrious in British history.

“The casals, or towns, or villages scattered throughout the island, are

neatly and strongly built; and the old capital of *Città Vecchia*, or *Notabile*, is antique in structure and appearance. It preserves among the natives its ancient name of *Medina*, and is still remarkable as the seat of the bishoprick; it contains the palace of the first Grand Masters, together with the cathedral of Malta, adjoining which is an excellent college. The chief curiosity is the celebrated catacombs, an extensive labyrinth of subterranean streets crossing each other in every direction; they are cut in the rock at a depth of about 15 feet below the surface; and the number of passages and corridors is so great and so regular that it may well be called a subterranean city.

"The famed grotto of St. Paul is not far distant, and consists of a large cave, divided into three separate parts by iron grates: in the furthest part from the entrance is a beautiful statue of St. Paul, of white marble. A part of the cave resembles the nave of a church, and is constantly covered with a surprising degree of vegetation.

"The roads are generally good, and extend to all parts of the island, so as to admit of easy access by mules, asses, horses, carts and caleches or single horse carriages; and communications by water are also free, safe and cheap, hundreds of commodious boats keeping up a constant intercourse between the cities on each side of the harbour, while boats of a larger class ply regularly to Gozo and Sicily."—pp. 160—162.

The climate of this island is almost tropical; and of diseases ophthalmia is prevalent. As to the appearance and character of the Maltese, they are described as generally of middle stature, with robust frames, small hands and feet, black hair, sometimes inclined to frizzle, and skin swarthy those exposed to the classes atmosphere; their eyes are dark and bright, and the higher classes of females are remarkable for that fulness of languishing beauty which constitutes the great charm of Oriental women. The men are represented as industrious, active, frugal, attached to their country, passive, but, as has often been proved, nowise deficient in courage. Those persons who are in easy circumstances dress like Europeans, while the lower orders affect more flowing styles. The Maltese marry early. Tobacco, in the form of smoking, is absolutely an article of diet, but unaccompanied by drinking of wine, &c. A very small quantity of animal food is used by even the higher classes. Bathing from sunset until near midnight is common with both sexes. Music is one of the most general of their amusements; dancing, horse and boat-racing, processions in honour of numerous saints, with an occasional village May-pole festival, are the common forms of relaxation. As may be expected, where drunkenness is rare, quarrelling is equally unknown. As to religion, &c.—

"A scrupulous attention to the rites of their church is characteristic of the Maltese, whose established faith is that of Rome. The landed property belonging to the church is considerable; and there are about 1000 secular and regular clergy in the two islands.

"Previous to the year 1827, many of the churches enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary: and ecclesiastics were not under the jurisdiction of the civil tribunals: but a law was passed in that year abolishing those privileges,

and the bishop's court has now jurisdiction only in spiritual matters. The archbishop of the island has now a seat in the legislative council.

"There is a Protestant clergyman, and the service is performed in a chapel in the governor's palace; it is not, however, large enough to contain half the Protestants who reside at Valetta, and it is a well founded subject of complaint that a church has not been built. A military chaplain performs service for the garrison, in a building not very suitable for the purpose: indeed, the want of any suitable Protestant church must appear very striking to those who visit the island, when it is recollected that it has been a British possession thirty-five years. The church service is now performed in Valetta in one of the lower offices of the palace, formerly either the kitchen or wine cellar of the grand master; and the accommodation on the other side of the water, in the Borgo, is worse, consisting only of what was a sort of storehouse of small dimensions.

"Education is well attended to in Malta. There is a college in Valetta, instituted by the grand master Pinto in 1771; it is held in the convent of the suppressed Jesuits, and has lately undergone complete reform. Degrees in divinity, law, and physic, are conferred under certain regulations; and there is a preparatory school attached to it, in which all boys are received upon payment of a trifle. The support of the college devolves upon Government, as on the expulsion of the Jesuits from Malta, their property, which now amounts to about 700*l.* a-year, was allotted for the support of the university. and of a church which now costs the government 176*l.* per annum, the remainder being devoted to the university, in which there are 490 scholars; those in higher schools (unless specially exempted by the council) pay 4*s.* 2*d.* each month, from which is defrayed the salary of the secretary (1*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* per month), and certain pensions to superannuated professors. To this fund the students in medicine, surgery, and anatomy, do not contribute, but pay 4*s.* 2*d.* each month to their respective professors.

"There are two normal schools, at which more than 1000 boys and girls are educated free of any expense. These schools, together with a small one at Gozo, are supported chiefly by government—private subscriptions are however received. There was, for a considerable time, much jealousy on the part of the Catholic clergy on the subject of education, as it was feared that it might be made use of as the means of conversion. This feeling has subsided; and in one of the normal schools lately established, a canon of the church is the principal director.

"The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Italian grammar, and in some instances, English and Latin: the females are taught needlework, spinning, and weaving.

"Of private schools there are 82 in Malta: viz. 24 in Valetta and Floriana; 25 in Vittoriosa, Sanglea, and Conspicua; and the remainder in the different casals, or villages. In Gozo there are six private seminaries, and a public free-school in Rabato, with 35 scholars.

"Manufactures—are chiefly comprised in the weaving of cotton, and the spinning of cotton thread, both of which are much prized in Greece, Germany, Barbary, &c. A variety of articles are woven, such as coverlets, table-cloths, towelling, sail-cloth, dresses for the peasantry, &c. This manufacture has long been celebrated: Diodorus Siculus (lib. v.) states, that the cotton cloth of Malta was superior to all other in firmness and softness; and Cicero, in his Oration against Verres, enumerates, among the articles

of his plunder, certain remarkable fine cotton dresses for women, wrought at Malta, together with 400 amphoræ of Maltese wines.

"The value of the cottons manufactured is upwards of 118,000*l*. Black silk stuff is also made. Ship-building is on the increase, the Maltese being good carpenters; the timber employed is chiefly from the Adriatic. About 50,000,000 of segars are annually made, and find a market in every port of the Mediterranean. Stone, for paving and building, is quarried and exported in considerable quantities to Constantinople, the Black Sea, Egypt, &c. The Maltese jewellers are remarkable for the elegance of their gold fillagree-work, neck chains, &c. Salt is prepared in large quantities by exposing sea-water in the cavities of the rocks to solar evaporation. As ship-builders, the Maltese are highly prized. Large quantities of sofas, chairs, &c. are annually exported to the Ionian Isles, Greece, and other places."—pp. 215—217, 219.

The press is under the control of Government, and all freedom or dissemination of public opinion by means of a newspaper is unknown. This sounds odd to English ears. The upper classes speak Italian—the common people a *patois* compounded of Arabic, German, Italian, and other languages. English is becoming generally understood throughout the island.

Malta contains about 50,000 acres of cultivated land. About half is private property; the remainder may be nearly divided between the crown and the church. Property on short lease cannot be sub-let without the consent of the proprietor, and in all arable lands it is prohibited to sow wheat and barley two years running—facts that augur well of the judgment of the agriculturists. The principal products are cotton, grain, and sulla; a number of green sorts of vegetables, however, are cultivated as intermediate crops between cotton and corn. It is from the sale of cotton and cattle that the farmers are enabled generally to pay their rents.

To a great variety of other matters, the author, as in every colony or possession of which he has treated, directs his attention. But without citing more of his particular descriptions, we observe generally that he surveys, explains, and descends into every branch of information which a country and a community can offer, and every part is executed with a degree of earnest pains-taking, whether we regard his spirit of fidelity, his unwearied research, or his fearless assertion of the whole truth as it appears to him, that may well become an example to all writers of constitutional and historical works. The same high-toned sustainment of moral purity, the same reverence of sacred truths, characterize the present volume, that attracted our admiration and praise in those that preceded. Nor, now that Mr. Martin has completed his history, is it too much to declare that he has earned a noble and undying reputation as a scholar, a sound reasoner, an ardent advocate of freedom, a spotless moralist, and a consistently zealous Christian. His concluding paragraph on Malta exhibits him in some of these characters.

"History proves that Malta, from the time of the Carthaginians upwards, owed the greatness which it exhibited at various periods, to its being a free port; and it has always declined when its commerce was checked by duties and restrictions, or when treated as a mere military post; our government has unfortunately been disposed to regard it in the latter light; the people are denied the exercise of political rights—free public discussion prohibited—military governors, military secretaries, and military officials abound—and little else is considered but how the revenue may be augmented to the maintenance of salaries and patronage; for which purpose duties are imposed on trade which should, particularly in a place like Malta, be as free as air; while the quarantine duties imposed for general protection, are levied on the goods and passengers arriving in the island, instead of on the national treasury and local income. It is to be hoped that the impolicy of pursuing this pernicious system has been perceived, and that the removal of the duties from various articles imported into Malta, is but a prelude to the total annihilation of all customs and duties, the enactment of which in such a place is as barbarous as it is impolitic. The few merchants who have survived the wreck of so wretched a system (if system it can be called, which is without rule or reason) complain also, and strongly, of the frequent changing of the tariff; within a few years there have been three different schedules, so that no person can count on the stability of the laws which his property is subject to. The state of jurisprudence also, inciting as it does to constant litigation, is unfavourable to the successful prosecution of trade; while the poverty of the people, owing to heavy taxation, combined with a total absence of self-government, aided by a custom-house and quarantine duties, renders Malta one of the least prosperous possessions of the British crown. It will cost England nothing to render Malta once more flourishing and happy;—let it be declared a totally free port (the quarantine expenses being levied out of the general taxes)—let a representative assembly be given to the Maltese, with power, of course, to remedy the numerous existing abuses, and to revise the system of taxation now in force. By thus acting Malta may again become that which nature designed it for—the centre of an active commerce; its industrious, skilful, and peaceful inhabitants will carry British merchandize in small and large quantities where English ships would not think of proceeding, thus enriching themselves and benefitting us. We owe these boons, or rather let me call them *rights*, to the Maltese, who fought bravely for that political liberty which we so shamefully deprived them of, without having even the plea of conquest to justify our proceedings. I cannot here enter into a detail of the arguments by which the necessity for the adoption of these measures would be supported, they will be found in my '*Colonial Policy*,' chapters *Government* and *Commerce*; and I therefore conclude with expressing a hope that the Maltese will strenuously persevere in their endeavours to obtain a representative assembly; and that the constituted authorities in England may see the wisdom of no longer considering Malta as a mere military fief, but as a valuable commercial depot;—and that its inhabitants may be admitted to those rights and privileges of British subjects, to which they have proved themselves so fully entitled."—*l.p.* 252—254.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Additional Observations on the Discourse of Natural Theology, by Henry Lord Brougham.* By THOMAS WALLACE, Esq., one of his Majesty's Counsel at Law in Ireland. Dublin: Milliken & Son. 1835.

By his former observations the author endeavoured to show that Lord Brougham's general reasoning, which went to maintain that the immortality of the soul depends on its being immaterial, was fallacious; and in the present publication he gives the result of what has appeared to him to have been the origin of the doctrine of the soul's immateriality. He also says, that instead of his Lordship having, as he maintained, the weight of the highest authorities on his side, the opposite is the fact; for that they have been found by the author, subsequently to his former publication, to be against the learned Lord's peremptory and positive assertion. On such a subtle and knotty theme as the immateriality of the soul we shall not attempt to make doctors agree. The author is an honourable and fair antagonist, but yet we believe that Lord Brougham has got the better cause, and is also the more dexterous reasoner of the two.

ART. XIII.—*Old Bachelors.* By the Author of *Old Maids*. 2 vols. Macrone. 1836.

WE like this better than the author's former work about the stale sisterhood, perhaps because we understand the subject better. But still the pictures and descriptions do not justice to what has often been our own experience of bachelorism. There is so much of quaint and piquant sentiment, of ridiculous anomaly, of really pitiable folly, about the animals in question, that it is difficult to strike off a full likeness of them. Those who feel as we have often done would blend tears with something like scornful smiles, when the condition of an old bachelor is brought before them. The present volumes, however, are full of humour, though they want the searching power of fine satire, and profound knowledge of human nature.

ART. XIV.—*Fisher's Annual Scrap Book.* By BERNARD BARTON. London: Fisher & Co. 1835.

TASTE, lovely sentiments, valuable instruction, is found in every part of this beautiful volume. No youthful mind can possibly rise from the perusal of any one of the pieces without feeling the heart to have been touched by a desirable lesson. The engravings are happily wedded to the literary compositions. We give as a specimen part of "The Golden Age."

"I marvel not that the artist's pride,
When he finished this lovely page,
With innocence, beauty, and youth supplied,
Should have named it the 'Golden Age:'"

'Tis the portrait of one in her girlhood's prime,
Unclouded by care and unsullied by crime.

And an age so blissful, and pure, and bright,
In a weary world like ours,
With its spirits as gay, and its heart as light,
As a butterfly round spring flowers,
May bring forward titles manifold,
A bearing so happy and high to hold.

'Tis the age when the heart in its blithesome glee,
Can at each glad impulse bound ;
When all that the young before them see
Has a halo of beauty round ;
When grief is pangless, and joy is pure,
And the whispers of hope seem true and sure.

It may chance in a volume like this, design'd
For the joyous, young, and fair,
'That these hasty and artless lines may find
A reader as free from care,
As lovely a type of Life's Golden Age,
As the being portrayed in this perishing page.

Maiden ! think not I would cloud thy brow,
By a boding of future ill ;
Or that bosom that throbs so lightly now,
With a warning voice would chill ;
Unworthy the bard of his calling high,
Who could wake in that heart a ceaseless sigh.

'Tis thy morning of life ! be blithe and gay
As the birds which around thee sing ;
Yet remember *that* morn is but part of thy day,
That evening's shadows must bring ;
And the darkness of night must soon follow that eve,
When the fast-fading twilight hath taken its leave

But fear thou not ! let thy morning be spent
So that eve may its course approve ;
And when stars come forth in the firmament,
Thou shalt view them with hope and love ;
And mark, unappall'd the gathering night,
Waiting a morning of endless light.

* * * * *

Now in thy youth beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be soon forgot ;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee !"

ART. XV.—*Second Report addressed to the Directors and Proprietors of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, founded on an inspection of, and experiments made on, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.* By PETER BARLOW, F.R.S. London: Fellowes. 1835.

THE title of this Report intimates distinctly the nature of its contents and amount. The resolution which gave rise to it was come to at a general meeting of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, and was in these words, "Resolved unanimously,—That Mr. Barlow be requested to visit the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to view that line, and advise this Board as to the weight of rails, the description of chains and fastenings, the distance of the supports, and the size of the blocks that he would advise the Directors to adopt; and to accompany such advice with any observations generally on the subject." The Report will be found to be lucid and valuable to all who take an interest in the progress of railways, which promise, ere many years expire, to intersect every province of the empire.

ART. XVI.—*A Statistical Inquiry into the present state of the Medical Charities of Ireland; with suggestions for a Medical Poor-law, by which they may be rendered much more extensively efficient.* By DENIS PHELAN. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1835.

IT appears that this work originated in an idea expressed by Lord Duncannon, who wished to be supplied with the heads of such information as could be obtained on the subject here treated of, that it might be used on the next favourable opportunity to effect, by legislative means, some remedies for the defects of the medical charities in Ireland. We know not what influence the Inquiry may have with his Lordship, although he will doubtless pay to it the utmost attention, since he has expressed such anxiety on the subject, and since he is said to be fully aware of the existence of many defects in the present state of these charities; at any rate to us the exposure of defects and evils, and the proposal of remedies by the author, appear highly interesting, and illustrative of candour, judgment, and exalted philanthropy.

ART. XVII.—*A Literal Interlineal Translation of the First Ten Chapters of Gregory's Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ; with the Original Text, &c.* By R. VENABLES. London: Sherwood and Co. 1835.

THESE chapters are speedily to be followed by the remaining thirteen, to complete the twenty-three directed by the Hall to form the matter for future examination of medical students; and it is unquestionable that the publication will be of essential service to all whose Latinity is defective, for they can never, by any hammering with dictionaries and grammars, in contemplation of the Apothecaries' Hall examination be able to appreciate the purity and elegance of Gregory's *Conspectus* or even to comprehend its literal force. But the study of this work will also greatly facilitate the acquisition of the Latin language, whatever may be the object of the students. There is added at the foot of each page a copy of the text in its classic order, and there is also prefixed in

the Introduction, Rules for construing and arranging the Latin in that order which is required in English translation, illustrated by examples from the more difficult passages of Celsus and Gregory. Thus, while to all Latin scholars the volume will be found a good help for self-education, it must be to medical students, of a defective classical education, indispensable.

ART. XVIII.—*A Sketch of Modern and Ancient Geography, for the use of Schools.* By SAMUEL BUTLER, D. D., &c., &c. (Twelfth Edition.) London: Longman, and Co. 1835.

It is hardly necessary to say more of a work that has reached the twelfth edition, than merely announce its publication. We find, however, that very considerable additions have been made to this impression, which of course renders it much more valuable than it was previously. In geographical works there is, necessarily, scope for such improvements after every short interval. The author accordingly has chiefly added to the modern part of his work, which late alterations in the census of different countries, especially of Great Britain, made requisite. He has, also, added maps of the West Indies and Australia, to the modern; and of Mauritania, Numidia, and Africa Propria, to the ancient atlas; and has had several of the maps re-drawn, and re-engraved, especially those of Greece and Italy, on a larger scale, and one of Italy also added. All these additions have been made without any increase in price; so that this Sketch, which has so long been a standard elementary work, has thus secured a continuance of its pre-eminence for years to come.

ART. XIX.—*The Comprehensive Representation Chart of England and Wales, deduced from the Census of 1831, the Reform Act of 1833, &c. &c.* By the Author of "The Chronological Chart of Inventions and Discoveries," &c., &c. London: Samuel Baxter, and Co. 1835.

HERE, upon one large sheet, we have the Counties, alphabetically arranged, with lists of Lords Lacetants and Sheriffs, as also of the Knights of Shires, with their town residences. The divisions of counties, the polling places, the assessed taxes, parochial assessments, population, superficial extent of land, and many other matters which every man in business, nay every reader of the daily papers, has constant occasion to refer to, are all distinctly set down, so as at a glance to be found out. The same variety and particularity of information are observed in respect of Cities and Boroughs; and even the Market towns, the days when the markets are held, their distance from London, their population, &c., are enumerated. Although the whole is seen, as it were, at one blush, it is clear that the labour must have been great, to bring the Chart to such perfection.

ART. XX.—*The Poor Laws, as they are; or the recent Alterations in the Poor Laws, &c.* By J. N. MAHON, Esq., Barrister at Law. London: T. Hurst. 1835.

THOSE who indiscriminately vilify the Poor Law Amendment Bill, should study this forcible little work, for the sake of their own enlighten-

ment. The Author states in his preface, that a practice of some years at sessions, and a necessary acquaintance with the laws relating to the poor, have given him some qualification for the task he has undertaken in the work before us. This is fully evinced in every original paragraph of the volume. His attempt and success go to show, what, previous to the passing of the late important act, for the amendment and better administration of the poor laws, were the text and spirit of those portions of former statutes, which have been altered or repealed by the new enactment. Then instead of pursuing the new Act consecutively throughout, the principal subjects are classed under distinct heads, and the law as it previously stood, and as it now exists, is fully and clearly stated. There is a paragraph in the preface, that is so truly and forcibly worded, that we have pleasure in quoting it, and by which the spirit of the book may be understood.

“Already the tide of prejudice runs high against the change, and the outcry, though partial is loud. Power of any sort is seldom parted but with reluctance, and the transfer of parish power to other hands, than those that held a long monopoly, raises no kindly feelings. But strong diseases require strong remedies. No sane or reflecting man in England, could regard the progress of pauperism, or the abuses of the system, and say that things could remain as they were. Without arguing the principle, whether a compulsory provision for the poor is not only in itself pernicious, but has a direct and necessary tendency to increase the very evil it was meant to cure, we may fairly reason on its results. These results are not now a matter of speculation, but of certainty. They are before the eyes of all, and those who run may read. First, individuals become systematically trained to expect relief, as a matter of right, as soon as they are qualified by poverty to claim it, and the connexion which nature has established between economy and independence, and between improvidence and want, is in their minds impaired, or altogether destroyed.—Secondly, where public charity can be claimed as a legal right, the feelings of kindred, and the sympathies of benevolence, are chilled and withered, and the Parish becomes, instead, the debasing resort.—Thirdly, the consequence of this is, not merely that a preparation is artificially made for increasing the numbers of the poor, but that they are much less comfortably relieved, and that the moral character of the whole of the lower population is debased and injured. In their prosperity they are profuse—in their adversity, instead of falling into the arms of friends, or kindred, they find themselves deserted—And in place of asking relief from that genuine mercy which ‘bleses him that gives, and him that takes,’ they demand it, with defying and ungrateful hardness of heart, as their legal due—And, fourthly, though the smallest of the evils which mark such a scene, still it is an evil of no inconsiderable magnitude, that this deviation from the natural system is attended with prodigious and unnecessary expense, not merely the expense of what is strictly requisite for the poor, but of all that waste and misapplication which is sure to attend the distribution of public funds, by a great number of individuals, acting without concert, regulation, or responsibility. Under a well-regulated system, the legitimate poor of England might probably be maintained for less than three millions annually, while the expense, in later years, has risen to the startling amount of Eight millions Sterling!”—pp. viii—xi.

ART. XXI.—*Forget me Not; a Christmas Present for 1836.* Edited
by FREDERICK SHÖBERL. London: Ackerman.

THE “*Forget me Not*,” for the ensuing year, exhibits the perfect spirit and fashion of Annual literature. There is a great variety of sweet verses, and well written tales, with the usual quantum of elegant embellishments. But in several of these embellishments, we find not merely affectation, but something like a violation of fidelity and the rules of perspective. Juliana has got clumsy feet, and we should think from their position she sat very uncomfortably. King Alfred’s limbs are too strapping for his face and the rest of his body; and along with the Shepherdess, one of the flock, we mean the sheep next to her, has a head, contour, and attitude not unlike one of the canine race. In several of the engravings, however, there is much beautiful expression; the Cupid in “*The Young Enchanter*,” “*Cromwell and his Daughter*,” “*The Actress at the Duke’s*,” are remarkably spirited; and, “*The Dying Sister*” is worthy of Mary Howitt’s verses, which we copy.

“ What matters it, though Spring-time
Upon the earth is glowing—
What, though a thousand tender flowers
On the garden beds are blowing—
What matters it, though pleasant birds
Among the leaves are singing,
And a myriad lives, each passing hour,
From mother-earth are springing?
What matters it?—for one bright flower
Is pale, before them lying—
And one dear life, one precious life,
Is numbered with the dying!
Oh! Spring may come, and Spring may go—
Flowers, sunshine, cannot cheer them;
This loving heart, this bright young life,
Will be no longer near them!
Two lights there were within their house,
Like angels round them moving;
Oh, must these two be parted now,
So lovely and so loving!
No longer on the same soft couch
Their pleasant rest be taking—
No longer by each other’s smiles
Be greeted at their waking—
No longer, by each other’s side,
Over one book be bending!—
Take thy last look, thy last embrace,
That joy, that life, is ending!
Henceforth thou wilt be all alone!—
What shalt thou do, poor weeper?
Oh human love, oh human weep!
Is there a pang, yet deeper?”—pp. 117—119.

